

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—NEC TIMEO

THE death-fear of great-heart Sam Johnson plows a deep furrow in his burly history. How that fear cut at his face like a sword which never sought sheath! Nor need we wonder. Death is a sinister figure ever in sight and ever in everybody's sight along all roads of life. Death will not hide himself from view. He swaggers; modesty is not in his mien. He has an exaggerated opinion of himself. Just because no one may elude him, he thinks greatly of himself. He is only a barnacle attaching himself to everybody's ship, though anybody knows the barnacle is no advantage to the ship. Quite otherwise.

In the pages of the gruff old literary dictator the haunting fear of death constantly intrudes in the deeper moments and movements of his soul. Death peers grimly down and the great brain and the great heart are beaten down by it. Beasts have no fear of death. They solely strive for life. A wounded animal or bird is a pathetic fearlessness. Death-fear comes from thought: the passing out into the insufferable space where all is sightless as a mist slanted through by a cold and drizzling rain! It is amazing to be alive; it is amazing not to be alive. To look at one's corpse lying cold, pulseless, white, majestically wept over, but not wakened by the weeping—who of us but is hit hard by that scene? To have been here in the house of life so long and then to vacate and leave the key in the lock, but never to turn it again in all, *all* the years which smoke along the narrow pathway of the

centuries—that chills the blood of most of us. We have contracted a taste for life. We have fallen into its homely ways: we have camped by its fires lit by our own hands, and cut the wood with which we have fed the homely kitchen fire where our daily meal was prepared, have forded the stream wimpling along the shallows, or have waded hip deep (“Wakarusa,” said the Indian wader), and have followed the gentle cattle home, and have regaled the chickens with a meal till they looked on us wholesomely as their givers of bread, when they were, in reality, our givers of meat; have worked the day through till the dark, and have sat down in the gloaming with a quiet voice to listen to the whippoorwills, have gone to sleep, and at the end of the night have risen with the dawn to take up life’s same simple tasks anew with gladness and singing; have gone to church and have prayed and hoped and sung and repented, have caught the world’s joy to our heart, have listened to the world’s quips and joined in at the world’s laughter, till nothing of all the doings of this big strong world seemed incongruous—we of it, and it of us; and then some time near by it will all stop like an outworn watch, and others shall light the fire and fare forth to the field and carol with the dewy dawn; and the flowers and winds and woodsides and prairies will not even know we have departed! Such thoughts dig cruel rowels in our sides till they bleed like a soldier to his death. Blessed for most of us that we are so crowded and happy and tired as not to have time to think of these things often, scarcely at all, but it rushes to be gone, to vanish like a swift-flying dove vanishes in the darkening heavens. Death is not neighborly, although ever near. I blame not beloved, wholesome, great Johnson that death smote him in the face like a plowman’s hand, so that he winced. It was natural.

His grasp of elemental humanness and moralities did not let him look sidewise at death. It was ever his bluff way to look things and men full in the face, but to look at death he was afraid. It was pitiful to hear his voice tremble and to see his color vanish at the voice of Death—pitiful, but not strange; no, never strange. Death is ever at the advantage; we never at the advantage. Death is as a robber in the dark; you cannot see him, but he can see you

and stab and slash. You fight at random, he with virulent sagacity. His pugnacity is bloody and mortal in intent; hazardless to him, hazardous to you. He never will fight in the open; for aught we know, death is a slinking coward. To flout brave, blunt, boisterous Johnson is singularly easy, but not equally witful. Johnson is as natural as swaying shadows and the falling rain and as transparent, as hill air. The adventure into the desert where there is no way is fraught with nescience. We must grow resolute to face it. Death comes hard to the resolute hand and skilled brain and restless and resistless human energy. It seems so like spilling peculiarly precious jewels into the deep parts of the sea, this adventuring of the death. What advantages it that we die? Might we not as well stay? Would it crowd the tavern if we stayed? Now that is the sobriety of the doctrine of death. But for him we should crowd the tavern of life. If the Platos, and Pauls, and Dantes, and Shakespeares, and Miltons always stayed, there would be no room for all the rest of us. The tavern keeper would say carelessly to adventurers coming to his hostel, "All the rooms are full; no room for you in the inn," as was once the pitiful case when the Lord of all the worlds there are came and asked a night's lodging and then slept among the cattle! No, death serves a great world purpose. He empties the rooms so that newcomers may be lodged. Yet not the less it is hard on the old lodger who took his ease at his inn to be thus ordered out, and to be turned out in the dark and the hearth-fire and lamp extinguished in his room. Why should we not be afraid? The method of death is ruthless and we cannot get used to it. I have seen it so often, have heard the tear plash and have seen the tearful hand leap to the heart that was in pain like a sword thrust because the beloved should open the door no more. *No more!*

Dying seems so like stepping into a void, like walking off a sea cliff to whirl into a shrieking, shambling sea, and the place that knows us knows us no more, but there shall we struggle in the regurgitant waves, that tiger about us in the stifling void. In the Titanic disaster there was something frankly horrible when the cold Labrador sea, without anger and in placid peace, sucked

the floating humans down, nor paused to listen to their cry. I saw them; I see them now; bubbles that floated a moment and broke, and left but a drop of wet breath on the ocean's face. And that was how death looked as old Johnson peered into its face. I do not wonder that he shivered and drew the kindly coverlet of loving companions over his head to shut out the fearsome look.

And yet—is not this essay entitled “*Nec Timeo*”? Has the author forgotten his theme? He has in his lifetime forgotten much, and we shall not be surprised if his theme has been forgotten, though, in good sooth, it has not. He has been writing on the horror of darkness; the bleak moor where, wading in the sullen dark, the morass catches the traveler's feet and sucks them slowly, and then swiftly, down, but sucks down while the road winds on and the stars go out and all sobbing is as silent as the dead. Brains cannot ignore death nor his crude laceration, and we all so helpless and forlorn! This is not a chapter, rather a half-chapter in the serious drama which could readily eventuate in a tragedy with blood and swords and sobs and calls of force and fear and great dying, the slaughter of the mightiest battle man ever knew. We need not try to pull ourselves into saying Death is not grim and horrible. He is both, and more. This writer recalls having spent nearly a week with Daniel A. Goodsell a scant fortnight before he died. That it was a golden week goes without saying. That quick mentality was at ease and in poise and his foil was never sheathed. His conversation was scintillant. He spoke out of his heart. “I never felt better, nor so well in years,” said the deep voice; and in a fortnight he was as dead as earth, though his memory is like the fragrance of growing things at every blossoming spring.

Dr. Johnson was as robust a moral intelligence as our race has ever known and has spoken as witty words concerning eternal righteousness as any man since the apostolic days. He believed in God; he believed also in Christ, but had not caught the Sun full on his face—the Sun called Christ. He was not quite master of the daylight. The valley of the shadow of death darkened his noon. He was an earthly mortal; he was of the earth; earthily, but

not regally, could he see the Lord from heaven. When we watch Johnson we can never do so with a sense of rancor nor with gelid soul. He was so human, so humorous, so child of the clod, so winged and so broken-winged, one of the most human humannesses ever begotten on the ground. He smelled the grave breath, but not the lily breath. He felt the winter of death, but not the spring, with bird call, with flower call, with Christ call. The voice of Jesus on a tossing wave of the sea in the night, calling cheerily above the toil of rowers and the crush of waves and the creak of oar-locks, where hid sailors leaned at the oars, "Be of good cheer; It is I; be not afraid"—that voice Johnson did not quite hear, though he needed to hear it, as we all need to hear it. What a brave light in the darkness—and how quenchless! "Be not afraid." That is our luminous word, and needed. Without it life is bound to become hysterical at sight of death and the grave. "*Nec timeo*"—Neither fear I—grows out of Christ's "Be not afraid" as a tulip grows out of its bulb. It is not that the grave has been denaturalized, but that Christ has shown a way out of the grave. We are on a road and we cannot be stopped. "The grave is an inn of a pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem" are sweet words which mark an apocalypse. To meet death, then, with an habitual smile is a great deliverance, and no sane man can deny it. Brave people have ever died bravely. But there has been much dying which has been as the dying of a criminal at the scaffold, more than a little spectacular. Christian dying has been putting on the wedding garment and going in to the marriage. Said an aged and beautiful minister of God as he lay dying, and thanking a preacher friend for having come to see him one other time, "I shall soon see God." Frankly, talk like that is too deep for tears and too high for stars. It springs above the head a sky quite out of all human devising or human revising. A faltering breath, a broken speech, a failing sight, so that, with a sob of Tennyson,

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,

and at that moment of dusky vision, upon the man rushes an apocalypse of the very far off to which one flash of wings will bear the soul! That is glorious, glorious! "There is a way out" is

what the Christ-version of death has to say. No trepidation, only a waiting until God shall give us a good-night kiss.

In Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is seen a hesitancy like that of Johnson's, but looking a little deeper into the breaking day. That poem has the light turned low and then a sigh at the dark, a half sobbing and hesitant setting forth into the boat called "Death." And here is a normal expression of our earthly life touched gravely by the Christ, but not washed with the sunlight of the Christ. It is an accurate rendering into speech of the twilight of faith, which would yet advance and not retrace its dull steps on the wave-washed sands. It is Tennyson all through and through, half hesitant, half unhesitant, lit with the gloaming—but still out toward Christ. Brave and strong and hushed his poem is, and lonely. In it is no triumphant rush of voice, no angel's song, no abundant morning where "bloom the lilies of eternal peace."

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

So Tennyson's twilight just passed a little beyond Dr. Johnson's fear and frankly expressed horror of the grave, yet with a wild clutch at the pierced hand of Christ. And the relationship between tavern-haunting old Sam Johnson and the lonely, solitary Tennyson is alluring and very heartening to thought and faith.

Two manly souls, both looking in the same direction, both knowing they could not stay for always here, both knowing they could not live alone and that they dare not die alone, both broken into in their mental and spiritual fervors by the voice of God, both looking askance at death; and the face of Johnson is pale and the face of Tennyson is quiet; and yet I will profess that old Johnson minds me of brave Peter, feet sinking in the weltering wave, and who cannot disengage himself from the cumbering death, but with a wild cry brings himself help, "Lord, save, or I perish." The collocation of the death-mood of Johnson and the death-mood of Tennyson greatly moves my soul.

Howbeit, the unnamed preacher's "I shall soon see God" has a spaciousness which neither lexicographer nor poet knew. His words had wings for flight and sky which theirs have not.

Paul's death-mood is like trumpet's blowing—is like Enoch Arden when his voice lifted and sang, "A sail, a sail!" Paul had learned what he knew from Christ. He said so; and we know so. And an *aside* of John touching Jesus is like a sun-up; that *aside* is where it is remarked that "Jesus knowing that he had come forth from the Father and must return to the Father." What a transcendent view of death that is! How shall we grovel after hearing talk like that, or know darkness after having had sun-up like that? In a word, Jesus's view of death was, He was going home. And people are not afraid of going home, only homesick for it. And Paul, whose schoolmaster was Christ, sings, but does not sob, "The time of my departure is at hand." The boat is ready and the sea is here and, as regards death, it is to him only "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Paul is not acquiescent, but triumphant. He wants to try the sea. "Now we know in part"—but then! but then!!

And into this version of *nec timeo*, the "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," strides great Browning's very great "Prospice," quite the most triumphant march tune to which death has ever been set since the sayings of Jesus and Paul. The poem requires silence as a comment. It is too triumphal for commentary. The rush, the shout, the absence of fear, the fight, seem to say there is fun in death.

This poem has no kinsman. One poem like "Prospice" suffices while the earth grows hoary. We shall be singing that tune when time makes voyage to eternity.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall come first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Nec timeo!

William A. O'Connell

ART. II.—GEORGE ELIOT

MARIAN EVANS, known to all students of English literature as George Eliot, was born in Warwickshire, the county of Shakespeare, on the twenty-second of November, 1819, the natal year also of Queen Victoria and John Ruskin. The scenery of the Midland shires has little of the wild and romantic grandeur of Wales or of that of the Derbyshire Peak and the Lake district, yet it possesses its distinctive charm, a serene seductive loveliness peculiar to the pastoral landscapes of the valleys of the Avon and the Trent. We journey along quiet roads, beneath o'ershadowing oaks and elms, past villages with black-timbered and white-paneled cottages where ancient manor houses, deeply thatched barns, and quaint farmsteads present those exquisite gradations of color for which time and weather are the artists. Their roofs are cushioned with rich mosses, their summer gardens ablaze with the abundant blossoms of the marigold, the hollyhock, and the dahlia. The churches, in a ripe, yet vigorous age, repeat the story of Plantagenet and Tudor times. Around their square stone towers and blunted steeples cluster hamlets and towns on whose side streets one may discover the humbler chapels of the Puritan and the Methodist. The highway built by the Roman masters runs through the center of this peaceful province, the road which Shakespeare trod when he passed to renown in the huge city to the southeast. It crosses ancient bridges spanning brimful streams where lines of willows fringe the water courses bordered by lily pads. Here is a posting house such as Dickens loved to sketch, and there a castellated residence encircled by an extensive park in which nodding antlers arise from the bracken. The hedgerows are full of unmarketable beauty; the purple nightshade, the many-tinted honeysuckle, and the delicate brier roses ramble and climb over the hawthorn bushes, casting a subtle penetrating fragrance on the passer-by. True, there is nothing magnificent or overwhelming in the scenery of the Midland counties. It has no break of the hills, no bold dip of the valleys, but its tranquil restfulness has nourished once and yet again the genius of intro-

spective thought, of large-minded and equable contemplation. And here the peasant and the plowright retain in an unconscious genealogy the speech of the Elizabethan period, using in their dialect the grammatical formations and case endings of Marlowe and Jonson. Future years, with their merciless haste, may relegate "Loamshire" (George Eliot's name for Warwickshire), its people, its ways, and its language to the dim recesses of the past. Prompted by the present tendency to substitute elaborate analysis for direct representation, the novel of to-morrow may sweep away such delightful relations; and Mrs. Poyser's conversation eventually become as archaic as that of Chaucer's characters. That the great moral incentives which were inspired here will ever be swept away is not an admissible speculation.

Robert Evans, the father of Marian, was of typical yeoman stock, a man of sterling worth, successful in business, the trusted agent of the local gentry, and an expert whose valuations of leaseholds, mines, and agriculture were widely known and respected. His famous daughter was the youngest of three children born of his second wife, Christiana Pearson. The first twenty-one years of the future novelist's life were spent at Griff House Farm, on the Arbury estate, near Nuneaton. The experiences of those years are woven into the stories of *The Mill on the Floss* and *Scenes from Clerical Life*. The dingy little town of Nuneaton is the "Milby" whose political, social, and theological history has become an essential part of literature. Maggie and Tom Tulliver are to a large extent embodiments of George Eliot and her brother Isaac. Their home has remained in much the same condition for nearly a century—a substantial dwelling of warm appearance, with a luxuriant tangle of ivy flung over the gables and its casement windows hidden by creepers and jessamine. A pathway runs the length of an old-fashioned kitchen garden, ending in the arbor with the stone table suggestive of that summer house at Lowick where Dorothea found Mr. Causabon sleeping his last sleep. The Arbury woods mantle the horizon with somber green, the woods in which little black-eyed Catherina discovered the dead body of Anthony Wybrow in the rookery of Cheverell Manor—the Arbury Hall of Mr. Evans's employer,

which is described with such tender and lingering familiarity Attleborough, Nuneaton, and Coventry were the places chosen for the education of the future authoress, who was easily the favorite pupil of her mistresses. The excellence of her mind was enhanced by correct tastes in literature and a passion for music. Her peculiarly shaped face, with its appealing eyes, the low even tone of her voice, her retiring demeanor and modest bearing impressed those who were admitted to her friendship, and caused them to remember her long after she had disappeared from their personal observation. In 1835 she finally left school to attend her mother in her last illness, and after the marriage of her sister she assumed entire charge of the domestic arrangements at Griff House. These were admirably managed, upon her own principle that dinners should be eaten and debts should be paid without discussion. But the earlier glamour had vanished; the making of cheese and butter offered no outlet for the powers which cried aloud within her. Her brother Isaac, the companion of her imaginative childhood, was now a grown man, quite remote from her tastes, who found his satisfaction in crops, corn, and hunting. Intellectually she was alone, and she keenly felt her position. "The only thing I would care to dwell on in regard to this period would be the absolute despair I suffered from fear I should never be able to do anything. No one could have felt greater despair; and a knowledge of this may be a help to some other struggler." Such was the confession of after years. Thrown upon her own resources, she devoted every available moment to study, advanced her musical acquirements, and secured a further knowledge of Italian and German.

Her removal to Coventry requires emphasis, since it marks the beginning of an epoch in her strangely varied career. Mr. Evans had retired from active life and his daughter was now brought within reach of the culture she had so ardently craved. She became intimate with the Brays and their brother, Mr. Hennell, who resided at Foleshill, a suburb of Coventry. Their friendship was destined to effect radical and far-reaching changes in George Eliot's beliefs and general outlook. These recently discovered congenial spirits were tinged with skepticism. They had revolted against the current orthodoxy of the evangelicals

and advocated the aggressively social side of Christianity, then widely neglected, basing their plea upon purely intellectual notions. Both Mr. Hennell and his sister, Mrs. Bray, had published their contention that the Christian religion could be explained by normal causes which had their origin in the fundamental needs of human nature. These publications were read and accepted by George Eliot at a critical juncture, not so much for what they were in themselves, but rather because they fostered the doubts and interrogations which beset her own mind. The narrow formulas of the exclusive and intolerant creeds in which she had been reared were cast aside, although it should be carefully noted that she always retained the essential temper of her training. At Hennell's suggestion she undertook the translation of the *Leben Jesu* by Strauss; a formidable task for one scarcely twenty-five, whose right hand was perceptibly larger than her left because of the discipline of the dairy and whose entire life had hitherto been spent in surroundings and occupations of the most prosaic kind. The physical and mental strain incurred by the task of translation gave her friends considerable anxiety. The work, however, was done, and well done; the English version appearing in 1846 and winning her the thanks and compliments of Strauss himself.

Curiously enough, Sir Walter Scott seems to have aided her release from the Procrustean bed of dogma on which she had been racked since she awoke to reflection. In after years she named the novelist in this connection, together with her allies, the Coventry Socinians. That Scott profoundly influenced the Tractarian exaltation of mediævalism is familiar to students of that movement, but how he could have given direction to George Eliot's very different development is not so apparent. Yet he undoubtedly did, and this after her previous distaste for novels and novelists. She had once conceded that both he and Cervantes had solid merits, adding, however, that they must be read with discrimination. But now the romances of Sir Walter, which are said never to have made one young man doubt nor one young woman blush, refreshed her jaded condition by reason of their catholicity. For Scott is moral as nature is moral. He holds no distinctly moral truth in the con-

stant view of the reader. He does not stop, as Thackeray did, to enforce an ethical lesson nor allow his art to be disturbed by an interjected homily. Neither does he associate all possible good with one sect or all possible evil with another. Cavaliers and Roundheads, Romanists and Protestants, Anglicans and Covenanters, were alike grist for his mill. He leaned toward the aristocracies whose persecutions he depicted and was compelled to admire the heroism of the stern sectaries whose divisions and strifes he deplored. George Eliot reveled in his breadth, and after swallowing his eclectic treatment of human nature in reptilian fashion she rejected the straiter notions of those puritans who asserted that there could be no goodness and no virtue apart from an acceptance of their own doctrinal standards.

In moving toward the regions of untrammelled thought her exultant sense of relief and freedom was followed by a proselytizing impulse. She strongly desired to sound forth to other imprisoned spirits the tidings of deliverance. But the purpose was quickly abandoned and her enthusiasm sobered by the sentiments she recorded at this moment: "Intellectual agreement seems to be unattainable, and we turn to the truth of feeling as the only universal bond of vision. . . . It is quackery to say to everyone, 'Believe my opinions and you shall be whole.' . . . Ought we not, then, to seek to have our feelings in harmony, though not in union, with those who are richer in the fruits of faith, though not of reason, than ourselves?" This was her attitude throughout her entire course; in an attenuated sense she exemplified the doctrine of final perseverance. While insisting on the necessity for free discussion and honest confession of all beliefs, she was careful not to ridicule the faith nor the creeds of others. Perhaps so timely and courteous a hearing was hastened by a temporary yet painful estrangement between father and daughter. Marian's theological and social radicalism was a heresy intolerable to Mr. Evans. He refused to encourage such extravagances in any way, and left the home rather than be suspected of favoring them. Ultimately a reconciliation was effected, after which they clung to each other with renewed devotion until death separated them. During his remaining days she was employed at intervals in translating

Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. At this time, 1848, the French uprising against King Louis Philippe was watched by her with consuming interest, and she made some pungent comments on the international situation of Europe. Her fear was that a similar overthrow of monarchy in Britain would be detrimental rather than helpful, since British politicians were too much swayed by self-seeking and too lacking in logical perception and love of justice to follow in the wake of Lamartine and Louis Blanc. She raged against "the loathsome fawning, the transparent hypocrisy, the systematic giving as little as possible for as much as possible that one meets with in England at every turn." Like Matthew Arnold, she sought the French classics for her consolation, according fulsome praise to Rousseau and George Sand. "Despite all that has been said of the former," she writes, "his genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual frame which has awakened me to new perceptions, which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me. The rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim shadows in my soul." Of George Sand, her superior as an artist, her inferior in everything else, she says: "It is sufficient for me, as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that great power of God manifest in her, that I cannot read six pages without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results, and some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such truthfulness, such a nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and withal such gentle, loving humor, that one might live a century with nothing but one's dull difficulties and not learn as much as these six pages suggest."

In the meantime her father, the honest, sturdy Englishman who dwelt far from these more recent objects of her submissive reverence, and whom she afterward immortalized in Adam Bede, was rapidly nearing the end. She soothed his last hours by reading the Bible to him. Its words, so divine, so sustaining, contained in a version equally untouched by the splendor of Elizabethan and the excess of Jacobean prose, and marked by the noble simplicity of ancient days, were the last that fell upon his ears and bade him

be of good cheer. Death released him on May 31, 1849. "What shall I do? It seems as if part of my moral being were gone!" she ejaculated. The cry came from the heart of her searchings and her sorrows. It revealed her dependency, her constant clinging to protection, her womanly need, despite her marvelous gifts, of some strong silent nature on which to lean. Journeyings to and fro with the Brays and a year at Geneva with the D'Alberts somewhat lessened the poignancy of her grief, but she was bereft indeed, deprived of that better part for which she incessantly longed. She returned to London without any expectation of finding it there. Yet England was the place of her duty, despite her wounded affections. The hope left at the bottom of the chalice of which she had deeply drunk was, that in her future life she would be granted some task, some possibility of self-development, where she might see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the lives of others. Certainly she had attained a notable stature. She had enlarged her intimacies with the world of varying ideas and beliefs, while in her spirit lay a residuum of evangelicalism which nothing could volatilize or destroy. After 1851 her native shire and its primitive rusticities were to become memories she could neither escape nor neglect, however prolific the future might prove to be. But that she realized the aspirations of her new venture could scarcely be affirmed without considerable qualification.

George Eliot's translation of Strauss had already obtained for her an entrance into the literary circles of the capital. She was offered and accepted the assistant editorship of the *Westminster Review*, to which she contributed the essay on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness" and additional articles in which recur those gleams of wisdom and insight which had a fuller setting elsewhere. The newcomer was not dazzled by what she found among the celebrities. She retained a judgment and a sense of proportion which were absent from her criticisms of the French writers. Toward Mill and Thackeray she was cold and distant, and she shrank from avowing the extent of her dislike for Carlyle. The defects of Dickens were as abundant as his merits. She had parted company with Harriet Martineau, and her admiration for Ruskin was tempered by an opposite feeling. Both the Newmans

she highly esteemed, and lost no opportunity to hear the illustrious convert in his pulpit at Edgbaston. At this period Herbert Spencer was her mentor, and while measurably aware of his shortcomings, she foresaw the position he afterward reached. The quiet little lady, who seldom joined in the conversation at Foleshill—but when she did was heard with consentient respect—showed her independence and poise in the larger realm. It seemed strange that a woman who had spent her formative years in a static sphere, among inert forces which were socially stable, and away from the flux which helps to make ideas and history, should be so authoritative. But thus it was, and thus it remained. She was still as affectionate, sensitive, and proud as when she lived in Maggie Tulliver. Her talents ripened successfully and slowly. No literary reputation of the century rose so high after having begun so late. The even fullness of her powers, original or acquired, lasted only thirteen years. Imagination was already fading when observation and reflection were at the zenith. Seriousness was the one constant and uniform quality which never failed her. Everywhere she perceived elements of her childhood faith and studied them with amazing intensity and exactitude. Vital experiences, and not hearsay, had witnessed in her the profounder meanings of grace, conversion, fellowship, and communion.¹ What differences ensued in her spiritual evolution have been characterized by Lord Acton as a change, not from external conformity to avowed indifference, but from earnest piety to explicit negation. "The knowledge of many devout secrets accompanied her through all her vicissitudes. She drew the best of her work from her religious reminiscences, treating them neither with learned analysis nor flexible curiosity, but with a certain grave sympathy and gratitude." These outstanding traits increase the difficulty of presenting even a fragmentary analysis of her inner being. No spirit's loss or gain is fully revealed save to the All-Seeing One, and why George Eliot entered into an unmarried relation with George Henry Lewes is still a baffling problem. This fatal mistake was committed in 1854, and over it she afterward hovered uneasy and distressed.

¹The *Theology of Modern Fiction*, by T. G. Selby, pp. 9-65.

It plunged her into an inevitable conflict with society, which could not forgive so bold a defiance of the accepted canons of Christian ethics. Her own view of the issue has been well stated by Lord Acton, and can hardly fail to be of interest:

The sanctions of religion were indifferent to her after neglecting its doctrines, and she meant to disregard, not the moral obligation of marriage, but the social law of England. Neither the law which assigned the conditions of valid marriage, nor that which denied the remedy of divorce, was of absolute and universal authority. Both were unknown in some countries and inapplicable in certain cases, and she deemed that they were no more inwardly binding upon everybody than the edicts of Louis XIV upon a Huguenot or the penal laws upon a Romanist. George Eliot can neither be defended on the plea that every man must be tried by the canons to which he assents, nor censured on the plea that virtue consists in constant submission to variable opinion. The first would absolve fanatics and the second would supersede conscience. It is equally certain that in this alliance she acted in conformity with that which she esteemed right at the time, and in contradiction to that which was the dominant and enduring spirit of her work.

The distinguished historian's explanation is more able than convincing. Justice and charity demand its insertion here, but the plain facts, as the sequel substantiated them, are as follows: she had to deny herself to old friends, to pass among strangers under a name which belonged to the injured wife of Lewes, to earn with her pen an income for the woman whose place she usurped, and to endure a moral bondage which dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. She urged with pathetic gravity that she knew what she was losing. It is more than doubtful that she did. The Alsatia of poets, painters, and musicians in which she was then a habitant supplied no such clearness of perspective or atmosphere as the crisis required. Ostensibly she had parted with an uncongenial family, resigned a small group of acquaintances and a still obscure position in the world of letters. What she really sacrificed was liberty of speech, the undisputedly foremost rank among the women of her time, and, last and greatest, her own peace of mind. Her ill deed was, at the least, selfishness, and selfishness in a most repulsive form; its consequences ran athwart her best work. She expounded all phases of the love of the sexes, but her expositions were cramped by the limitations of

her illicit union. It made her indulgent toward sentiments which were repugnant to her better self. Where in her pages love looks downward and away from the ethereal and the pure, her presentations are masterly; where it wings an upward flight toward its true home, she follows with uncertain and waning motions. There are two notable exceptions to this generalization, otherwise it remains intact and conveys its own lesson.

Lewes's fortunes were at a low ebb when she met him, and although he stimulated her genius for fiction and dispelled her melancholy, he undervalued the prize he had lawlessly secured. He did not realize until it was too late that she was worthy of a better fate than that to which he had helped to consign her. A boisterous iconoclast, with little confidence in the generous aspects of humanity, and a positive aversion for Christianity, he attempted to repress her love for the Holy Scriptures and alienate her reverence from solemn ritual and ceremony. Happily, in these efforts he failed, and her religious life, such as it was, she maintained against his adverse pressure.

Step by step, for good or evil, her pilgrimage had now brought her to a chilling solitude. Detached from former associations, estranged from the best and noblest human intercourse, secluded with a man whose views she could not entirely accept, yet to whom she was forced to look for intellectual companionship, she found all too late that the renunciation had severed her from the better half of the world. Still, that which was left to her after the catastrophe she saw the more clearly because of its appalling diminution. Her frequent references to marriage and the powerful and eloquent passages in which she expatiates on the momentous significance of the conjugal relation reveal the emotions which shook her to the center. Sir William Robertson Nicoll says, as I remember his words, that George Eliot comprehends in some measure the vastness and variety of human life. She sees beyond individual personal relations the larger activities of the race, she understands that all souls are linked, and that the separation of the life of the individual from the life of the mass ends assuredly in a blind and cruel isolation. We cannot recall any perfect marriage in George Eliot's books. There are happy marriages,

but they are not the blissful wedlock of completely matched and mated natures. Dinah was content with Adam, and Mrs. Barton dearly loved her poor husband, yet much was wanting. Perhaps the authoress would have argued that it was better so, and that love finds its coveted opportunity for concession and sacrifice in such imperfections.

The mental and moral import of her output has been widely praised. The men and women of light and leading who met under the acacia tree at Foleshill had predicted her achievements, and eventually she became the common interest of widely separated groups. The two Scherers, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Hutton, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. F. W. Myers have united in declaring that she possessed a combination of qualities and gifts seldom, if ever, exceeded by man; that her books were the high-water mark of feminine genius, and that she was among women what Shakespeare was among men. Frederick Denison Maurice cited *Romola* in his Cambridge lectures on ethics. Few teachers or preachers had her opportunities or her power, and her influence was as pervasive as it was paramount. She gratified the novel readers who sought entertainment and the thrill of sustained interest. She provoked the deepest speculation of many who never looked into any work of fiction save hers. The general characteristics of the mid-Victorian period were reflected in her books. They are replete with the ideas and throbbings of the life of the people. The sacredness of the humdrum was always one of her strongest convictions. She felt it a duty to check the restlessness of that large portion of mankind which seeks an escape from vocations she knew to be intrinsically lofty. During the latter years her methods were very high and somewhat remote from the average understanding, but no taint of intellectual exclusiveness polluted her sympathies. Her vital creations are those village saints and worthies who have never been properly regarded by lesser lights in literature. The shadowy Jew whom she sketched as an ideal man is dim and lifeless; even the last hours of Savonarola as she depicts them exemplify the word of Saint Paul, "whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away." But Adam Bede, Caleb Garth, and Dinah Morris are typical of the simple home-

loving beings who labor honestly till the end of the day and seek to make others blessed and happy. Such human groups she thoroughly understood, and drew them with clearness divine. She had an extraordinary apprehension of the natural dignity and even majesty of the good who are also the obscure, proving thereby the genuine grandeur of her own mind. For only intellects of the first order estimate the ethical value of righteous and self-sacrificing men and women who enjoy no earthly rank or consideration. Miss Wedgwood ventures the assertion that if George Eliot had been a mother she never would have written novels. However this may be taken, it is certain that she most esteemed, even among her few peers, the qualities they shared with the race at large. No writer of equal power has taken so little pains to depict the life of genius or more richly lavished its gifts upon the causes of the God-fearing and the humble. As an ethical teacher she moved within the boundaries of skepticism. Nevertheless, allowing for all which she omitted and differences regarding some vital issues, there are few more ennobling contributions than hers to the elucidation and instruction of the conscience. She was aware of the necessity for a rule of life to supply the place of the creeds she had disavowed. With awful and pitiless reiteration she elaborated throughout her volumes the fundamental principle that the wages of sin is death. The trustworthiness of the moral instincts which bespeak retribution is one of her chief affirmations. Neither contrition nor oblation could defeat the consequences of wrong-doing, and it would be infinitely better for transgressors if they realized that the penalty grows on the same stem with the offense. She impeached the gospel for its clemency toward the repentant, and declared it an attempted evasion of the processes of righteous judgment. Slippery villains like Tito, and even vain and frivolous creatures such as Hetty Sorrel, could not escape the inexorable law that what they sow they reap. This was her altar and her pulpit, her scientific persuasion and the underlying motive of much of her art. Conduct was imperative, duty instinctive and obligatory. Both were seconded by a mysterious authority they did not create and could not destroy. The evolutionists who surrounded her were accustomed to derive the moral organ from sea

slime, or some other equally impotent origin, but they found no support in her theories, although they sought it carefully. The characters upon whom condign punishment fell were not the puppets of fate or heredity. They went down into the pit with open eyes and hardened hearts. She metes out this treatment with the gravity of a religion, and by reason of her witness to the verities of human experience in regard to willful and repeated sinfulness she obtained a place among the seers of her time.

So long as she could draw upon the opulent reminiscences of her childhood and of her early contact with Methodism she was assured of plentiful resources. Movement, grace, freedom, spontaneity, humor, and actuality abound in *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Scenes from Clerical Life*. The weight of learning and the pedantic allusion which cumbered her later pages are not found in these earlier works. Her touch was then warm with sympathetic feeling and her execution superbly untrammelled and satisfactory. They are transcriptions from actual life, portrayals replete with power, admirable for fidelity, realistic in structure, and romantic in setting. Maggie Tulliver is her representative woman, and her complex, sensuous, passionate nature is that of the authoress herself. Where is there a more beautiful or masterly story than Maggie's, with her adoring dependence, grieving indignation, and bewildered, yet disciplined, maturity? It is also a matchless study of that sisterly affection which is not often honored by literature.

One of Wesley's innumerable company of unpaid evangelists who covered every nook and corner of the country with their labors is the center of interest in *Adam Bede*. She says that Methodism was a primary culture for uninstructed people, that it suffused their souls with the sense of a pitying, loving, infinite Presence, sweet as summer to the homeless and the needy. Doubtless some of her supercilious readers were astonished at such handsome treatment of a despised sect. They had associated Methodism with dingy streets, little Bethels, sleek and sanctimonious tradesfolk, sponging itinerants, and a hypocritical jargon. Dickens was somewhat responsible for the perils of this contemptuous ignorance. His shallow estimates and misleading caricatures reflected the

opinions of polite and vulgar society. The philosophers and literary savants among whom George Eliot moved were inclined to look upon the Wesleyan Revival as a debauch of emotionalism or a phenomenon of morbid religiosity. But she knew better, for she had once tasted the powers of the world to come, and her profound seriousness and sincerity were largely the result of that brief, but unforgettable, visitation. The dark drama of life she staged and enacted was lightened by the radiations of heavenly compassion. The final interview of Dinah Morris with Hetty in the condemned cell shows that the evangel of divine forgiveness had a place in her troubled reckonings. Self-revelations, confessions, supplications for pardon from a higher and a juster power convey their moral to the reader. *Romola*, which followed *The Mill on the Floss*, is of a piece with the preceding novels in its fundamental assumptions. The erudition she displayed was amazing; the labors the book exacted were prodigious. It found her a young woman and left her an old one. It was never again glad, confident morning with her. Yet, great as were the painstaking efforts evident in *Romola*, Dante Rossetti and Negri assure us that it did not succeed in realizing Florentine life and customs. The Latin is dubious, with one or two exceptions the characters are lay figures, even Savonarola is not impressive. "As an historical romance the volume was more difficult and ambitious than *Henry Esmond*, since Thackeray embodied no theory and made no pretensions to philosophy. But will anyone say it was more successful?" Contrasted with the Warwickshire stories, its deficiencies are not only palpable, they are such as we should expect when a writer deals with a foreign land and language and a distant age. In her previous books the personalities are alive in every limb, and, notwithstanding their scope and variety, they are convincing. So much for criticism. It should be added that the moral standpoint of *Romola* is not only correct, it is austere. The insight—yea, more, the intuition—shown in the revelation of Tito's progressive degeneracy would carry any book to a high rank. After repeated opportunities for repentance and restitution she lets the lifted thunder drop, the treacherous and sordid rake is suddenly destroyed, and that without a remedy. She was

less successful when she dealt with problems of political economy in *Felix Holt*, or those of racial antipathy in *Daniel Deronda*. *Middlemarch* was the last flash of her expiring fires, so perfect in its conception and completion that many have given it the first place. It is weighty without heaviness, and does ample justice to the authoress both as an artist and a thinker. Her philosophical bias was preponderant in the last phase; she began and ended life as an essayist. Those teachings which she had enforced upon her constituencies when they were held in the solution of fiction were largely ineffective when propounded as part of a metaphysical system. Many who complain of her doctrine as detrimental to her art have a strong case, which should, nevertheless, be adjusted by the further consideration that the art without the doctrine had no significance. Superior artists are bound to be didactic, but they must have skill enough to conceal the granite beneath the mantling verdure. In George Eliot's latest efforts it crops out with depressing frequency. Her poetry, like that of Goethe, was not inevitable, the full and flowing river of song was not hers to command at will. Yet her fame is secure in many directions, and it has little to fear until some rival appears whose philosophy inspires finer fiction, or whose fiction instills a nobler sense of duty in the breasts of humankind.

At length the long winter following her union with Lewes gave place to a more congenial season. Reverence for her genius and for her indefatigable toil broke down to some extent the barriers which that tragedy had erected. Her Sunday afternoon receptions were attended by the elite of the literary coteries. In a letter dated January 29, 1869, and addressed to George William Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton gives a description of a visit he made to her home at this time:¹

The Leweses live in the Saint John's Wood district, not far from Regent's Park. Their home, called The Priory, is a little, square, two-story dwelling standing in a half garden, surrounded with one of those high brick walls of which one grows so impatient in England. Lewes received us at the door with characteristic animation; he looks and moves like an old-fashioned French barber or dancing master, very

¹ Scribner's Magazine, April, 1913.

ugly, very vivacious, very entertaining. You expect to see him take up his fiddle and begin to play. His talk is much more French than English in its liveliness and in the grimace and gesture with which it is accompanied—all the action of his mind is rapid, and it is so full that it seems to be running over. "O, if you like to hear stories," he said, "I can tell you stories for twelve hours on end." It is just the same if you like to hear science or philosophy. His acquirements are very wide, wider, perhaps, than deep, but the men who know most on special subjects speak with respect of his attainments. I have heard both Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell speak very highly of the thoroughness of his knowledge in their departments. In fact his talents seem equal to anything. But he is not a man who wins more than a moderate liking from you. He has the vanity of a Frenchman; his moral perceptions are not acute, and he consequently often falls in social tact and taste. He has what it is hard to call a vulgar air, but at least there is something in his air which reminds you of vulgarity. He took us into the pleasant cheerful drawing rooms which occupy one side of the house, where Mrs. Lewes received us very pleasantly, and we soon had lunch, the only other person present being his eldest and married son. . . . The works of art in the house bore witness to the want of delicate artistic feeling, or good culture, on the part of the occupants, with the single exception, so far as I observed, of the common lithograph of Titian's Christ of the Tribute Money. . . . The portrait of Mrs. Lewes reminded me, not by its own merit, of Couture's drawing of George Sand, and there is a strong likeness to this drawing in her own face. The head and face are hardly as noble as George Sand's, but the lines are almost as strong and masculine; the cheeks are almost as heavy, and the hair is dressed in a similar style, but the eyes are not so deep, and there is less suggestion of possible beauty and possible sensuality in the general contour and in the expression. Indeed, one rarely sees a plainer woman; dull complexion, dull eye, heavy features. For the greater part of two or three hours she and I talked together with little intermission. Her talk was by no means brilliant. She said not one memorable thing, but it was the talk of a person of strong mind who had thought much and who felt deeply, and consequently it was more than commonly interesting. Her manner was too intense. She leans over you till her face is close to yours and speaks in very low and eager tones. Nor is her manner perfectly simple. It suggests that of a woman who feels herself to be of mark, and is accustomed, as she is, to the adoring flattery of not undistinguished admirers.

Lewes died in November, 1878, and in May, 1880, she was married to Mr. John Cross. She referred to this second venture as "a wonderful blessing falling to me, beyond my share, after I had thought my life was ended and that, so to speak, my coffin was waiting for me in the next room." Its enjoyment was of short duration. During that summer her health was fatally impaired.

and unexpectedly, on the following twenty-second of December, she passed to the choir invisible.

It is not the object of this article to inquire what governance in the hierarchy of letters will be ultimately assigned to George Eliot by those judges whose verdict, sifted from the ephemeral, will remain an unassailable deliverance. As it now appears to us, in surveying the list of names adorning imaginative English prose, one alone seems worthy to rank with hers for a unique, intimate, and sympathetic knowledge of the mysterious and hidden motives of the human spirit. *The Egoist*, by George Meredith, and *Middlemarch* stand together as divinations in the psychological realm; the most illuminating books of fiction we know for the preacher who desires to find and understand in any degree the secret springs out of which proceed both good and evil. We leave her, knowing, as Miss Wedgwood has remarked, that we must return to her again, that her best books were first written on the red leaves of her own heart, and wondering why such teaching should have been hampered by justifiable doubts as to her personal merit.

A. Parker Adams.

ART. III.—GREAT WORDS OF THE AGE

THE desire for earthly immortality, as well as heavenly, is widespread and strong. The longing to do a piece of work which will be monumental is in itself both natural and good. How is it to be satisfied? To those who are not giants there is encouragement in remembering that the men who, after all, have survived in history not merely as names, but as living powers, have done so because linked inseparably with some great movement in human thought and life. Moses, Paul, Phidias, Savonarola, Lincoln—do we not know them by that to which they belonged through self-dedication? Lincoln *might* have been a towering personality anywhere, at any time; but more likely, even he would have been only a shrewd and popular Western lawyer if it had not been for his cause. Here is the one best chance for most of us to win the earthly immortality which we crave. Those identified with the great forward sweep of human history, even if they be not conspicuous, are to be numbered among the immortals. Anything that I or any ordinary man may accomplish in a lifetime is a trifle in itself; the hurrying feet of coming multitudes will trample my pygmy monument into the dust. But if I can make my little to become part of some great; if instead of a tiny monument for myself I can make my life, my labor, my means, a part of some enduring structure of God, so that I may sing,

One stone the more swings to its place
In the great temple of thy worth.

then have I immortality indeed. There was a whole philosophy of success in the words of the wise and noble prince consort, husband to England's great queen, spoken to young men: "Find out God's plan in your generation, and then beware lest you cross it; but fall promptly into your own place in that plan." What more fitting, then, than that we should be asking, "Which way turns the road to enduring achievement? What are the great causes of our own day with which, or with some one of which, the eager aspirant should identify his life?" One can but choose the few

great interests which seem to himself most significant. Others doubtless are as great, as age-long, as these. I content myself with six as illustrations.

The one world-wide tendency of our time which at once occurs to every mind is *democracy*. The age of the common man, if not already here, is fast coming. The watchword of the last generation came to us from natural science, and "evolution" was the key which unlocked many a door to new areas of thought. So to us of this day through social science comes the magic word which sums up within its scope many and varied activities which are changing the face of the earth. Russia gets its Douma; Persia overthrows its Shah; Turkey gropes blindly, desperately, after some way of expressing the people's will; Portugal establishes a republic; China—China!—elects a president; Mexico, in the throes of repeated revolution, still seeks the man who can represent the new Mexico, the Mexico that is to be; India seethes with national longings; Germany padlocks the mouth of its Kaiser and speaks for itself; England shackles its House of Lords and extends its suffrage. And what of America? While autocracies elsewhere are being replaced by representative governments this republic moves on to wipe out the defects of representative government itself; demanding more immediate, more frequent, more controlling expressions from the great body politic. Government of and for and by the people is not yet fully achieved, but every change is in the direction of its complete attainment. The popular election of senators, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall—all are efforts to vindicate the right of the people themselves to rule themselves. Everywhere old governments and parties and institutions are cracking wide open, sometimes tumbling in ruins, because of the heaving beneath the surface of irresistible popular forces. The same process for a larger recognition of simple human rights is going on likewise in the home, the school, the college, the church. The demand for self-government is heard; the opinion that it is safe to trust the people prevails. Within the church hierarchical privilege is giving way and the laymen are coming to increasing power and leadership. It is a question of individuals rather than of office.

The religious democracy which is essentially Christian, and which was vindicated anew in the Protestant Reformation, is now being worked out to its logical conclusion. If the democracy which obtains in religion and in politics has not yet established itself in industry, it is only because the progress of man is slow, not because it is uncertain. The denial of the right of capital to the sole control of business is no longer an economic heresy. Insistence upon the fact that all who contribute to the success of an enterprise have a right to a share in the management of that enterprise, whether their contribution be money or brains or manual labor, is growingly regarded as a sound industrial principle. What form of coöperation, of profit-sharing, of stock-holding, democracy will finally employ in business, one need not prophesy; but that in some way or in many ways industry and commerce will finally come under the sway of democracy cannot be doubted.

We need not blind our eyes to the weaknesses and the faults of democratic government, whether in the church or the state or business. No form is best for all times, all places, all peoples. A monarchical form may be pervaded by a democratic spirit. Public opinion is by no means infallible; the voice of the people at any particular moment is not invariably the voice of God, though God is more likely to speak through the many than through the few. Democracy is sometimes envious of its leaders and seeks to level down rather than to level up. It may even be admitted as true to a degree, in the words of Mr. Lecky, that "some of the strongest democratic tendencies are distinctly adverse to liberty." There are many perils in democracy to established institutions. The new-found freedom of the people is sometimes abused. Hereditary privileges, privileges of wealth, privileges of intellect, privileges of social standing, privileges of ecclesiastical dignity, are being rudely assailed. In the assertion of the rights of the individual and the rights of reason there has been a depreciation of, if not an actual assault upon, various institutions which have been counted fundamental to religion and to the civilization which religion has created. The church, the Sabbath, the Bible, the home, the state, the school, have all felt the shock of this assault.

The need of the church, the sanctity of the Sabbath, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the preëminence of the family, the authority of the State, and the sufficiency of the school have all been attacked. Doubtless this is due in part to the undue assumptions made on behalf of these institutions by their friends. To claim too much is to invite robbery. To claim that the church is the sole avenue of approach to God, the sole agency of God in the redemption of the world; to claim that the Scriptures have a verbal and uniform and infallible inspiration; to claim that Sabbath observance of the Jewish or Puritan style is a Christian obligation; to claim that the school as it now exists is the full and final answer to the needs of the day; to claim that a public official is above criticism because he is an official, or a legal decision because it is legal—to put forward such claims is to insure denial and reprisal. In asserting the divine we have too much neglected the human aspect of our sacred institutions. We have had not enough of the tender and serviceable spirit of Jesus Christ. We have not kept ourselves reminded that "the Sabbath was made for man," that the Bible, the home, the state, the church, the school, were made for man and find their end and value in him. But, when all allowance is made, it is true that young liberty in its crudeness has reacted against restraints that are wholesome, against institutions that are venerable not only by age, but by truth. We must hope that presently, finding its balance, it will recognize anew the value of its time-honored inheritance, and in the name of man himself will claim and defend what the ages have established.

Let us believe in our great men, our scholars, our poets, our statesmen; let us not wildly denounce the strong, the wise, the rich; but let us also remember the value of the common man and his right to a voice in the world's council. For, after all, democracy is the community equivalent of life eternal, that life of free self-expression and self-surrender, of justice and of brotherhood, which alone in the individual or in the state can be lasting. As one of the truest poets of democracy has written,

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.

Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

Another of the great words of our day is *emancipation*. It might apply to the deliverance from many forms of slavery, intellectual or social; but I use it with special reference to womanhood. Emancipation is the right word, applied to a process which has been going on through many centuries.

In the home woman has been slowly raised from the position of a plaything and servant to that of wife and comrade, with equal, though diverse, functions in the life of the family. In the church woman has been raised from the posture of a passive worshiper, not allowed even to speak in a religious congregation, until she has reached a large and independent and successful development of church and philanthropic work, has become a member of governing bodies (like General Conferences), and in more than one Christian denomination is allowed not merely to form the majority in the pew, but also to occupy the pulpit. In society woman has been raised from that low legal status which made the great lawyer Blackstone pronounce her "civilly dead" until she is recognized not merely as the junior and silent partner of some "civilly alive" man, but as a free personality with rights well established before the law. In the school woman has been raised from the place of an excluded or tolerated student to the full enjoyment of the highest opportunities offered by the universities of the world. And it has been found, to the surprise of many, that, so far from her womanly character being destroyed in the process and herself unfitted for domestic life, her womanliness has been enriched, her home life broadened and sweetened by the intellectual advantages which have so recently been offered her. In business occupations woman has been admitted not only to the fields and the mills and the stores, but to the offices and to the so-called higher and learned professions. And in politics, yes!—even in politics the emancipation of woman proceeds apace. The most prominent woman in American life takes a leading

part in a national political convention. China shows the way for England and the United States in admitting woman to the right of suffrage. I do not forget how slowly some of us conservatives submit to the inevitable, how we contend that, if once women are allowed to vote, they will be "less helpful mothers and less pleasant wives." I do not forget that the state is not the only or the most important molding institution of society, and that one may contend that the functions of man and woman in the state are to be permanently divided without thereby implying anything in derogation of woman. Yet, on the other hand, I remember that the governing class, the voting class, tends always and everywhere to become more and more inclusive. Disqualification from the suffrage because of race, religion, lack of property, lack of education, while strongly supported, slowly yields; and disqualification on the ground of sex will also give way, because the very stars in their courses fight against it. In nine States woman suffrage is already an accomplished fact. In many others discussion is rife and action impending, even though in some, as in Ohio and Michigan, defeat may come for a time. Even the militant suffragette cannot defeat the coming of woman suffrage! I believe in larger liberty for Russia, despite the anarchists; I believe in Home Rule for Ireland, despite the outrages in Dublin Park; I believe in trades-unionism, despite Frank M. Ryan and his fellow-criminals; I believe in woman suffrage, despite Mrs. Pankhurst, that gentle and terrible fanatic. Nearly always the movement of a great reform develops some adherents so passionately, so intensely persuaded of the righteousness of their cause as to hesitate at no means which might conceivably hasten the victory. But even these cannot reverse a great historic tendency. Some with argument, some with ridicule, some with mistaken violence, would repeat the comedy of King Canute upon the seashore; but even blunders and crimes will not check the flow of the moving tide.

Another of the keywords which open for us the understanding of our age is *socialization*. It applies to politics. Theories of government are no longer in keen dispute; these are but questions of method, after all. The object to be aimed at in govern-

ment is more and more clearly emerging into view. The inaugural of our new President, a classic of English speech, indicated as the thing which parties and administrations must seek the health and the industrial rights of the people. A new large party has sprung up within a year whose platform consists almost exclusively not of political or of merely economic issues, but of vital questions of social reform and social betterment.

The church has also been powerfully influenced by the social impulse. Religion, in reality, has always been social. A solitary Christian, as John Wesley long ago asserted, is an unthinkable thing. But it has happened in our day that, side by side with a new spiritual emphasis and a new ardor for the great evangelistic undertakings of the church, there has arisen a new social conscience and a new social ministry. The church has to-day a broader, a saner, and a truer theology than a generation ago, partly because it is less mechanical and more vital; it is less theoretical and more practical; it is less of the study and more of the street. When the Federal Council of the evangelical Protestant churches met in Chicago last December it listened to a great document from its Commission on the Church and Social Service in which the church identified "these little ones," "these brethren" of Christ (the attitude toward whom was said by Christ himself to be a test of character and of destiny), as the killed and injured in industrial accidents, the children bound down to employment in factories, mill-hands over-worked and under-paid. And there was adopted by this Federal Council, representing its many, many millions of adherents, a platform of sixteen planks, each one of which pointed out the duty of the church to reorganize and transform human society, as well as human persons, one by one. The mission of the gospel will never be fulfilled when individuals, no matter how numerous, have been snatched out of a corrupt order and set off in an unworldly community by themselves; but only when men and women, transformed by the grace of Christ, shall have cleansed and sweetened that corrupt order in which they find themselves, shall have conquered the world, not by fleeing from it, but by staying in it and making a new world corresponding to the new heaven of righteousness and peace.

The fourth great word of the present time is *conservation*. We are hearing much of the conservation of natural resources: of forests, of waterpower, of mineral wealth, of beauty; much of scientific agriculture, to make the most of the opportunities which nature affords; and the movement is one of common sense and of patriotism. But natural resources, after all, are valuable only because of their relation to man. "The life is more than meat." Greater than the conservation of natural resources is the conservation of human resources, and the effort to make life safer, healthier, mightier, is one whose importance cannot be measured. Physical science is making its rich contribution to human convenience and comfort. The motor car and the aeroplane, the X-ray and the wireless telegraph, the investigation into the causes of disease, the work of prevention and sanitation, so notable in Cuba and at the Panama Canal—all are the outcome of a noble struggle for that mastery of nature in the service of humanity to which man was early appointed. Pure food is being assured, infant mortality reduced, blindness combated, tuberculosis, cancer, impurity, alcoholism, all recognized as foes, and conquerable foes. Children are being studied and guarded as never before, their young energies directed into the channels of appropriate study and timely play. Labor is being made more efficient, scientific management brings economy of effort with maximum of result. Hours of labor are being reduced by law or by agreement, wages steadied by organization or by legislation. And, while prevention and preservation are counted much wiser than rescue, there are juvenile courts for the wandering, old-age pensions for the broken, insurance benefits for the sick and the unemployed, compensation for the victims of industrial accident. And the meaning of it all is a higher value upon life, a concern for the weak and the oppressed and the unfortunate—the salvation, physical as well as spiritual, of those for whom Christ died.

Another word which is far from new, but just as far from outworn, is *education*. It would be strange, while looking over the significant movements of the age, to ignore this. I do not by any means refer simply to the maintenance of our church schools, though these are a most important sign and instrument of

Christianized education. The church has led and still leads the way in the higher education of our land. The teacher who gives some segment of his life to the schools and colleges through which the church seeks to serve the world, the benefactor who by his gift makes possible the enlargement and strengthening of that work, these have good cause for self-congratulation that they are putting their lives where they shall count powerfully for the world's uplift. But it should not be forgotten that in some broader sense the Christian spirit is permeating all education: Christian because the education of the whole man, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious, is demanded by our day; Christian because of the increasing sense of responsibility, the individual interest and attention bestowed upon students. Education thus becomes part of the process of salvation, saving from ignorance, superstition, fear, partisanship, bigotry. And the work of education, ancient in its beginnings, is still modern in its development and mighty in its usefulness.

One other word should yet be given, *unification*. The federation and harmony of dissevered forces, whether those forces be ecclesiastical or political, is one of the signs of our times. There are still those who breathe war and talk war. Italy still robs Turkey. Lovers of blood and lovers of money still scheme to rouse a martial spirit and to hurry antagonists upon the field of battle. But, nevertheless, the world is more and more becoming one. A Triple Alliance brings some nations together; a Triple Entente holds others; England and Japan make an inclusive treaty; England and America swear a blood brotherhood; America and Japan, despite racial differences and international trouble-makers, stand fast friends in mutual respect and confidence. The world becomes one. No nation gains a real and lasting good from another's disaster. We are bound together in the bonds of a common life. And if one asks why this increasing sense of essential oneness, why this growth of brotherhood, he may yield due praise to travel, which has found both the north and the south poles; and to sport, which leads us into generous rivalry and new acquaintanceship; and to commerce, which causes the blood to flow through arteries that join nation to nation; and to labor, which

stands on both sides the sea for peace; but he must not forget that the influence of religion is beyond all. The churches are becoming one. Combination and coöperation is the order of the hour. The World's Student Federation, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Anti-Saloon League, the Sunday school enterprise, the common task of social service, the foreign missionary endeavor, and a dozen more, all tend to wipe out surface differences, and to reveal underlying unities. The church has caught the vision of Christ's universal dominion, and the spirit of religion, working through trade and education and government as well as through the church, hastens on the day

When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Now, if he will, one may quarrel with many details of the views here expressed, but no one should be disposed to deny that these great movements which are thus merely touched upon—democracy, emancipation, socialization, conservation, education, unification—are in their broad outlines essentially Christian movements. For every one of them is a movement for human betterment, and the cause of true progress is everywhere and always the cause of Christ. It is his battle which all these armies fight. Every statesman who works for just and helpful laws; every layman, as well as every preacher, who helps to make the church a power for righteousness and love; every pioneer who finds some new truth, and every teacher who instills it; every employer who makes life a fairer thing for those who serve him, and every labor-leader who unites his comrades for the common good; every reformer who blots out some ancient wrong, and every international patriot who loves the world even more than he loves his country—these are among the men who in their varied spheres serve our Lord Christ and help to bring his everlasting kingdom.

Herbert Welch

ART. IV.—EUGENICS VERSUS SOCIAL HEREDITY

THE public press has recently heralded the fact that in one of our larger cities the price of young dogs was one hundred dollars and the price of babies was two dollars. To this startling statement the reply was made that it was not surprising, inasmuch as the dog which sold for one hundred dollars had an exceptionally high type of inheritance, being a highly bred dog, while the babe that was sold for two dollars had an inheritance of the lowest type from the lowest grade of society. A good inheritance should be the inherent birthright of every person born. That we are surely coming to recognize this inherent right is evident from the increasingly intense interest that is taken to-day in the discussion of eugenics. A good inheritance is indeed an asset of priceless value, and if a discussion of eugenics can bring about improvement in inheritance, it should be talked about, and written about, and forced upon the attention of the public in every possible way through the public press. But in our eagerness to emphasize this important truth, only recently realized, there is danger that we may lose sight of another truth of equal or perhaps even greater magnitude. There is a phase of inheritance with which the new science of eugenics has no direct relation, but one whose influence in determining what a man shall receive from previous generations is as great as and probably far greater than all of the forces concerned in the principles of good or ill breeding. There is a phase of inheritance that eugenics does not touch. That which man inherits from society is as important as that which he inherits from his parents; but because of its totally distinct nature it does not in the slightest degree come within the reach of the discussions of eugenics.

The development of our knowledge of the laws of heredity has been due largely to the study of animals lower than man. It is with animals and plants alone that experiments have been carried on which have led to the formulation of the general laws of inheritance, and it is from these lower orders of nature that we have gained our present information concerning the condi-

tions under which characteristics are handed from parent to child. It is natural that, having discovered laws of inheritance by the study of heredity among lower animals and plants, we should then transfer these conclusions directly over to man without modifications. This is indeed a legitimate procedure, since mankind, too, is an animal, and the laws of inheritance that control the rest of the animal kingdom doubtless control his inheritance as well. But we are apt to draw another conclusion which is not so legitimate and which lands us presently in a wrong position. We are apt to compare the *evolution of man* with the *evolution of animals*, totally oblivious of the fact that human evolution involves a new principle, only traces of which show among animals, but which in mankind has become developed to such an extent as almost to override the laws of inheritance. Conclusions as to human evolution drawn from the evolution of animals may be legitimate up to a certain point, but they are sure to lead us astray unless we bear in mind constantly that man has one source of inheritance which he does not share with animals and which more or less upsets and revolutionizes the ordinary laws of inheritance. Man has a type of inheritance which greatly weakens the conclusions sometimes drawn by our friends who are studying the science of eugenics. Methods of breeding that will produce good dogs will not necessarily produce good men; while the laws of eugenics alone might produce good human *animals*, other, even more potent, forces are needed to produce good *men*. This may be made clear if we contrast man and the lower animals in the two following respects: 1. Among animals an individual counts in the progress of evolution only through its offspring. That pair of animals leaving the largest number and the most vigorous offspring is the pair that counts the most in the general evolutionary progress and the one that has the most influence upon subsequent generations. On the other hand, a pair of individuals unable to leave offspring has no effect upon subsequent generations, and consequently has no effect upon the course of evolution. The animal that dies without offspring has, so far as the race is concerned, gone and left no trace, no inheritance. The race that is exterminated leaves no impression upon the animals that

follow. 2. Among lower animals no single individual counts for much of anything in the progress of evolution. Evolution, as we are told by those who have studied it, has been chiefly the result of the progress of the race *en masse*, and single individuals have little or no effect upon the progress of the race, since it is only through offspring, and not through achievement, that one generation affects the next. If we should ask what influence any individual bison may have had upon the evolution of the bison, the answer would be, Practically nothing. Quite otherwise does it stand with mankind. With man, the individual may have a great influence upon the evolution of the race entirely independent of his offspring, and human beings may have a profound influence upon human evolution even though failing to make good in the struggle for existence. Who can fail to realize the tremendous influence which the Roman empire exerted upon the evolution of civilization? Yet the race that composed the Roman empire, if it did not actually disappear, ceased to have a direct influence in the world affairs, and the civilization of Europe was developed by an entirely new series of races that appeared upon the stage of history after the Roman empire ceased to exist. The Romans did not influence the later centuries by transmitting a good inheritance to their offspring. Yet in spite of the fact that the Roman race was replaced by others, the influence of the Romans has continued through every subsequent century and can be seen permeating the civilization of the world to-day.

In the human race, too, it is clear that the individual counts by what he does and not simply by the offspring he leaves behind him. Luther changed the whole course of thought and the evolution of the human race. Washington brought into crystallization a new conception of human government which has its influence upon every race of man in the civilized world to-day. Lincoln left his stamp upon our civilization in marks that can never be erased. But it is perfectly clear that none of these exerted that influence through organic inheritance; none of them affected the race by the only method which is open to animals for influencing evolution. None of these men affected the progress of the race by leaving a numerous progeny. One of them, indeed,

left no children; and it is a palpable fact in every case that the individual himself influenced civilization through his own direct acts and not through the children whom he left to carry on his work. Compare the influence of Washington, who left no children, with that of any other man of his day who may perhaps have left a family of twenty vigorous children. The head of such a numerous family, from the standpoint of organic evolution, was the greatest possible success; Washington a total failure. But when we make such a comparison it becomes evident at once that the development of human civilization is controlled by a different set of laws from that which governs the evolution of animals. A man may permanently influence the race quite independently of any offspring that he may leave behind him; the animal affects evolution only through its progeny. Man stands alone in transmitting to posterity something besides his organic inheritance, and this something he hands onward by methods totally independent of the laws of inheritance. We call this something *social inheritance*, and we must clearly distinguish it from that class of characters handed down from parent to child by direct inheritance. For the sake of contrast we may call the latter by the name of *organic inheritance*.

Social heredity is all the more significant because in one important respect it supplements the action of organic heredity. Underlying the teaching of modern eugenics is the claim, either tacitly or openly made, that acquired characters are not transmitted to one's offspring. If this is strictly true of man, the advance of the race would be possible only by scientific mating, only through the laws which eugenics is trying to emphasize. Those who are so forcibly bringing to our attention the laws of breeding do this on the general assumption that, since the effects of training are not inherited, it is only by proper mating that the race can be advanced. Nay, more, they tell us it is only as the mating of individuals is scientifically regulated that the race can be retained even in its present condition of vigor and activity. Now, while at the present time it has not been absolutely demonstrated that the inheritance of acquired characters is impossible, still it must be recognized that the most careful search has failed

thus far to show that they can be handed on by inheritance, at least among animals. So, for further discussion, it may be well to take it for granted that acquired characters do not count in organic inheritance. But, even granting this claim, we find that when we apply this conclusion to mankind, if we are not careful to make a sharp discrimination, it leads us into a false position. This noninheritance of acquired characters applies only to organic inheritance; it does not in the slightest degree touch upon what we have spoken of as social heredity. Even though acquired characters are not transmitted to subsequent generations by organic heredity, it is perfectly sure that characters acquired by one generation may be and are carried on to future generations by the laws of social heredity. When we come to look carefully into the question we find that those possessions which we have inherited by the laws of social inheritance are perhaps even of more importance than those which we have inherited by laws of organic heredity; and, further, that they are as sure, if not surer, in their results. We inherit from our parents two arms, two legs, two eyes, a set of muscles, etc. These are inherited by organic inheritance, are controlled by the laws of heredity, and we cannot modify this inheritance by any secondary training. Though we might cut off our arms or our legs or put out our eyes, we would not thus change the inheritance that we transmit to our children, for the children of those who have lost such members always develop the proper number. It is equally true, though in a totally different way, that we inherit language from our parents; and we do this just as surely as we inherit our arms, our legs, and our eyes. It is just as certain that a child born to English-speaking parents, and brought up with its parents, will, when it becomes an adult, have the power of using the English language as it is that he will have the power of using his arms, his legs, and his eyes. Indeed, it is even more sure. Many an unfortunate accident in childhood may prevent a child from developing his arms, or his muscles, or his legs, so that by the time he becomes an adult he may be, and frequently is, lacking in some of these inherited characteristics. But that he should fail to possess an understanding of the language of those about him is almost un-

known. Thus, though he acquires language by a totally different set of laws from those by which he acquired his eyes, the certainty of his inheritance of the former is even greater than that of the latter.

The study of the socially inherited powers takes us far into the characteristics of the social individual. Many of the traits of character which we think of as inherited by organic inheritance are really not inherited from our parents at all, but are impressed upon us by the series of forces which we have here called social inheritance. The moral standards which the individual possesses after he becomes an adult are in very large degree due to the surroundings in which he has been reared. It is absolutely certain that a person, no matter what his ancestry, born in the home of Turkish parents and reared in a Turkish family, will develop a totally different set of moral ideas from those developed by one born and reared in an English or American family. A boy brought up from infancy in the family of an American Indian will, whatever be his parentage, be found to develop the same tastes, an appreciation of the same pleasures, and an enjoyment of the same kind of activities as those of his foster parents. Our method of looking at our duties to one another, and the attitude that we take toward all public questions, are not matters of inheritance by organic heredity, but have been developed in us as the result of social heredity and have been determined almost entirely by the conditions surrounding us during the formative period of our life. Our whole system of education is based upon the fact that the conditions which surround the individual during the years in which his powers are growing are capable of molding and modifying these powers and of producing in him an adult differing widely according to the environment with which as a growing child he is surrounded. Even his muscular development, which is clearly a part of his bodily structure, is dependent almost as much upon social as it is upon organic inheritance. Though born with the same muscles and with equal capabilities, the child of a Highlander brought up in the mountains, the child of a laborer brought up under the conditions of manual work, and the child of a society man brought up under

conditions where manual work is not required, become very different adults so far as their physical bodies are concerned. Full-grown men differ less in what they have inherited by organic inheritance than in what they have received by social inheritance. If newly hatched chicks or new-born monkeys could be separated from their parents and allowed to grow to adult life totally without contact with their parents, they would in all cases become adults essentially like their parents, showing practically the same methods of activity. With mankind it is palpably different, for if a new-born child should be separated from all other human individuals and allowed to develop spontaneously without the influence of the society surrounding him, it is perfectly evident that he would never become a civilized individual; he might become a type of those creatures that we sometimes speak of as "wild men." He would have by inheritance the mental and muscular possibilities of a member of a civilized race, but he would not develop in the same way and he would become, when adult, like a wild animal, and not a civilized being. The fact is that the new-born babe is simply a bundle of possibilities. He has not as yet by any means acquired all of his characters, nor is it yet determined what kind of a man he will become. He is simply a possibility, and what he will become when he has grown and entered into his full inheritance will depend upon two sets of facts. The first is, the sum of the inherited capabilities which we call his organic inheritance. These are determined by the laws of heredity. This series of attributes is indeed immensely important; it is these with which eugenics is concerned and which it is trying to improve. The second series of forces comprises those of social inheritance; these mold the attributes that are received from the parents, turning the possibilities of the babe into the actualities of the adult. The first of these two series of factors man inherits from his parents, the second he inherits from society. The first series are fixed even before his birth. For these he is dependent upon the laws of inheritance, since these characters are determined at the mating of his parents. The second series of forces are not fixed at his birth, but are produced by the environment after his birth. The first series of influences are dependent upon the organic laws of

heredity not as yet fully understood; the second series of facts are wholly artificial, and they are within our reach to modify at will. They can be and are modified and controlled by society. By the first series of laws the child receives from his parents a bundle of possibilities, but by the second set of forces it is determined what these possibilities shall become when they are developed in the adult.

When we carefully compare these two sets of influences it seems that those contributed by social heredity are not the lesser, but probably the greater of the two. In the first place, they are as sure in their results as are the factors of organic heredity. It is true that the child does not take possession of all of the powers that social inheritance puts within his reach. There are some things that society would like to have the child inherit that it fails to make its own. But neither is organic inheritance sure; everyone knows that the child will not inherit all of the good or all of the evil traits of its parents. In the second place, the characteristics handed down by social inheritance are far greater in variety than those transmitted by organic inheritance. The latter gives us our bodies, with their various organs and powers, and contributes certain mental and ethical possibilities, or, we may say, tendencies. But the mental and ethical tendencies thus contributed by organic inheritance are few and vague. On the other hand, social inheritance puts within the reach of developing individuals the combined experiences of the race, infinitely greater in variety and extent than those few tendencies which the child inherits from its parents. Moreover, organic inheritance is not cumulative; or at least this is true if we admit that acquired characters are not inherited. Social inheritance, however, increases with successive generations. Even with primitive man, generation after generation of tradition and imitation placed within reach of every individual certain facts of social inheritance. Later, after he had learned writing, the scope of his social inheritance greatly increased; and when, in the last few centuries, printing was at his command, it so multiplied the records of civilization as to increase the scope of his social inheritance almost beyond conception. For we must remember that education means

simply putting the developing child into the possession of the inheritance which society has treasured up for him. By education, the developing powers of the child are, little by little, modified, turned in one way or another, until they become molded in accordance with the particular social idea of the environment in which he is living. While organic inheritance may be practically stationary, social inheritance is constantly advancing. Many of our evolutionists are telling us that in his innate, and thus his inherited powers, man of to-day is no advance over the Greek of two thousand five hundred years ago; but the social individual of to-day, with his social inheritance, is immeasurably ahead of the Greek. That which makes us animals we inherit from our parents; but that which makes us members of society comes from our social inheritance. Even the famous Jukes family probably owed as much, or perhaps more, to the criminal surroundings under which the children were reared as they did to the direct inheritance. If the children of the equally famous Edwards family had been reared in the home of the Jukeses they would probably not have produced so many college presidents and other members of high standing in society.

This conception of the influence of social inheritance must thus greatly modify our attitude toward the ideas upon which modern eugenics is based. It is true that social inheritance may not, and probably does not, alter innate powers which the person acquires by the laws of heredity from his parents; but we must remember that the adult man who lives in society is only in a small part made up of these inherited powers. In large degree this social man consists of a superstructure built upon these innate powers by the society in which he lives. If left to himself, so that the powers that he has received by organic inheritance should work themselves out alone, he would not become one who fitted into society. Like a hermit in the woods, he would have no morals; he would have no sense of duty or obligations; he would become a self-centered animal, quick-witted enough, perhaps, but essentially a selfish brute. Those things that man inherits by organic inheritance from his parents would never make him a member of civilized society. What man becomes after he

has grown is far more than what he would be if determined by his organic inheritance alone. *The chief factors that separate a Bushman from an Englishman lie not in his innate powers, but in his social inheritance. Of course it is quite probable that the Caucasian and the Bushman inherit different powers. It is probable that the Caucasian has greater capacity and a higher inheritance from his parents; but it is absolutely certain that the chief force that makes the Bushman different from the European is the society that molds him from childhood, and not the innate powers with which he is born. Of the two forces which determine what a man is to become the force of social inheritance is the greater and even more sure in its action. If we analyze and measure the powers and accomplishments of a member of a civilized community, we cannot fail to see that by far the larger portion of his capabilities and functions are those that have been imprinted upon him by the society in which he lives, and only the smaller part can be traced back to the innate powers received by the laws of organic inheritance. This conception of the influence of social heredity greatly modifies also our attitude toward the much-talked-of tendency toward race suicide. The virility of any family or of any race is measured by two factors: first, the power of utilizing the forces of society, and, second, the power of reproduction. If either of these is lacking, the race can no longer rule; and signs are not lacking that the dominating races of our present-day society, while possessing the former in high degree, are surely losing the latter essential attributes. If we remember, however, that the individual can count in evolution quite independently of his offspring, the problem of race suicide becomes less serious and at all events assumes quite a different aspect. Man does not live like the animals, influencing his race through his offspring alone, but, because of the possibilities of the inheritance from society, he can impress himself upon the race through his own activities, through his individual life, without leaving any offspring at all. The ruling race in any generation may indeed cease to multiply. It may have smaller and smaller families until it becomes inevitably doomed to extinction, being replaced by the more rapidly multiplying members of the

lower grades of society. But this we must not regret, because it is perfectly evident that if such a race is unable to meet the condition of society that it has itself produced, without ceasing to multiply, it is not fit to live, and its society is not fit to be preserved. If the ruling race allows its love for ease and pleasure and various other distracting influences of society to prevent it from rearing goodly families, it is manifestly unfit to exist in the world, and it must give place to a more virile race. No one, not even the members of the race itself, can regret that this should be true. Race suicide is simply a confession that the members of the race who are open to the accusation of diminishing reproductive powers have not been able to adapt themselves to the very society that they have created. Under these circumstances the ruling race may disappear; but even thus it has not failed to influence the evolution of civilization. While it has been in existence it has been preparing an inheritance for posterity which will be carried on, generation after generation, even after race suicide may have completely removed the race which produced the treasure thus handed on. With man the individual counts quite independently of his offspring, and while it may not be flattering to any race, or to any family, to feel it is doomed to extinction because it has lost its power of making itself good by vigorous offspring, such a race may console itself by the feeling that its life has nevertheless counted. The outcome is by no means one of pessimism, but one of the highest possible optimism. It means that a race that is capable of carrying on the functions of life must take the place of the one that has lost this ability; and it means, further, that the accumulation of treasure which we have spoken of as social inheritance will be handed on to the coming race, and that the next generation will be placed on a higher plane because it has inherited the teachings of society. By the laws of organic evolution those individuals that fail to leave abundant offspring are absolute and total failures. By the laws of social evolution such individuals or such races may be the greatest possible successes and the most potent influences in controlling all subsequent generations.

Thus man occupies a unique position, and social evolution

cannot be compared with organic evolution. Society is an artificial structure and is artificially transmitted. Social evolution is indeed based partly upon the powers inherited by the laws of organic inheritance, but it is not wholly, or even largely, dependent upon these laws. By social heredity acquired characters are handed on to future generations with an unerring certainty as great as that with which characters are handed on by organic heredity or even greater. Specially inherited characters accumulate generation after generation, and by them the race advances to a higher and higher plane. The outlook is in the highest degree optimistic. Even though our own family or our own race may show itself to be unfitted for carrying on to the future the civilization that we have produced, our influence upon the future will be none the less sure. The races to take our place will be upon a higher plane because of the inheritance that we transmit to them by the laws of social heredity. Of course the race wants a good organic inheritance, and every influence that can possibly be brought to bear should be used to improve the conditions of mating so as to bring about a race with a better and a better inheritance. By all means let us encourage every move that is made tending to produce such an inheritance, and let us everywhere emphasize the principles of eugenics. Let us use every legitimate means to bring about more careful thought in the mating of individuals so that the offspring may be born with a higher and higher heritage, but let us not fail to remember that the birth of the child is only the beginning of its inheritance, and not the end. The adult member of society is largely a superstructure built upon these inherited traits and made up of the accumulative social inheritance of the ages. While we remember that ill-mating may bring evil and undesirable tendencies, let us not forget the fact that social inheritance brings into actuality the possibilities that are given the child by organic inheritance.

H. W. Henshaw

ART. V.—SONGS OF DISCONTENT

THE man on the soap box was not making a speech. In one hand he waved a folded newspaper and in the other a small book with a blazing red cover. Both of them he was vigorously using in the endeavor to get his audience to follow him in this thrilling chorus:

You will eat bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

This purported to be the answer of the "long-haired preachers" discoursing about "what's wrong and what's right" to the demand of the working men, "How 'bout something to eat?" It was supposed to be sung to the tune of "The Sweet Bye and Bye." The would-be chorus leader struggled manfully, but the crowd of men, mostly common laborers, stood typically dumb and sheepish, as though they knew they owed a duty to their champion and felt ashamed not to perform it. The preacher on the edge of the crowd caught the eye of the "agitator" and smiled; a sympathetic, understanding, memory-laden smile. But the leader of discontent scowled fiercely and turned the more vigorously to his task. "What's the matter with you stiff? You're a fine bunch of wooden Indians. You sing like a lot of frozen mummies. Now then, everybody on the chorus!" But around the strident tones of the exhorter there dragged only a few subdued murmurs, their authors evidently afraid of the sound of their own voices. Drawn by the magnet of sympathy, the singer had to catch again the eye of the preacher, and this time the friendly smile was answered by an understanding grin as, closing the book, he abandoned the impossible task of getting song out of an American crowd of laboring men and went to the more congenial and fruitful undertaking of stirring their emotions by spoken invective. The speech was an old story to the preacher, but the song book was a discovery. Its significance must be determined. "Beware the movement that begins to sing," says the French proverb; either because it has dynamic enough to express itself in tone and

rhythm, to sweep the heartstrings that move the crowd to action, or because its music may compel even your heart to disregard your head. In days gone by the Salvation Army stirred the masses with primitive sounds; are the leaders of the new industrialism adopting the same tactics? Has the new propaganda in the labor world force enough to rip through the dumbness of its masses?—for the American labor movement has never sung. At the opening session of a recent International Congress of the working class the chairman called upon each delegation to sing. Group after group, sons of the passionate South and children of the stern North, poured forth their souls and shook the roof beams with songs that bore the hopes and passions and energies of the workers of all lands and yet were of their own soil and nature, blood of their blood. When it came the turn of the American group the mounting passion checked. There was silence. They looked at one another in consternation. They had never sung. The silence grew heavy with wonder, shame, and condemnation. Then one shamefaced man started, and in desultory fashion they followed him in singing—"John Brown's Body." As ever, pathos and comedy commingled. From the issues of a dead past had come this music for the men of the mightiest cause of the new day.

Why is it that no song has come out of American industrialism? Why is it that the Carpenter Christ cannot find his "singing man" in our factories, mills, and mines? Is there no music in the machine? has its roar silenced forever the old labor songs of simpler days? Has the spirit of music departed from life reduced to the automatic dullness of an attachment to a machine? The old ballads of harvest home do not harmonize with the whirr of the binder, the speed and the dust of the thresher. The ancient deep-sea chanties of sailing days do not chime with the clang of steel and steam. Yet England sings, Germany sings—both industrial nations. Are we dumb because we have gone farther in harnessing life to the machine? Is it because we are the most mechanical of peoples, even in our government and our religion inclined to exalt methods above principles, to put more trust in organization than in forces? Is it because we have gone beyond other nations in gearing life up to the speed of the machine, ex-

hausting all its energies in mechanical toil, interpreting life only in terms of work, dooming part of our population to the brutalizing lot of galley slaves? Kipling may get a song out of the mighty ship's engine through the soul of the old Scotch engineer, but its music will never reach the exhausted stoker who sometimes must be carried on deck to be revived, and sometimes leaps overboard in the frenzy of his tortured mind. The melodies of Southern cotton fields, born of the ease and slowness of plantation days, are sometimes spoken of as our chief native musical creation. Yet how much of these is an old-world product, the expression of another race? Is it, after all, our temperament that keeps our workers silent? Have climatic conditions, backed by an extreme industrial development of life, produced a neurasthenic people incapable of real music, relying upon ragtime even for the expression of their religious emotions? Or does the trouble go deeper still: is it the underlying materialism of our people? Have we developed a life that does not soar and touch great notes, but is bound to earth and sodden with the things of the flesh, that is concerned more with output and dividends than with brotherhood and eternity, that defiles God's outdoors with filthy advertisements and attempts to measure religious passion by the size of the crowd and the offering?

Whatever the reasons, the lack of song in the American labor movement and in the wider social movement in this country is a serious handicap. Even now the social service leaders are seeking to develop an adequate hymnology. A few years ago the Christian Socialists sought to loosen the dumb tongue of the later group, but it was a mere copying of the cheap trash that fills our so-called religious song books, whose function it is to debauch the religious sensibilities of our church young people for the sake of the coffers of private publishers. Neither in word or music did the Socialist hymn book adequately express the thoughts that burn and the passions that throb in the mighty movement of the working class. Hence it was with a thrill of hope, despite its sorry sample, that the preacher turned to the book of the soap-box singer. On its flaming red cover it bears the title "Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent." Over this it

carries the sign and inscription of that hated, feared, despised, and outlawed organization, "The Industrial Workers of the World." For superscription it prints two of the ancient battle-cries of the working class—one to stir the mighty feeling of solidarity which is to knit together the new social order: "An injury to one is an injury to all"; the other to rouse the passion for social justice, which is one of the divine forces making for progress: "Labor is entitled to all it produces." Here were big words, big enough to write much history. Were they now to find wings of harmony that would indeed fan the flames of righteous discontent and quicken the dry conscience of the world? The facility of a fine title is too often fatal to both writer and reader. It is the choicest refinement of lying as a fine art. The burden of living up to it sometimes breaks both the back and the conscience of a man. This title shouts lustily, as though the echoes of these songs of discontent would be strong enough to shake down the walls of the citadel of the oppressors of labor and open the way into its Promised Land. Of the forty-three songs in the book, however, only two express conceptions as big as those which appear on the cover, and it is significant that these are of foreign origin. One is our old friend "The Marseillaise," whose wild strains are utterly beyond our unmusical workers. Yet there is on file in the records of a Western State an official report which cites as evidence of the bloodthirsty nature of the I. W. W. this terrible chorus, discovered in their official song book:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On Victory or Death.

How Dickens would have delighted in this choice evidence of the literalness of the middle-class official mind! Its next step will need to be the confiscation of all college song books, lest such incendiary sentiments should breed revolution among our students. The other song which is big with a dynamic idea also comes from France:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
For justice thunders condemnation,
A better world's in birth.

No more tradition's chains shall bind us;
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall.
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain:

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.

The words of that refrain are wretchedly unmusical (and the rest of the song is worse still), but it moves the workers with two great visions: the catastrophic idea, that has always bulked so largely in the religion of the common people, and the idea of world brotherhood, of race solidarity, which is one of the conceptions that bring the mind within hailing distance of the idea of God. One of the striking incidents of the Lawrence strike was the singing of this chorus by the women of several nationalities as they sat peeling the potatoes for the common meal of the strikers: "The Industrial Union shall be the human race." And straightway their constricted life was enlarged into a world significance, they moved upon a world plane, were parts of a world struggle, members of a world fellowship, at present undeveloped, but some day to be made a mighty fact. Compare the religious value of such a conception, its appeal for sacrifice, for the life that finds itself in loss and comes to its God by way of the cross, with the religious values in such a chorus as "O that will be glory for me!"

The only other song in the book which clothes a conception of any bigness is a typical example of the false philosophy, the half-truth and that twisted putting of the whole truth which is the intellectual poison in some of the radical propaganda in labor circles. It is an attempt to rouse the workers to the old adage that in union there is strength, to express in dangerously perverted form the historic fact that law has been the expression of the will of the ruling class, though now we make it the will of the majority in a democracy:

Might was Right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was Right when Gracchus bled
Upon the stones of Rome;

And Might was Right when Danton fell,
 When Emmet passed away—
 " 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
 And the Gospel of to-day."

Might is Right when children die
 By thousands in the mills,
 When jeweled hands reach down and take
 The gold their blood distills;
 And Might is Right when maidens give
 Their love-dreams up for pay—
 " 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
 And the Gospel of to-day."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,
 The One and Only Right;
 And so, O hosts of Toil, awaken!
 O workingmen, unite!
 Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,
 'Tis Freedom's only way—
 " 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
 And the Gospel of to-day."

For the rest of it, these "Songs of Discontent" swing no gripping conceptions. They move around in the circle of the trite and commonplace; they handle the same type of thin, stale platitudes that are found within the covers of the song books that one picks up on the chairs of most of the prayer meeting and Sunday school rooms. But in the realm of emotions they deal with bigger things. Here they have the advantage over their compeers that are called religious, for they deal not with the glorified selfishness of extreme religious individualism, but with the majestic passion for brotherhood. They touch the note of martyrdom and stir the spirit of sacrifice. Yet again those songs which reach true emotion come from across the water. One uses vibrant strains of the Welsh national hymn:

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!
 Hope within our bosoms springing
 Bids us journey forward, singing—
 Death to tyrants' might!
 Tho' we wield no spear nor saber,
 We, the sturdy sons of Labor,
 Helping ev'ry man his neighbor,
 Shirk not from the fight!

CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
God shall help the Right!

Another, of Irish origin, stirs devotion to "The Red Flag" which from the days of Rome has been the emblem of the working class until to-day it stands for the common blood of all mankind and for the hope of the workers to build on that common kinship the world-wide Industrial Commonwealth.

The People's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

The significant thing about such of these "Songs of Discontent" as are of native origin is that they are nearly all parodies. American labor, its energies exhausted in the titanic struggle to subdue and organize our tremendous natural resources, is just beginning to express itself. Its thinking for awhile will follow the minds of the older labor groups of Europe, its songs for a time will be second-hand. It is again significant that these second-hand songs are parodies on the only religious songs that this group has heard, the songs of the gospel singers of the street corner. Wretched doggerel they are, that will not fan any flames nor even stir the discontent of the men who suffer from the conditions they reveal. Yet behind the miserable parodies are some terrible facts. Their ghastly humor is revolting, but do our spirits stir with the same revulsion against the conditions that have created it? Here are broken, blasphemous men, "knights of the road," casual, seasonal laborers, the untrained, inefficient,

wasted, exploited group, which is one of the continuous by-products of our youth-consuming, speeding and starving, unemploying and overemploying industry. And these men choose to drive home the lack of connection between some of our religious emotionalism and the great human needs which the Christ declared to be the call of religious duty by putting the grim facts of unemployment and vagrancy into a form that shocks us. "When the roll is called up yonder" becomes the medium for emphasizing the graft of the employment agency, tolerated by a state not yet willing to face the task of providing for its citizens the elementary right of access to the means of self-maintenance:

Up and down the streets, we walk around until our feet are sore,
For a job, for a job 'most anywhere;
The employment shark will gather easy suckers by the score,
When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

CHORUS:

When you buy a job out yon-der [repeat],
When you buy a job out yon-der in despair.

"Count your blessings," after the employment shark has taken his two-dollar office fee, becomes this:

Count your pennies, count them one by one,
Then you plainly see how you are done,
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a Jap's and get your coffee an'.

The awful condition of vagrancy, and its habit of mind, appears to the tune of another old gospel hymn:

Hallelujah! give us a handout
To revive us again.

The social sin of the average community in treating vagrancy as a crime may come home to the sheltered citizen in the shock of the hardened lightness of these lines, cold as Dante's frozen deeps of hell:

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
Or else he's bumming a ride.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see.
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do;
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

What appears in these wretched parodies to be a lack of respect for the things that are sacred to the normal middle-class religious life is really something more serious. It is the lack of any sense of the value of these things. The power to appreciate them has been lost. The same lightness appears in the treatment of human life. In one ballad concerning the fate of one "Casey Jones the Union Scab" during a railroad strike, a song which the preacher heard received with vociferous applause at a mixed social gathering, the chorus tells how

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blessed spine,

because someone put ties across the track in front of the engine he was driving. Still another ballad tells gleefully how the cheated laborer buys a piece of gaspipe to lie in wait for the employment shark who has robbed him. This is partly the naïve revelation by simple folk of that terrible disregard of human life which is one of the outstanding facts of our industrial process. More than this, we have here the voice of men with whom life is rarely safe. Men who take the constant hazard of the brake beam do not view life with the same concern as the staid citizen of the hearthstone. Men for whose lives society has scant respect may be expected to reciprocate the feeling and to make it concrete. "We care no more for your food supply in time of strike than you cared for ours in ordinary times" was what the English strikers told remonstrant England, after they had tied up transportation. These men whom the I. W. W. is organizing have still less restraint. They are the nomads of our industrial life, and if they turn Ishmaels, crying "No man cares for my soul," it is scant wonder. Homeless, propertyless, how shall they know any of the restraints of the settled citizen? These men are now being aroused to think, and to think largely in terms of feeling. The tramp by the roadside in the West is reading the printed matter of the new industrialism. If the man at the bottom is fed with false conceptions, if his awakening sense of injustice develops into a blind and passionate revolt against the social order, its institutions and moralities, let us clearly realize that the blame

rests upon those at the top who left him neglected in the day of his oppression and untrained in the day of his awakening.

The discontent that is being developed at the bottom of our industrial group by the American Syndicalists is terribly dangerous because it is so purely emotional, so blindly passionate. A European critic has said that the reason that the Syndicalists there claim Bergson is because of their mutual reliance upon instinct. Even more than their comrades in Europe, the American group are trusting to blind instinct to find the impossible short cut in social progress. Their philosophy, their program, their methods, their songs, fling out a warning and a challenge to organized religion. The warning? That we suffer not life to harden over the workers of this country with the adamant crust of older civilization. The democratic ideal cannot so be contained; it will break through with mighty rendings. It is for all who believe in the democracy of Jesus to highly resolve that such a day of upheaval shall never be made necessary. It is for us to open the doors of privilege to the downmost group. Here lies the challenge—to create a discontent at the top and in the middle of society, a discontent with the restricted life of our brother, a discontent that shall be powerful because it is intelligent, that shall be creative and not destructive, that shall join hands with the discontent of the men at the bottom to establish social and economic justice as the basis for the richer development of life, to make way for the constructive program of the Christian social order by securing to labor the title to all that it produces.

Harry J. Hard.

ART. VI.—THE VALUE OF PROPHECY AND MIRACLE

THERE is a marked trend among theologians of so-called liberal views to discount, if not to reject, prophecy and miracle as important in maintaining the divinity and authority of Christ. It is claimed that his divinity and authority may be sufficiently maintained by the spiritual truths he revealed and the experiences these truths bring into the human consciousness. Without in the least discounting the dynamic value of this argument there should be added the equally important argument that may be drawn from prophecy and miracle. Our Lord himself appealed to both these when his claim to the Messiahship was challenged. The supreme value of both is found in the indubitable evidence they furnish of the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. In prophecy, he was the seed of the woman that would bruise the serpent's head (Gen. 3. 15); the Shiloh of Jacob, unto whom the gathering of the people would be (Gen. 49. 10); the King that would reign in Zion and to whom the heathen should be given for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession (Psa. 2. 8); who should have universal dominion (Psa. 72. 8); whose kingdom would last forever (Psa. 145. 10-13). Isaiah has so much to say about the one who was his foremost character and hero that he has been distinguished as the evangelical prophet. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to claim that the book that bears his name is largely a biography of the Christ written centuries in advance of his incarnation. He was the light that would dispel darkness (9. 2); the ruler whose government and peace would be universal (9. 5-7); whom the Gentiles would seek and whose rest would be glorious (11. 10); the sure foundation stone (28. 16); the king that would reign in righteousness (32. 1); the servant who would bring forth judgment to the Gentiles, who would not fail nor be discouraged, and for whose law the isles should wait (42. 1-4); the one who was called in righteousness and given as a covenant to the people, as a light to the Gentiles to open blind eyes and deliver from the prison house of sin (42. 6, 7). He was the righteous Branch and King

that should reign and prosper and execute judgment and justice in the earth; whose name should be called **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS** (Jer. 23. 5, 6); the one like the Son of man, to whom was given dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him; his dominion an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed (Dan. 7. 13, 14); the restorer of the tabernacle of David, which had fallen down (Amos 9. 11); the one that should come out of Bethlehem to be the ruler in Israel, whose going forth had been from of old, from everlasting (Micah 5. 2); the King who should make a triumphal entrance into Jerusalem (Zech. 9. 9); the shepherd who should be smitten and whose sheep would be scattered (Zech. 13. 7); the messenger of the covenant who should sit as a refiner and purifier of silver (Mal 3. 1-3). These are but a few of the many prophecies contained in the Old Testament which have their fulfillment in the person, life, and death of Jesus, and to which he often referred as establishing his claim to the Messiahship. In the synagogue at Nazareth he read from Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke 4. 18, 19); and then added, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

When about to enter upon his final journey to Jerusalem he said to the twelve: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on: and they shall scourge him, and put him to death: and the third day he shall rise again" (Luke 18. 31-33). Here all that related to his last bitter experiences was declared to have been foretold by the prophets. Then, after the prophetic utterances concerning himself had been fulfilled, as he journeyed with two of his disciples toward Emmaus, he said: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke 24. 25-27). Surely our Lord regarded prophecy of great importance in vindicating his claim to the Messiahship.

Although the miracles of our Lord were so numerous and so often appealed to by himself as vindicating his divinity and authority, it has been recently claimed by a scholarly writer that, "He never seemed anxious to fortify his teaching by intellectual bulwarks of miraculous wonders." Then why so many miracles? Mark records in detail twenty-one, while in numerous instances he declares that many were healed of divers diseases and many devils and unclean spirits were cast out. Mark does not give the genealogy of our Lord, but does give a more complete list of his miracles than either of the other Gospel writers. He seems to have had in mind particularly the Roman world. The Roman cared nothing about a man's origin, descent, or lineage, but attached great importance to what a man could do. Cincinnatus was called from the plow-handles to the dictatorship of Rome. Nothing so appealed to the Roman mind as the ability to perform mighty deeds. Our Lord himself placed great emphasis upon his miracles as proof of his being the divine personality foretold by the prophets. To the messengers sent by John from his prison cell, inquiring, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus answered: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them" (Matt. 11. 3-5). See also John 5. 36; 10. 25, 38; 14. 11. These "mighty works" profoundly impressed the people who witnessed them. When he was in Jerusalem, at the passover, "Many believed in his name when they saw the miracles which he did" (John 2. 23), and Nicodemus, witnessing these miracles, came to Jesus by night, saying, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him" (John 3. 2). "And," Saint John says (20. 30, 31), "many other signs truly did Jesus in the

presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

The miracles of Jesus were all-inclusive, from his own miraculous birth at Bethlehem to his transfiguration on the mount and his resurrection from the sealed and guarded tomb of Joseph at Jerusalem, the instantaneous cure of all forms of human ailments as well as restoration to life of several who were dead; the control of nature by suspending, reversing, and intensifying its laws: the winds were hushed, the sea was calmed, and the loaves and the fishes were multiplied until they "fed thousands and to spare." Unseen spiritual existences were subject to his authority. Upon his invitation angels came trooping from the skies, at his command evil spirits were cast out, and at his rebuke devils were banished to their native hell. In a word, he was Master of all forces, material and spiritual. Bickersteth, in his great poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," says that he was

No stern recluse

As his forerunner; but the guest and friend
Of all who sought him, mingling with all life
To breathe his holiness on all. No film
Obscured his spotless luster. From his lips
Truth limpid without error flowed. Disease
Fled from his touch. Pain heard him and was not.
Despair smiled in his presence. Devils knew,
And trembled. In the omnipotence of faith
Unintermittent, indefectible,
Leaning upon his Father's might, he bent
All nature to his will. The tempest sank,
He whispering, into waveless calm. The bread
Given from his hands fed thousands and to spare.
The stormy waters as the solid rock
Were pavement for his footstep. Death itself
With vain reluctancies yielded its prey
To the stern mandate of the Prince of Life.

Other teachers and philosophers preceded and succeeded him, some claiming divinity, but, not one of them could present such credentials from a long line of divinely inspired prophets and

miracles so thoroughly attested. The impact of prophecy and miracle gave, and continue to give, to his doctrines a power that is irresistible and that will ultimately conquer all opposing forces. To eliminate prophecy and miracle is to place Jesus on the same human plane with many other teachers and philosophers without satisfactory proof of superiority. It was because he had made good his claim, through prophecy, miracle, and doctrine, that he could say: "I and my Father are one" (John 10. 30); "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14. 9). Having demonstrated beyond all doubt that he was God "manifest in the flesh," he could rightfully say to his followers, the moment before—in his cloud-chariot, angel-guarded—he mounted the highway of the skies: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen" (Matt. 28. 18-20). Obeying this last command of their divine risen Lord, and sustained by inspired prophecy abundantly fulfilled, miracles unquestionably attested and doctrines that mightily appealed to the deepest consciousness of human need, the disciples of our Lord went forth from Pentecost "filled with the Holy Ghost" to "preach Christ crucified," the "power of God and the wisdom of God," which was to those who received their message "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

To eliminate prophecy and miracles from the authority of Jesus would be to take away two thirds of his credentials and prestige and rank him with Buddha, Confucius, and Mohammed.

A B Leonard

ART. VII.—OUR NEED OF THE PRODUCTIVE SCHOLAR

A RADICAL change has come in our conception of the scholar. In a former time he was regarded as a man concerned especially with information and self-improvement, seeking the largest culture by entering many and various fields of learning; but the modern scholar is not attempting to be an encyclopedia, or an exponent of literary refinements, being animated rather by the desire for truth and the hope of progress. He wishes to pry open some closed door, solve some deep problem, carry the lamp of learning into dark and mysterious places, and thus widen perceptibly the kingdom of the known to the theoretical and practical advantage of the human race. The scholar of the olden time, erudite, versatile, resourceful, is still worthy of admiration, but he has served his day, the call now being for the man who can plow his furrow deep rather than wide, who can gather new facts, deduce new principles, make new discoveries, and lay the foundations for new developments in human progress. In other words, we want not so much the learned as the productive scholar.

The development of the productive scholar is perhaps the highest achievement of an enlightened state or nation, for he, more than any other worker, contributes fundamentally to the advancement of civilization. He is needed from the standpoint of both our cultural and our practical life, the two realms which embrace our essential activities. We need him in our cultural life to develop in us a true intellectual spirit and inspire us with a due sense of the importance of truth. In a commercial age the danger is that men shall come to think that the supreme things in existence relate to the physical side of life; that they will be captivated by material progress and estimate values in terms of material achievements. But the productive scholar is a constant corrective to this tendency by the disinterested spirit of his work and his devotion to pure science. He is not after material emoluments nor personal gain, nor does he think of the use that is to be made of the results of his researches. His motive is higher and loftier: namely, the desire to know, enthusiasm for truth. Said Leibnitz, "Did the

Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth and in his left Search for Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search for Truth." No wonder that his name lives in history as one of the world's greatest scholars and most eminent men. Who of us has not been moved and felt we touched a nobler and higher cord, perceived more truly the loftiest aim in life, as we have read the letter written by Fresnel to Young in 1824, and quoted by Whewell, in which he uses these notable words:

For a long time that insensibility or that vanity which people call love of glory is much blunted in me. I labor much less to catch the suffrages of the public than to obtain an inward approval which has always been the mental reward of my efforts. Without doubt I have often wanted the spur of vanity to excite me to pursue my researches in moments of disgust and discouragement, but all compliments which I have from Arago, Laplace, and Biot never gave me so much pleasure as the discovery of a theoretical truth or the confirmation of a calculation by experiment.

A man with such a spirit throws his light not only across the sea to guide mariners safely to the harbor, as in Fresnel's case, but across the path of every true man to show him where the secret of high living lies and quicken him to an appreciation of what is most worth his seeking.

But not only is the productive scholar an example to us in his love of truth, but in the patience and thoroughness and earnestness of his labor in seeking it. The age in which we live has but little of the element of sacrifice in it. It wants large results for moderate expenditures, and counts that its efforts will bring rich returns in the realm of sensuous satisfaction and personal power. It wants to travel the primrose path of ease, or wealth, or pleasure. But the life of the productive scholar is a fine corrective, and sets before us the large truth that in developing the life of the spirit the divinely appointed way is by struggle. He who attains to true culture and unfolds his soul must be willing to forget his lower self, and sacrifice, and often suffer. The road to high attainments and great service is rough and hard to travel. It is an old legend that an innocent life must be walled up in the foundation of a building if it is to endure; and as we study the patience, the self-

abandon, the arduous toil, and the opposition with which many of our foremost scholars have labored, we have thought that learning also often immures the lives of its devotees in the foundations of its structures. Some one has said that the love of truth finds its highest expression in martyrdom; and while this is a strong word, there is a large truth in the affirmation. The man who does original work attacks problems he has no assurance he can solve, and he often works on for years with a succession of failures before light breaks in—if, indeed, it comes at all. There is no probability of financial gain at the end and no certainty of results which will give a reputation among one's contemporaries. Often the investigator is ridiculed as he toils. Galvani was made much sport of by the men of his day and jocosely called "the frog's dancing master." His investigations were thought of no value to anybody. He himself was not permitted to know their real significance, but they were the basis of other workers, Oersted, Ampere, Ohm, Faraday, Henry, and others, who continued Galvani's studies and enlarged upon his results during fifty years, and as a consequence we have the galvanic battery and the electric magnet, and a whole body of facts, laws, and inventions which have had the most far-reaching influence on the modern world. All now recognize the value of Galvani's work and see that the germ in his hands has grown to great fruit in modern civilization. But he did not live to have the comfort of this fact. He worked on, misunderstood, discontented, and ridiculed to the end. Often when great principles have been discovered it has only been the beginning of persecution. John Fisk tells us that when Newton published his notable theory he experienced the greatest abuse on the ground that he was substituting blind gravity for an intelligent Deity. Daguerre was actually incarcerated for a time in an asylum because he maintained that he could transfer his likeness to a tin plate. Franklin's paper on lightning conductors was laughed at by the British Academy, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was ridiculed by those who saw no reason why they should overthrow the authorities of centuries on account of "this queer-headed fellow," and Darwin had all the bees in the theological hive buzzing about his head when he published his investigations on the origin

of species. We need not enlarge the list. Suffice it to say, as Bacon remarked, "Truth is without a dowry," and history has been a good deal like the Locrians, who required anyone who introduced a measure for altering the existing laws to appear at the meeting in which it was argued with a rope around his neck, by which he was hung up if he did not convince his fellow citizens of the wisdom of his measure. Thus the world's treatment of the scholar has seldom been cordial; and in that under these conditions he is content to labor on in the pursuit of truth, not knowing what the results will be, expecting no material emoluments, misunderstood, and often ridiculed or persecuted, he sets before our generation an example of idealism, of devotion to learning, of the greatest possible significance to its cultural life. If men will imitate the scholar's spirit, the higher spiritual interests of society will not suffer in the expansion of material civilization.

The productive scholar performs great service to our cultural life also by instructing us in the best methods of intellectual work. Some one has said that the secret of success is in knowing how, and this is as true in intellectual effort as in mechanical achievement. There has been a revolution in method since modern science got a firm foothold. Men long held to the process of deduction. Relying on the suggestions of the creative imagination, they backed up their generalizations and guesses with the most elaborate and cunningly devised fables of logical argumentation. They elaborated opinions and tried to give them the proof of logical consistency. Thus they built up great systems of thought and wisely explained the problems of nature and life, contending with each other for supremacy. They did not see that the final test of theories is facts, not syllogisms; that the best way to test a conclusion is by seeing how it fits in with the data in hand. This the modern productive scholar is showing us how to do. He has taught us how to properly join the deductive and inductive methods. Neither is adequate of itself. To gather information, to accumulate all the facts possible, to take infinite pains in observation, comparison, and experimentation, to make as complete inductions as we can, is the first step in serious intellectual work, whether it be in the domain of natural science, economics, history, sociology, philosophy,

or any other department of knowledge. But this is not sufficient, but must be supplemented by the work of deduction, which has been the successful way to the largest creative results in all lines of human endeavor. It was not simply by the Baconian method that science developed so rapidly in the eighteenth century, as is often stated, but rather by the means of hypothetical investigation, the chief instrument of intellectual progress. We get together the facts that they may suggest the theory. This is why a man who is devoid of a great creative imagination can never be a productive scholar. To do original work in any department of knowledge a man must have the gift of foresight, of prophetic power; he must be a good guesser as to the meaning of unexplained phenomena or an indicated truth. As Professor Carhart has said, as soon as the investigator

passes beyond the mere elements, he must train himself in the habit of conceiving things which the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man. He must emancipate himself from the domain of the senses and must learn that sense-perceptions should not be projected into the outer world of nature, but that they are only symbols of objective phenomena, presented to consciousness, which the imagination, aided by reason and reflection, must interpret. Not only is the imagination called into activity by the common occurrences of the natural world lying along the level and the horizon of man's experience, but it is powerfully stimulated by the more remote phenomena above him and below him.

Having by inductive methods accumulated our data, and by deductive methods formed our hypotheses, the next step is verification. It will not do to rest in our hypotheses on the reasons which the logical faculty may offer to support them, but they must be tested by experimentation. Probably the erroneous guesses of great men are as many or more than those of men of less expertness and power, but their success is in the care with which they see that the theory is fully supported by the facts. Of this Kepler is a conspicuous illustration. It is said that his mind was peculiarly given to curious speculations; he seemed to revel in

erroneous and futile trains of thought, and we might fairly think that such a mind as his could not be fruitful in scientific results, and yet the laws he discovered are among the most firmly established. How came this to be? Simply because, in addition to being a dreamer, he was

a critic. With infinite patience and with consummate thoroughness he subjected his dreams and visions to analysis and experimentation, casting out theory after theory, rejecting hypothesis after hypothesis, admitting readily his errors, and retaining only that which stood the test of the most rigid examination.

This has been the method and secret of success of all great discoverers of truth in all provinces of intellectual endeavor. Their victories have been through the number of theories they have strangled in their own brains because they did not stand the tests of logical consistency and experimental verification. This three-fold method, of induction, deduction, and criticism, has entered the life of the modern world as a great contribution from the productive scholar and has been productive of the substantial results that are being attained in every department of knowledge. It teaches us the correct method of all original and independent intellectual work.

The productive scholar has also performed a great service to our cultural life in that he has kept alive men's higher interests, extended knowledge, and satisfied the wants of the intellectual class. Human society needs the scholar to renew its life. A merely commercial and material existence is not worth while. A nation that had nothing higher or better than trade and money and high social life would soon become corrupt and degenerate rapidly. In the pressure for the material ends of life, in the bread-and-butter demands upon us, there must be some spiritualizing force which will counteract on these materializing tendencies and keep alive the higher sentiments, instincts, and feelings of men, those spiritual elements in society which are of abiding worth. Communities would lose tremendously if they were solely under the leadership of practical, industry-making men. What society needs to keep its balance is a class of abstract workers, of persons who are renewing literature, restating philosophy, enlarging the application of ethical principles, developing art, studying the deeper problems of nature, and increasing our knowledge of science—men who are leaders in the higher activities of life. These men walk among the masses carrying their ideals with them, setting new standards of public opinion, calling attention to the finer and

higher conceptions, and they are not made by the rough-and-tumble of life, but by research, by a study of abstract problems, by searching for principles, by seeking to learn lessons of other generations, by weaving into the practical life of the people its inheritance of the past and the scholarly achievements of the present.

Not only does the scholar keep alive society's higher interests, but he satisfies the wants of an intellectual class that exists in every community. No people has all of its citizens of a common type. There is as much diversity in the realm of mind as of nature. There are men who get their happiness from activity, from the management of industry, from social communion, and the objective relations of life. Then there are men who care little for all this, but who love the ideal, the æsthetic, the true, and the good. Aristotle would not have found his life in trade, or in politics, or in the useful arts. A mind like his wants the universe to reach out into and for rest goes down to the principles that pertain to the nature of things. But, while far greater than most, he is but representative of a class in every community, and a most important class, which has just as much right to ask that its needs and desires be met as those have who are interested in society's practical activities. As illustrative of the feelings of such persons, take the following statement of F. D. Maurice, one of the most gifted minds of the last century:

I have no hope of acquiring exhaustively even a small portion of the smallest history, but I feel that I want the light which history gives me: that I cannot do without it. I find that I am connected in my own individual life with a past and a future as well as a present. I cannot make either out without the other. I find that I am connected with a nation having a past as well as a present, and which must have a future. I am confident that our life is meant to be a whole; that its days, as the poet says, should be "linked to each other" in natural piety. They fall to pieces easily; it is hard, often it is impossible, to recover the links between them. But there comes an illumination to us, ever and anon, over our past years, and over the persons gone out of our sight who worked in them. . . . Thus it is with the ages gone by. Every one of them is telling upon us; every man who has thought and worked in them has contributed to the good or evil which is about us. The ages are not dead; they cannot be. If we listen, they will speak to us.

The hunger for truth which this quotation illustrates is something to be provided for; and the scholar in his work, trying to explain

the mysteries of life and the world, trying to peer deeper into the heart of things, brushing away the errors of superstition, extending vastly our information of all the fields of human interest and thought, performs a great service to those who find happiness in knowledge.

But we need the productive scholar not only in our cultural life, but also in our practical life, in the domain of our material interests. It is often thought that the scholar is a dreamer, or star-gazer, of no use outside of his library, his classroom, or his laboratory. There is little thought that he has a message for the world which really does things, which carries on the necessary activities of life. But the scholar is indispensable to material as well as cultural progress, and the great structure of modern civilization is built up largely on his researches. As Huxley once said, "The interests of science and industry are identical; science cannot take a step forward without sooner or later opening up new channels for industry; and, on the other hand, every advance of industry facilitates those experimental investigations upon which the growth of science depends."

In the first place, it needs to be noted that the work of the productive scholar has laid the foundation of applied science, which is achieving such wonders in the modern world. Said Cuvier:

Those grand practical innovations are the mere application of truths of a higher order, not sought with any practical intent, but which were pursued for their own sake and solely through an ardor for knowledge. Those who applied them could not have discovered them; those who discovered them had no inclination to pursue them to a practical end. Engaged in the higher regions, whither their thoughts had carried them, they hardly perceived these practical issues, though born of their own deeds. These rising workshops, these peopled colonies, these ships which furrow the sea, this luxury, this tumult—all this comes from discoveries in science, and it all remains strange to them. At the point where science merges into practice they abandon it; it concerns them no more.

While there have been great discoveries by accident, and especially previous to the nineteenth century, this is seldom the case, and most of these results are the product of the insight acquired by special training and work carried on in scientific laboratories. No ordinary inventor or practical man could have given the world any

of the great discoveries and inventions which have transformed, and indeed almost transfigured, the industrial world during the past one hundred and fifty years. The steam engine is often cited as an instance where a man made a great contribution to society by a suggestion which came to the inventor while, as a boy, he was looking at his mother's tea kettle. Many, indeed, think this was the basis of this greatest of all inventions. But it is well known by those who have looked into the matter that it was not his mother's tea kettle, but the discovery by Black of "latent heat," and over two years of profound study on "such problems as the specific volume of steam and its law of tension under varying temperatures," which enabled Watt to give to the world his wonderful engine. Moreover, it is not the insight of some practical mechanic or engineer which in the last sixty years has "doubled the speed of its piston while saving at least one fourth of its fuel," but the investigations of Joule and others on the mechanical theory of heat. The same principle can be illustrated from the realm of electricity, whose uses and appliances shine with such dazzling brilliancy. Who made possible the dynamo, the electric light, the telegraph, and Marconi's wireless messages? Who made it possible to lift great loads at the dock, drill the ore in the mine, and separate rock from the metal in the smelter? Who made it possible to extract from ordinary substances one hundred things of value, such as caustic alkalies, bleaching powder, chloroform, chlorates, aluminum, and radium? Not some practical workman or inventor, but a long line of scientific investigators. Says Professor Norton:

How happy was the thought which designates the various units of electricity by the illustrious names of the masters of research: the volt in honor of the professor in the University of Pavia who one hundred years ago gave the world in his crown of cups its first effective reservoir of new power; ampère, the name of the professor of physics at the College of France, founder of the science of electro-dynamics; ohm, in memory of the professor of experimental physics in the University of Munich, discoverer of the law of the strength of the electric current; and farad, in honor of the greatest of them all, Michael Faraday, professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution of England, the prince of experimenters, whose researches, resulting in the dynamo, connected the industries of the world with the first economical source of electrical energy.

Illustrations could be gathered from every field of man's practical activity to prove the point being made; but it would be a waste of time. Enough has been indicated to show how the industries and business of the modern world are a direct result of the work of the productive scholar, and but for him we would be living on practically the same basis as men in primitive conditions of society. Our boats would still be hugging the shore, fearing to lose sight of land, for no one would know how to compute longitude; the strain would still come on human muscles instead of derricks and various machines; flour would still be ground by hand between stones instead of by turbine wheels, engines, or dynamos, and, in brief, all would be lacking which makes modern life progressive and great.

But if the scholar has been of such service in the past, let us not suppose that we are through with him yet. There has never been a day when nations which will keep to the front in the competitions of trade, which want their industries to thrive and their commercial prosperity to continue, were so dependent on the scholar as they are to-day. As natural resources become more exhausted, and as other peoples put their business on a scientific basis, no nation, however prosperous, can hold its place by mere enterprise and practical sagacity. This is the great lesson that our own business men must at once learn. In an article published in the *London Times* of 1886 Mr. Huxley pointed out that the English people had "entered upon the most serious struggle for existence to which they had ever been committed," adding, "the later years of this century promise to see us embarked in an industrial war of more serious import than the military wars of its opening years." He spoke of the competition of Germany on the east and of the United States on the west, and declared that the only way England could hold its industrial and commercial prestige was to at once avail itself of the help of scientifically trained men in all its manufactories and forms of business. His article so aroused the English people that technical schools were established in various cities to prepare for the struggle. It is an illustration of what must become increasingly true in our own land. Germany waked up to the fact years ago; and, no matter what his business,

the German manufacturer is seeking to improve his process and his product by availing himself of the services of men scientifically trained, men who have served their apprenticeship in the school of research. The value of this is seen in many concrete illustrations. Take the case of Carl Zeiss, of Jena. Some forty-odd years ago Mr. Zeiss, a small optician, desiring to perfect to greater efficiency his microscope, consulted Professor Abbe, the physicist of the University of Jena. Abbe brought his mathematical knowledge to bear and so greatly improved the efficiency of the instrument that Mr. Zeiss invited him to become a partner. He resigned his professorship, and, "taking up the theory of optical instruments, completely remodeled it, bringing out points never appreciated before, and inventing new lenses that were beyond competition." As a result, every user of the microscope and every photographer knows the superiority of the product of this firm, which has made possible the achievements of instantaneous photography. This is by no means a single illustration, but rather indicates a prevailing custom. One German firm engaged in the manufacture of coal-tar colors, employing some fourteen hundred men, has some fifty scientific chemists, every man of them trained to do research work. "These men are engaged to make investigations, to discover new compounds of value, to see that the product produced is kept up to standard, and, in short, to put the work on a scientific basis." The result has been a remarkable growth in the business and returns of the factory. In the United States we must come to the same basis of work. We have hitherto made our success largely by the organization of trade, and by great push and energy in distribution. We have united capital, and done business on a vast scale, but we have not been careful to improve our output, and already our best products, like our locomotive engines, are being much surpassed by those made in Germany. Our manufacturers as yet do not know what it means to employ men to do research work in their line of industry. They depend on men of experience and practical sagacity, but the time has come when we must make use of the scholar in the practical activities of life, and our future success as a commercial and industrial people will depend on our coming soon to realize this.

We need the scholar in practical life also to alleviate human suffering and promote the public health. There is nothing which creates so much suffering, economic waste, mental depression and ruin, as disease. It is the enemy man has had to contend with from the beginning and which is not conquered yet. No home escapes, and where science has not gone communities are often depopulated by its ravages. The pain and suffering occasioned by disease cannot be imagined, let alone be computed. Superstition and fraud have here found a rich field for exploration, for there is no place where credulity works more readily than in the sick-room and among the afflicted. Human wisdom also seems to have been especially tardy in bestowing its benefits in this most needed domain. We must not forget that even in the days of Washington the powdered skins of adders and similar remedies were used for diseases. But to-day medicine is becoming scientific. The past one hundred years have witnessed the most remarkable advance. The researches of our laboratories have given us a new surgery and a new medicine and prolonged the average of life one half above what it was three hundred years ago. Epidemics like those which swept over Carthage and Alexandria in the third century, and like the pestilence which in the fourteenth century destroyed more than twenty-five million people in Europe, are no longer possible. Think of the pain that has been saved tens of thousands yearly by the use of anæsthetics. Think of the triumphs of modern surgery. Think of the hundreds of thousands whom the simple process of vaccination has saved. Think of the results of the investigations of Major Ross, of the Indian Army medical staff, concerning malaria parasites, and the investigations of Major Reed and his colleagues of the Cuban Commission in connection with yellow fever, the results of which are that dread diseases have been robbed of their sting and large regions of the tropics have been made habitable by white men. Think what incalculable benefit has followed Bering's discovery of the treatment of diphtheria by antitoxic serum, by which the mortality of this dread disease has in the last fifteen years been reduced eighty per cent. Think of the work of Pasteur, in whose institutes scattered over the world hundreds of thousands of people have been saved from the awful suffering and

terrible consequences of the rabies. These are only a part of the results which the researches of the scholar have produced in the realm of disease, but the record is sufficient to show how greatly human suffering has been alleviated and human life prolonged by his labors. The work, brilliant as it has been, is by no means concluded, but has little more than begun. We need the scholar to continue his researches in various fields where diseases still prey savagely upon life. Take, for example, tuberculosis, or the white man's plague. How little we have so far succeeded in mastering it and how terrible its ravages. Says Professor Townsend of the University of Illinois:

It is now nearly half a century since the strife between the North and the South culminated in that memorable and bloody conflict known as the Civil War. Nearly every hearthstone tells the sad story of a broken family circle, and the nation still mourns the long list of her heroic dead. Tremendous as was the loss of life in those eventful four years, it is a significant fact to be observed in this connection that twenty-five per cent more deaths occur every year in this country from tuberculosis than the total loss of all the Union forces in battle and from wounds during the entire four years of the Civil War. Unless this disease is checked, it is said that there are 5,000,000 people now living in the United States who are destined to a premature death from this cause. It is difficult for us to realize the enormous loss to the wealth of the country which this involves. Professor Glover, of the University of Michigan, after careful estimate, says it is not less than \$36,000,000 a year.

But tuberculosis is but one of the diseases yet to be fought. There is a great need in behalf of the public health for the work of the productive scholar. The nation needs to support and employ experts in the interests of good sanitation and the prevention of disease, and will save millions yearly by doing it. We are only half awake to the seriousness of this problem and what might be done to improve present conditions. Commissioner Evans of Chicago estimated that forty-five per cent of the deaths in that city in 1909 were caused by preventable diseases.

We need the scholar in another department of our practical interest and activity: namely, the state. We need his expert knowledge in the settling of many questions vital to the welfare of the country. We need him to enter into the realm of politics and help purify it, and we need him to bring expert information

to bear on public matters. One of the most pertinent and oft-repeated criticisms of democracy is that it puts the decision of weighty matters into the hands not of specialists, but of the crowd. It is said a sound decision on great financial and industrial matters, on questions of political science and economics, is "within the reach of specially disciplined minds alone, and the opinion of the unthinking masses upon such matters has just as much or as little real weight as an opinion upon the special problems of engineering, or chemistry, or physiology." There is undoubted force in the objection, although in every free government the people inform themselves on the questions of citizenship and take greater interest in politics than in any other matters outside of their immediate business affairs. There is also much sound judgment in the good sense of the people. But, this being admitted, it is also true that the high work of government, the settlement of important public measures, the solution of vast economic questions, is a work for scholars, and not for self-seeking politicians; and if experts cannot be put into Legislatures and Congresses, they can and should be employed to act on commissions, give information for those in authority to act upon, and explain the principles involved in significant public questions. Our country seems to be waking up somewhat to this fact, and to begin to feel that the word of the man who has made a life-time study of the subjects concerned, who can bring to bear upon the problems the full weight of his historical scholarship and scientific method, must be of more value than the voice of scores of farmers and butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, or even country lawyers who have worked their way into legislative assemblies. The last ten years especially have seen a recognition of the scholar in public life to which we have not been accustomed. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are especially to be mentioned in this connection, for more than their predecessors they have set an example in recognizing in public life the value of experts. At the outbreak of the Spanish war the State Department of Washington turned to Professor J. B. Moore, of Columbia University, for council and help on great questions of international law which had developed, and he was sent with the Peace Commission to Paris in 1898 as expert legal adviser.

When he returned from the position of Assistant Secretary of State to his professor's chair, the president of the University of Rochester was called to be his successor. At the close of the war, when we had the Philippine Islands on our hands, with most complicated problems and difficult tasks to solve, the government appointed a commission to settle these grave and important matters, and two of the members were there only because they were scholars. On the second commission there were also two men of like qualifications. The same was true with Porto Rico. The work of forming the new government, of developing a new financial policy for the island, of codifying the laws, and of introducing a new system of education was all put into the hands of professors in universities who had become specialists in these several directions. So when the President wanted a commission to study the whole subject of the Isthmian Canal, its commercial advantages, cost of construction, engineering difficulties, etc., three of the nine men chosen were university specialists, and the principal work of the commission was committed to two of them. A beginning has been made, a small beginning compared with the need. Far more than we are doing we must call upon the scholar in public life if the state is to reach its highest efficiency in ministering to the welfare of the people. Take the tariff for an example. It seems incomprehensible that a subject so vital to the country should be conducted on any other than a scientific basis. But as a matter of fact, our tariff making has been largely an effort, by men ignorant of fundamental principles and facts, to satisfy special interests within their congressional districts. Almost no expert knowledge has gone into it; and the same is true of much of our economic and financial policies in State and nation. We need to bring more expert knowledge into the practical business of democracy, and the opportunity for the service of the scholar is here most abundant.

Samuel Planty.

ART. VIII.—THE JOY OF THE AMATEUR

WHEN the shades of evening fall, when the trees are dark, blotty shapes against a paling sky, in our neighborhood the gentle sounds of night are drowned by sundry quavers, shrieks, and breathy blares. The boy next door is learning to play the cornet. When the first quaver rends the sweet evening air the neighbors groan, not always with inward groanings. Their sighs ascend, and they prepare as best they may to inhibit against the torture. And yet, hark! Among the faulty notes, the breaking tones, rings at last one note, clear, sweet, exultant. I want to cheer. Good work, boy! That is a bit of the ideal made visible; for I know what is back of those quavering, cracked tones. They are not beauty, but as sure as the world is conceived in harmony there is beauty back of them. Toot away, boy! There is beauty in your soul. Good luck to you in bringing it to the birth embodied in a form that all men, and you yourself before all, may recognize as the fit symbol of the joy that dwells within you.

And how do I feel under its ragged cloak the outlines of beauty? Breathe it softly, for I have not the courage of yon boy to toot my aspirations from the housetop. Nay, I envy this Daniel his courage as he stands before his window each night and offers up his tribute to the divinity within him though the neighbors may wag their heads and stop their ears. I lack the courage to proclaim it; I turn my sketch on the pad wrong way around when I come through the town even at the risk of a blurred page; yet I, too, know what it is to strive through imperfection to express perfection; I, too, know what it is to have friends fail to hear with my ears and to see with my eyes. I bring home what is to me the imprisoned spirit of the out-of-doors only to be greeted with, "What, did you do that tree again? I thought you did it once before." Or, perhaps even more humiliating, "Is—is that light patch water or sand? It might be either, you know." I look at my sketch through new eyes. Truly, a hopeless smudge! And yet it is my bit of the ideal made visible.

Yes, and the girl on the street back is learning to play the

violin. Her notes are unsteady, and her time is ragged, but once in a while, for a measure or two, there are a lilt and a swing that mean that she, too, has dipped into the sea of the ideal and has brought up her own little bucket full of the water of satisfaction. And the boy who lives in the house under the elms is making a model of an airship. Yea, verily, who knows but what it may glide? but whether it glides or not, it is still the craft on which the boy's soul goes voyaging through the ether. It all goes to prove that there is in each of us a yearning after the ideal. We never know till we set ourselves down to express it just how much of aspiration we can lay claim to. Then we may say with Whitman,

I am larger than I thought.

I did not know I held so much goodness.

No, the boy with the cornet did not know till that single, clear note thrilled his soul how much of harmony was shut up in his heart. O, kind neighbors, bear with us, for how shall we deny expression to the hot desires that surge within us? The very root of the word amateur makes plain our attitude of mind; it makes of us the lovers. It is we who follow our mistress from afar, happy if her garment but brush against us as she passes by. The amateur is simply the one who, lacking the skill or facilities for attainment, will not be denied utterance after some manner. We are the seekers, perhaps doomed always to miss perfection, but the search itself is good for the soul. And let no one, not even the artist who works with sure mastery of his technique, waste too much sympathy upon us because our effort does not adequately body forth our vision. For there is one glory of accomplishment and another glory of creation. There is the joy of the thing nobly done, but there is also the joy of the doing. In these days when we worship success, when the question is not, What high good are we striving for? but, simply, Are we about to succeed?—in these days when success is never anything but the thing done, it is well for us to remember that the road to the palace of the arts is worth traveling for the sake of the adventures along the way. But our devotion is significant beyond our own joy; it is the amateur who is the high priest of genius. He it

is who tends the fires on the altar some time to kindle into shapes of glory. The nation which binds up its heart in folk songs, whose shepherds follow their sheep to the music of the pipes, whose fishermen draw their nets with rhythmic cadence—that is the nation which will some day bring forth a master of song. It is the sailor-father carrying his sketchbook around the world, eaging for his own satisfaction the wonders of far lands, who gives to his son the talent that embodies for the pleasure of the world the love of form and color that dwelt in the heart of that sailor. It is the girl with the aspirations to play the violin who may yet give through her child a voice that shall soar on the wings of her mother's love of music. It is the lovers, the amateurs, thwarted in their own aspirations, who give virtue to the soil out of which springs the plant that some day shall bloom forth into the wonder-flower of genius.

I take my sketching pad and my stick of charcoal and sit me down on the hilltop. Radiance is all about me; there is no ugliness anywhere. The decrepit old apple tree has its share of dignity as it leans over the wall and throws its shadow out upon the waving grass. And I, with the heart of the lover, feel this flooding of radiance about me as I choose my subject. I say to myself, "This little hilltop pond, with the margin of reeds and the willow mirroring itself in the clear water, shall be my objective point for this day." For me that little pond and the willow gather into themselves the sum of all the excellence in the world. If I could understand and catch the secret of the soft, caressing curve of the water against the shore, the texture of the willow foliage, massed, yet so instinct with light and life, if I could express it all, I should have entered into the inmost shrine of beauty. Of a truth, somebody says, Why not photograph it? A camera would give more accurately than any pencil or brush the form of that reflection mirrored in the faintly rippling waters. Why not, indeed? And why has my neighbor tooting his cornet an artistic virtue that no musical mechanism can aspire unto? A little further off down the street—I am glad to say—there is a mechanical device for playing the piano. It plays in perfect time, its runs are irreproachable, doubtless its fingering, if the

creation has fingers, is quite correct. For getting things done it is unequalled. And yet it does not play *con amore*. There is more true creative interpretation in the melody that the boy, with his cornet, is gallantly aspiring unto than in its frigid perfection. When I make my picture I am part of the world of beauty. Through trying to express beauty I become part and parcel of it. If I took a photograph I should become part of the camera. The camera, the mechanical players, are all good, they have their uses, they are well esteemed for their many excellencies. And yet the true lover will choose the better part. Rather imperfection and the sense of creation, the transmuting of nature into art through the alchemy of the human spirit, than perfection without a soul. It is the passage through the alembic of the soul that makes the world an expression of beauty. There is no worth except as some soul sees the world as sublime and lovely. The artistic merit that comes through the phonograph or the mechanical player exists only because the ingenuity of man has been able to reproduce in some measure the values that an artist has already created. A mechanism can register and record, a soul must create. And the excellence of the mechanism depends entirely upon the self-effacing fidelity with which it records what has already been created. It is the beauty in the soul that is fundamental, that serves to breathe the breath of spirit into a formless earth. My picture may be imperfect, it may mean little to alien eyes, and yet through it has come to me the joy of the doing. For a little time I have partaken of the essence of delight, the fervor of creation.

There is another joy in store for the amateur that we had not counted on, one of those delights that come by the way and are the sweeter because unsought. As I sit on my hilltop striving to put on paper the spirit of the willow and the mirroring pond, my eyes are gradually opened. I pierce beyond the general outline of tree and hill and water. It seems to me that I never saw a tree before against the sky. I never dreamed of the charm of its outline, the soft curves, the outgoing like cloud-masses against the blue, and the delicate curve of reticence and restraint that draws back again toward the heart of the tree. I learn

wisdom, too, from the glimpses of the trunk at the base, strong in its sinews, planted firm-footed, hidden and obscured, yet felt as the substance under all that billowing mass of lightness. And, as I look, the tree is not one flat surface against the sky, it is shot through with sparkles of light, with lovely patterns and designs where the leaves show the blue between. No, I never saw a tree before I tried to draw it. I never defined a reflection, elusive, shifting, yet always constant, till I tried to express it. And the boy with the cornet will listen to music with new ears. When the orchestra swings into the great melody it will come to him with peculiar intimacy. "O," he will say to himself, "that is the aria that I pegged away at." As he follows, anticipating every rise and fall, every passion of outgoing, every recession into communion, his own soul will go forth to meet the soul of the music. Through his own attempt at expression he will enter into the holy of holies that you by his side who have never tooted a cornet are not worthy to aspire unto.

The spirit of the amateur is abroad the world over. It is not alone the lure of art that kindles the heart of the lover. Wherever there is a good to achieve, wherever there is a moral crisis to win, the amateur feels his soul prick within him. The social worker looks abroad over the city full of souls that starve, and his imagination takes fire. Yes, that's it: his imagination, not alone his reason or his judgment, for imagination soars in the blue, while judgment and reason must feel the ground solid beneath their feet. He sets his lance against the grim battlements of crime and disease. The grafter and the ward-heeler shrug their shoulders and say, "O, there's nothing to fear! He's only an amateur." They are right: the social workers and the missionaries and the philanthropists are true amateurs, lovers of their kind, whose imaginations would fain bring down from heaven the new kingdom of righteousness. And just because they do for the love of the doing, because they are consumed with the fervor to create the kingdom of God upon earth, the battlements of ancient wrong tremble at their onslaught. And the women, seeking freedom to grow, achieving their right to a personality of their own, ruthlessly uprooting tradition, they are amateurs

too. How boldly they tilt against entrenched wrong! How they tug and strain at the load of centuries! Theirs is an imagination aflame that yearns to express an ideal. They advance with indirection, with uneven steps, but it is the love of achieving and of creating that spurs them on. Whatever the end of the struggle, it was worth while. They cannot make the world over, and yet, perchance, they may make themselves over, for they will know the joy of the high endeavor to body forth the ideal that is in them. The amateur takes up the quest of the Grail of the ideal as the great adventure. Boldly he questions of it, "What of life? What of nature and the spirit behind it all?" And answering the courage that dares seek beauty and righteousness for its own sake comes back a message of the loosening of bonds and the freeing of the spirit. After all, life comes to us in the rough, and we have but one try at the modeling. What chance have we to grow expert at life-craft? We are amateurs, all of us, molding with quickening pulses and kindling eyes the world-stuff beneath our hands.

Bravo, boy! Those notes rang true and the melody was well phrased. Perhaps some day the neighbors will take their fingers out of their ears and listen to the music that sings in your soul. But whether they do or not, you have had a joy that no man can take from you.

Ethelwyn Humphrey

ART. IX.—TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING"

IN the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson extends the charm and consecration of poetry to the organic life of the state. This is their primary distinction. Many poems, like the "Chanson de Roland," are inspired by a more direct and fervent patriotism than Tennyson's work; one at least—the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley—sets forth an ideal of perfected humanity with more prophetic ardor and lyrical power. But the "Idylls" constitute the only adequate expression in English poetry of the conception of the state as a living organism, with its own law of growth and decay, moral and material splendors, and religious significance. To express this conception in its fullness, to disengage it from the local accidents in which actual patriotism is always involved, to place its moral and religious bearings in a bright focus, and to endow the whole with power of poetry—this is the unique service of the "Idylls of the King." William Watson defined the work of Wordsworth in these beautiful terms:

The mysterious face of common things
He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue;
Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,
And by some nameless difference born anew.

As Wordsworth was a priest "of the wonder and bloom of the world," Tennyson was a priest of the august moral loveliness of the state in its ideal. "Strangely remote" the world of the "Idylls," with its courtly manners, romantic mediæval glamour, and elfin music, may seem from the world of actual political life; but that very remoteness gives true perspective and makes possible the revelation of the essential truth with power. In this civic aspect of his work Tennyson is the intellectual heir of Edmund Burke. Probably no English writer had an ampler and more poetic conception of the state than Burke. He was eager to enlist and hold in the service of government the romance that lies in every heart. His criticism of modern democracy was that it destroyed the charm of patriotism and reduced government to

sordid mechanical calculations. "To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely." But Burke was a working statesman rather than a philosopher or a poet. It is an injustice to say that he gave up to party what was meant for mankind, but it is quite true that nowhere in his writings did he disengage the idea of organic political life from the issues of his own day. Had he done so, the result would perhaps have been the supreme poetry of the civic muse in English literature. In his actual works his political philosophy is like the stratum of granite that underlies a landscape: a geologist can trace its effect on the contour of the surface and the untrained observer can see it rising here and there in a sublime range of hills. Burke's mantle fell on Tennyson. Born in an English rectory, Tennyson was initiated in boyhood into the best spiritual traditions of the race. His training was in an English university, where the Church of England, with its historical traditions, laid its spell on his imagination and mingled a poetic charm with the teachings of Christianity. The buildings and collections of the venerable university, its history and associations, are the products of the corporate life of scores of generations. Preëminently it is "a partnership between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." In the midst of its inspiring memories young men must be indeed shallow and self-centered if their minds do not "expand and grow one in the sense of the world's life." The formal teaching may have repelled Tennyson, but his residence in Cambridge strengthened and fused his patriotism and his poetry.

The first attraction brought to bear on Tennyson by the Arthurian material was probably that of pure romance; but he worked upon the "Idylls" for at least forty years, and they became the medium of his most serious thought concerning society. "In Memoriam" represents the subjective direction of his mind, the "Idylls" the objective—and both are parables of love. The "Idylls," partly by simple narrative, partly by allegory and suggestion, present an embodiment of the Christian social ideal, its controlling power, its conflict with lust and fanaticism, and its betrayal and apparent defeat. The story of every individual character in the "Idylls" is subordinated to the history of an ideal

state. Every deed, passion, and phase of conduct is weighed and judged in its social bearings. Even the loftiest spiritual aspirations of individuals, if suspected of a weakening or disruptive effect on society, are gravely condemned. The history of the stories used as the foundations of the "Idylls" fitted them for Tennyson's purposes. Whatever may have been the actual origin of the Arthurian legend, a patriotic character was very early stamped upon it. The legend, to be sure, had an obscure life till Geoffrey of Monmouth recognized its possibilities. He made it the medium of a pathetic racial pride on the part of the Celtic peoples, and perhaps attempted by means of it to shadow forth the glories that he imputed to the empire of Henry II. In Geoffrey's contribution to the legend, its large national proportions first appear. But it was the courtly French poets of the twelfth century, with Chrétien de Troies at their head, who determined the destiny of the Arthurian material. They saw its fitness as a vehicle for the moral and social ideals of feudal chivalry and gave it a form that assured its popularity throughout Europe. Knightly prowess, the courtly refinements of love, a taste for mystery and adventure and religious devotion were by these writers so thoroughly infused into the legend that they continue to form its substance even in its latest version. At the same time, Chrétien de Troies and his continuators and imitators detached the legend from the land of its origin. In their works the Celtic hero Arthur withdraws to the background and attention is focused on Lancelot, Perceval, Erec, Yvain, and the other knights of the Round Table. The geography becomes a sea coast of Bohemia. The patriotic Welsh note is faint or inaudible; the national character of the legend has disappeared. No French national sentiment takes its place; the Arthur stories exist in the twelfth century as the most successful expression of the ideals of the aristocratic class rather than those of a nation. The Celtic flavor is no more than a literary fashion, due to legendary glamour and given currency by the fluent verses of Chrétien de Troies. The work of Geoffrey of Monmouth had brought the tale of Arthur into the world of legend; that of Chrétien de Troies started it in its long career in the world of poetry.

When Sir Thomas Malory, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, made his summation of the Arthurian material, he followed the general design of Geoffrey of Monmouth. By so doing he partly restored King Arthur to his predominance. Malory's stream of narrative has many eddies and backsets, but the fortunes of Arthur's kingdom constitute its irresistible main flow. With the restoration of the king, epic proportions reappear in the legend. The material no longer comprises only detached tales, which may be read in any order; it has been fused once more and cast into a single mold. In thus restoring unity to the tales, Malory gave them the representative character that has been fully developed by Tennyson. "The Round Table," in Malory's version, is "an image of the mighty world." It is a form that later poets can fill with a content of social idealism—a highly decorated vessel, but one capable of holding living water. But it was impossible for Malory to restore to the legend its primitive connection with the Welsh people, even if he had desired to do so. He could not emulate Geoffrey in adapting it to the political aspirations of his own time. Whatever may have been Malory's opinion as to the actuality of the kingdom he represented, it was in effect a kingdom of the imagination. Its social truth and sentiment are therefore detached from any actual country, generalized and elevated to the realm of poetry. Such was the material that Tennyson found ready to his hand—a collection of mediæval tales, wrought in the vivid colors of romance, expressing the highest social standards of their times and united in a comprehensive design. They were fitted to be the embodiment of an ideal of society. Tennyson worked upon the individual stories of his collection for nearly twenty years before he executed his general design. Yet his completed work possesses a large unity. It deals with the origin, development, decay, and dissolution of a state, stressing the moral and religious elements that constitute the groundwork of civilization.

The romantic medium of Tennyson's thought had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. The "*Idylls*" represent a system of manners and government that never actually existed in any epoch, but which is a highly idealized copy of mediæval institu-

tions. This fact, for many minds, disguises the serious import of the work and creates a confused perspective. The generations that Tennyson addresses are industrial and democratic; the organization of society represented in the "Idylls" is aristocratic and military. Its leading figures are knights and great ladies, its manners are those of the court, its pursuits are warfare, its pastimes the chase and the tournament, its virtues loyalty to the king, faithfulness in love, courtesy, and valor. It knows nothing of the moral complexities of an industrial type of society. Its social degrees have the fixity of feudalism; birth and station prescribe the career and duties of the individual; there is no hint of the intense competition for social advancement that characterizes modern times. Moreover, the point of view is that of the military and governing class. To be sure, this is modified by the Christian sense of democracy; but so far as vivid depiction is concerned, the story almost never touches with full and accurate detail the occupations of the humbler classes. Indeed, problems and relations of modern society come into view only in a typical and representative sense. Arthur's acts of valor in clearing the land of the heathen and the beast, his acts of justice in righting the wrongs of the oppressed, his contests with lawless and traitor knights, such quests as that of Gareth, are all to be regarded as typical acts, representing the sum-total of endeavors to establish the reign of law and benevolence. Their moral substance is identical with that of all moral struggle; but their visible aspect resembles not at all the characteristic moral acts of our own day. This somewhat limits the appeal of the "Idylls." Minds of a realistic temper find that Kipling's McAndrews sets forth the law of order and discipline in terms more congenial to them than does King Arthur. Such readers pray with the dour Scots engineer,

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

The emphasis they require is the emphasis derived from recognition of the familiar, not the emphasis of romance, with its "strangeness added to beauty." In the minds of these readers the serious import of the work is still further obscured by the fact that there are embedded in the narrative here and there bits of sym-

bolism, sometimes ingenious and subtle, very often ornate, as expressions of moral truth. This symbolism, in the experience of many persons, casts a spell of unreality over the poem, making ghosts of the men and women and transporting the entire action to cloudy metaphysical heights. Though these criticisms, when entertained in an extreme form, show limitations in the critic rather than in the poet, they have a certain justice. Superficially, at least, the modern world is unromantic; and the literature of realism makes an easier approach to its mind than does any other type.

But Tennyson's method has its compensations, and even its disadvantages almost disappear when one gains a comprehension of the spirit of romance. By clothing his ideas in a mediæval garb he gave them a generalized force that he perhaps could not have gained by any other method. They are purged of what is temporary and local. Must every moral idea be a painted street sign to mark some dismal alley through which humanity must pass on its trivial errands? May there not be need of the great constellations that indicate majestically the cardinal points in the heavens? By removing his central conception from all possibility of contact with present-day politics, Tennyson was able to focus attention on the conception itself, to stress its ethical and religious bearings, to embody it dramatically in persons and situations, to give it the power of the familiar thing in novel associations. To use the figure quoted above from William Watson, it is the moon brought from the heavens into the pool—strangely remote and wondrous near, and endowed with fresh power over the senses and the heart. This is a service at the hands of poetry which is sorely needed by modern civilization. Poetry, with its powers of generalization, imaginative expression and emotional appeal, can rescue the sentiment of patriotism from the low estate to which our materialism threatens to condemn it.

On the side of art the advantages of Tennyson's mediæval setting are unquestionable. In the first place, he gained the perspective of distance. For the full expression of his thought he needed a long span of time and freedom from the control of actual history: his kingdom must arise, reach its maturity, decline, and

perish. A modern setting and a realistic method would not fulfill these conditions. In actual states these changes are slow and disguised. Moral forces work powerfully, but they work obscurely. Again, the manifestation of the virtues of modern times is not often so dramatic as it was when society was more simple and military in its organization. The heroism of voting against the prejudices of a tyrannical employer is probably greater than that of fronting the onset of an opposing knight, but the latter act is superior for the purposes of poetry, because it reveals its heroic character on the surface, whereas the other does not. One is a splendid exhibition of strength, physical as well as moral; the other is a man in mean apparel casting a paper into a box. Dryden complained of the difficulty of making a character say "Shut the door" in blank verse. A time may come when the poetic sensibilities of the race will recognize the essential beauty of commonplace acts, provided they have a noble moral significance; and probably supreme greatness in poetry is the genius that reveals the poetic worth of everyday experience. But there is another level of power in poetry, on which is performed the real service of removing great truth from all possibility of degrading contact, freshening it by novel and beautiful associations, enriching it with fancy and color. This is the service accomplished by Tennyson's work in general. In the "Idylls of the King" this service is accomplished for the patriotic virtues.

By reason of this service Tennyson is entitled to the honors and privileges of a pioneer. To treat this matter in imaginative terms is an experiment. No predecessor had marked out a path in this direction. Shelley had been primarily concerned with an ideal in society, but it was an ideal to be realized by the relaxation of all discipline and the enfranchisement of instincts. "Prometheus Unbound" is, therefore, a lyrical carnival. It sings a vague hope of perfected society, but indicates no definite moral foundations on which society is to rest. Tennyson's task was far different. He was no preacher of unqualified liberty. His work was, and is, to ennoble the more prosaic conceptions of authority, discipline, and obligation, to reveal the divine origin and nature of government, to trace the evolution of society as subject to moral

law, to disclose the causal sequence that connects homely duty with enraptured vision, to bring civic relations within the illuminated circle of poetry.

From age to age new conquests are made for poetry, as there are for science. One after another, regions hitherto alien are brought within her domain. Browning added some vast tracts of theology to her territory; both Browning and Tennyson took spoils from physical science in her name; Kipling has made conquests for her in the entrenched ground of machinery and industry; and Tennyson, in the "Idylls," has attempted to win the whole province of civic and social thought. In this enterprise he resorted to some unusual experiments, but his success is great. If in some regions the muse seems not to reign with fully established power, the novelty of the work must be remembered. In the future, poets may govern this territory with a firmer hand. None can take from Tennyson the honors of a conqueror.

Lincoln R. Gibbs

ART. X.—BEECHER AND CLEVELAND: A SERMON
THAT MADE A PRESIDENT

NEXT in importance to the service Henry Ward Beecher rendered his country by his five great speeches in 1863 in the public halls of great Britain, in converting a hostile public opinion to one that saw the righteousness of the conflict the Federal government was waging for humanity, was the sermon he preached in Plymouth pulpit in 1854 while in his congregation sat Grover Cleveland, seventeen years old, a clerk and assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind.

In a meeting in 1903 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the interest of a memorial for Mr. Beecher, ex-President Cleveland told how this sermon had influenced his whole public life. The following is from Mr. Cleveland's address:

I claim the right to join in these exercises for reasons peculiarly my own. I am here in obedience to an impulse that will not be denied; and I am accredited to this assemblage by a condition of heart and by an influence which have been strong within me for many years.

It is now more than forty-nine years ago that I heard in Plymouth Church a sermon whose impressiveness has remained fresh and bright in my mind during all the time that has since passed. In days of trial and troublous perplexity its remembrance has been an unfailing comfort, and in every time of depression and discouragement the lesson it taught has brought restoration of hope and confidence. I remember as if it were but yesterday the fervid eloquence of the great preacher as he captivated my youthful understanding and pictured to my aroused imagination the entrance of two young men upon the world's jostling activities—one laden like a beast of burden with avaricious plans and sordid expectations, and the other with a light step and cheerful determination, seeking the way of duty and usefulness and striving for the reward promised to those who love and serve God and labor for humanity. I have never for a moment lost the impression made upon me by the vivid contrast, thrillingly painted in words that burned, between the two careers; nor have I ever failed to realize the meaning of the truths taught by the description given of the happy compensations in life and the peace and solace in death of the one, and the racking disappointments in life and the despair in death of the other. What this sermon has been to me in all these years I alone know. I present its recollection to-day as a personal credential of my own, especially entitling me to representation among those who meet to recall and memorialize the fame and usefulness of Henry Ward Beecher.

Confessedly the greatest debt Cleveland owed anyone next to his pious Presbyterian parents was to Beecher for the skillful arrows shot that day. The importance of the tribute is heightened as the inspiration is seen through the clear perspective of many years.

Probably the great Brooklyn prophet had in mind other hearers like Cleveland when, reaching the age of fifty years, just after the emancipation proclamation was issued, feeling that he had reached a great climax in his career, he said: "As for myself, let come what will come, I care not. God may peel me, and bark me, and strip me of my leaves, and do as he chooses with my earthly estate. I have lived long enough; I have had a good time. You cannot take back the blows I have given the devil right in the face. I have uttered some words that will not die, because they are incorporated into the lives of men that will not die. I think I have a larger church in heaven than I have on earth, and I think they love me and want me there."

Fortunate it was that the glowing enthusiasm, the moving eloquence, the masterful mien, the tremendous mental grip of the son of the great Lyman Beecher and the brother of "the little woman who brought on the war" by her Uncle Tom's Cabin gave mighty impetus to the plodding, perhaps latently dormant, undemonstrative preacher's boy working in a great city! The tribute he pays the sermon was no doubt not exaggerated a bit; for Cleveland was as little given to extravagant statement as a man could well be.

Beecher's words that day, like those of every preacher, went out much as the wireless operator sends out his message—to be picked up by those who will. Sometimes he is encouraged by learning it has gone home. Oftentimes he goes home above, as Beecher did, before he learns it stimulated some needy soul. It is no forced comparison to note how Beecher's lionlike courage, his independence, his disregard for consequences, his obliviousness to passing breezes of criticism, his rowing against the current if the current was wrong, reappeared in the public life of him who listened so intently, for each day brings into clearer outline the magnificent public services of him who fell under the

magic of Beecher's wand. The bitter partisan prejudices of twenty-five years ago are greatly lessened. These blinded many to the motives of many of President Cleveland's public acts, but to-day many of his moral qualities are becoming the assets and traditions that will better American civic life for all time. There are his loyalty to friends and his refusal to use trickery. He never played to the galleries. He never used a subordinate as a scapegoat to stop nation-wide criticism of himself. He was persistently hated by men who had a strong reason for hating him. By many he was "loved for the enemies he had made." Both classes were good criterions of his usefulness. He strengthened the civil service. No one was ever known to "pull Cleveland off" when he learned of a dishonest official. In every office he filled he made it easier for his successors to be upright and to disobey (if they had the inclination) the wishes and to thwart the wiles of dishonest party leaders. He refused to allow his political friends to use authenticated scandals in the life of his chief opponent for the Presidency. Every position filled was a record of simple, unswerving integrity and untiring loyalty to the interests of his employer, whether storekeeper, philanthropic institution, county, State, nation, or fiduciary institution. Cleveland was not magnetic. He did not possess spectacular qualities associated with certain so-called leaders; but he had those surer qualities that are capable of attainment by all—bravery, fidelity to trust, and candor. To have preached a sermon that so largely contributed to such an exalted public example, either forming those ideals or causing them to crystallize, or at least to keep their possessor brave and persistent, was to have ennobled preaching for a thousand years.

In four public offices did Grover Cleveland show the possibilities that lie in merely enforcing the law: as sheriff, mayor, governor, President. "What that sermon has been to me in all these years I alone know." Making a great personal and professional sacrifice, he accepted the call of good citizens for the emergency and was elected sheriff of Erie County and cleaned out the glaring corruption that had crept into that office. At the end of the term he returned the office to the majority party as a

model piece of county machinery and as an evidence of what reforms could be achieved if, as he later coined the phrase, "an official regards a public office as a public trust." Later Buffalo needed a mayor to clean her foul Augean stables. Ingenious and corrupting cliques in both the Republican and Democratic parties had been plundering and dividing for years. The city's well-meaning citizens turned to the man who best seemed to possess more than ordinary bravery and tenacity to destroy a criminal conspiracy turreted with power and manned by the most skillful of the old class of politicians. Cleveland was elected in a Republican stronghold. His first act, the veto of an immense, iniquitous street-cleaning contract, brought forth his memorable words of prompt and telling effect, strikingly in spirit like Beecher's in hostile England in war time: "This is a time for plain speech. I regard the action of council as the culmination of a most bare-faced, impudent, and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people and to squander the public money. Those who are not for the people either in or out of your honorable body are against them, and should be treated accordingly." In this action, and in many others, he saved Buffalo a million dollars in his first six months as mayor. His fearlessness, firmness, and ability heralded him throughout New York State as the strong, incorruptible, invincible hero of an emergency before which others had quailed and failed. It is said that American municipal annals can be searched in vain for a city administration so vigorous, effective, and so productive of permanent good as that which Mayor Cleveland gave to Buffalo.

"The qualities," says Socrates, "that fit a man to rule a city fit him to rule an empire." Soon he was called to govern the Empire State. Here he was compelled to brave an opposition at once political and personal, clamorous and slanderous, malignant and threatening. He never swerved. The vision and plea of Beecher for the church to take the lead in community and national life, to give it direction, was ever appearing in the effort of his disciple to make public service honest and efficient.

Cleveland's vision and heartening at Plymouth Church was not exceptional, for Beecher could bring God and duty very close

to his hearers. He that had a soul to hear felt that Beecher was preaching directly to him. This is ability in the highest degree. Beecher's prayers often had as much to do as the sermon in making responsibility personal. Men felt it easier to bear burdens as they heard Beecher pray. He seemed more to be talking to God than anything else. Consciences were stirred. Vows were made. Hands were strengthened for great national problems that Beecher, the seer of God, saw must be met. Leaven went out from Plymouth pulpit as visitors from all points of the compass spending Sunday in New York followed the policeman's directions: "Cross Brooklyn Bridge and follow the crowd!" It is probable that, except Westminster Abbey, no other church of English-speaking lands was so visited by men and women of renown and also by the great middle section of Americans who furnished fine material for the propagandism of political and civic morality. They came to hear the voice of the prophet; for the structure was severely plain and barren of ornamentation save the flower-decked platform. The preacher lit up the front of the church. It was his throne. He had inherited much. He studied much. It was well that after a few years he could be freed from that needless round of doorbell ringing just for its own sake and custom and could give his age the great moral messages he had for it. This was largely the reason he could say, "When I am talking with other folks, I often feel that I am nobody, but when I stand in my pulpit I sometimes feel omnipotent." Such near-omnipotence as to inspire men such as Cleveland for moral and spiritual leadership is greatly needed and should be greatly aided.

Paul Heyland

ART. XI.—THE CENTENARY OF THE QUEEN'S
WAKE

MODEST enough was James Hogg's surmise when he published *The Queen's Wake* in 1813: "Your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, hes sung on his auld harp a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauked them is i' the mools, and 'at his feet the green grass turf, and at his head a stane.'" And sure enough, while few of us, perhaps, remember many of his books, yet even now, after ten decades, some reader every now and then discovers and delights in the masterpiece of Hogg, poem as delicate and graceful as the author was reputed coarse and clumsy.

It was by the publication of this poem that Hogg first achieved fame. Already, to be sure, he had made that friendship with Walter Scott which, we can hardly doubt, intensified his early poetic pangs, and as a genuine shepherd roaming the romantic hills of Scotland he had burst into certain artless strains which won him the title "James the Poeter"; for instance, the song still sung:

What is the greatest bliss
The tongue o' man can name?
'Tis aneath the bonny birk,
In the glen wi'out a name,
To woo a bonny, bonny lass,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

Further, he had given the world that treatise of beastly title, *Hogg on Sheep*, a work financially more profitable than his poetry, and that brought him the first of those strokes of worldly fortune which he never learned how to husband. But one hundred years ago, in *The Queen's Wake*, he found himself, and now sits in a small but worthy niche, from which it will be difficult to oust him, his right to which he was himself the first to recognize with enthusiasm; although, if correctly quoted by North, Hogg does admit that "Pope's Rape o' the Lock is just perfectly yelegant and gracefu' and as gude as onything o' my ain aboot fairies in The

Queen's Wake." His fellow Scotsmen soon awoke to the beauty of the new book. "Ye useless poetical guse," cries old William Dunlop, "ye hae been blethrin us wi' your daft shilly-shally sangs and yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head noo. Yon's the very thing, sir. Wha wad hae thocht there was as muckle in that sheepshead o' your?" And this verdict was presently confirmed by men generally: within a short time of each other three editions of *The Queen's Wake* were exhausted.

Of the dozen or so narrative songs, not one is contemptible, while a few rise to fine imaginative heights. Any poem so shot through with flashes of pure lyric must endure, and should protect its author from the contemptuous or patronizing tone which some are likely to assume when speaking of the Ettrick Shepherd. The framing of the poem is adequate, though slightly artificial—the summoning of each Caledonian bard to Queen Mary's royal Easter Wake, where she would be cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy. Songs of the Highland and Lowland, various in theme as in meter, songs of old Scots battles, imitations of border ballads, songs in English and others in lowland Scots, make up the little volume. The bard of Ettrick himself represents the royal prize as bestowed upon the rugged Gardyn, whose bold harp resounded with the wild tale of Young Kennedy, savage lover, parricide, a member of that most barbarous, irreclaimable tribe that ever infested the Northern Hills. But we to-day would award the palm to the bard of Fife, or to Farquhar of the Spey Hills (poetry in the very names!); or we would give it to the ragged singer from Ettrick, or to Drummond from the Moors of Ern, for these were the men who sang of fays and specters wan, who wandered in a world of vision, the dim fairy world of the northern imagination which has never been more enchantingly sung than by the uncouth Hogg. Through the brain of the burly stout shepherd danced a throng of the most joyous sprites our literature may boast, and we have but to turn the pages of *The Queen's Wake* to find, finally, perfectly set forth all we want to know of this field of fancy. He of Fife chants the wee, wee man of the green Lomond, sings of cockle shell, of witch, and fay, and all weirdness:

The warlock men and the weird wemyn,
 And the fays o' the wood and the steep;
 And the phantom hunters all war there,
 And the mermaids o' the deep.

Very light and eerie it all is: verily borne to the unseen world, we fly

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
 As fast as the midnight leme,
 We borit the breistes o' the burstin' swale,
 Or fluffit the flyin' faem.

Glen Avin's Farquhar is like Hogg himself:

So high his strain, so bold his lyre,
 So fraught with strains of Celtic fire,
 We almost deem each hum that passed
 The spirit of the northern blast.

Better yet is the song of Old David, of old Wonfell's wizard brae:

Of sailing lightly o'er the sea
 In mussel shell to Germany;
 Of revel raids by dale and down,
 Of lighting torches at the moon.
 Of dancing 'neath the moonlight sky,
 Or sleeping in the dew-cup's eye.

Eldrich swell of giggling laugh, the little genii of the fell, all is here that the fairy lover would fain find, and more daintily displayed than elsewhere one may hope for.

But to-day, of course, one hundred years after *The Queen's Wake* appeared, having inevitably forgotten the most of the poem, we are likely to remember only the immortal story of Bonnye Kilmenye. Those of us who are troubled by the Scots form of the English language (and many are, even by that of Burns) may read the partly Anglicized version of the story in Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book*, and so may miss no inconsiderable portion of the true quaintness and charm of Hogg's own setting forth. Whether we take ours so, or in the shepherd's own words, we cannot shake off the effect, the unearthly spell, of "Kilmeny, Kilmeny, as pure as pure culde be, who gaed up the glen and vanished. Years afterward, lete in ane glomyn, quhan all wes still, quhan

the ingle lowit wi' an eiry leme, lete, lete in ane glomyn, Kilmeny came hame.

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where haif ye been?
Where gat ye that joup o' the lilly sheen?"

But how could she tell? She had been to that land where the Ettrick Shepherd's fancy eternally roamed and which none ever sang so well; that land of pure light and cloudless beam, the land of vision, it would seem, and still an everlasting dream. Yes, Kilmeny had slept, and had waked to the hymns "o' ane farr countrie," where "lulvie" beings round were rife, and where she witnessed many a marvel untellable by mortal tongue. Seven years long she reveled in those mystic meadows that so lovingly and gloatingly the shepherd paints, and then home again for "a munthe and a daye," to tell the home folk what she had seen, so far as mortal might. But the urge of the world invisible then proved overstrong, and she found that this "wasna her hame, and she mightna remain; she left this world o' sorrow and pain, and returned to the land o' thought again."

Perhaps it does no harm in this centenary year to recall the bard of Mount Benger once more. Kilmeny's Land of Thought was his homeland. This gross materialist, this humorously vain rascal, lovingly caricatured in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, was an alien here, an emigrant from fairyland, a native of that country to us so dimly known, but to him, by virtue of his ideal, aërial, lyric imagination, a veritable fatherland.

Cyril Allyn Herrick

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

WESLEY'S WISEST WORDS¹

IN most directions John Wesley has received sufficient honor, possibly too much in a few ways, but as a spiritual guide, a director of souls, a wise counselor in matters of Christian experience, we doubt if he has been, or is, fully appreciated. He has not had a fair chance in this matter. His works are voluminous, and most of them (aside from the famous journals) are largely filled with doctrinal controversy and polemical theology. He was the leader of a movement which stirred society on all sides, shocking it and startling it to an extreme degree, and hence he drew down upon himself multifarious attacks from many quarters. Both he himself and his views were continually misrepresented, and he felt obliged to defend them. He ran afoul of the dominant Calvinism of the times; he impinged against many ruling ideas of his contemporaries; he strongly assailed the follies of the age; he departed at some points very radically from the ecclesiastical customs of his church; he dared to disagree with much that was popular in high circles, much that was established by precedent. He was a radical reformer, independent in thought, singular in action, marking out his own course, following what he believed to be the call of God and giving little heed to the tongues of men. Hence many voices were raised against him, many pens were dipped in gall to do him harm. On this account he was obliged perpetually to be on the defensive. He was a fighter, a champion in the arena, contending for the truth and striking mighty blows against various errors. Hence his published works include, for example, a lengthy treatise on the Doctrine of Original Sin and an extended exposition of the evils of Roman Catholicism, letters to bishops, pamphleteers, and other opponents, and a large part even of his sermons are devoted to setting his people right on issues which now no longer need special attention.

Yet in spite of this warlike atmosphere in which he moved, and

¹ Selected by Dr. James Mudge.

which gave to his mind its prevailing tone, he was able at times to turn his thoughts to gentler themes and forget the enemies of the faith. It was not permitted to him, as it has been to some, to give his days and nights to quiet brooding over heavenly topics until the essence of divine wisdom has seemed to be distilled in aromatic drops from the point of the quill. The cloistered life of calm devotion was not his. Hence he has not, perhaps, penetrated as profoundly as some into the deep things of God. Nevertheless, in the very midst of his conflicts, his incessant activities, his multifarious labors, he dug up a great many nuggets of pure gold and struck out a large number of most helpful devotional paragraphs, portraying compactly, neatly, effectively certain paths of high progress. These are now for the most part buried in the *débris* of the centuries, lost sight of because mixed up with so much whose interest has wholly passed away. They need to be carefully culled, separated from their dogmatical or pragmatistical connections, classified, and put together in such convenient shape that they can be easily, undistractedly, meditatively read.

If this were done it would be found that a very considerable body of the very wisest counsels on religious matters is available for the devout mind, that Wesley would take rank with the most skillful physicians for the diseases of the soul. Wesley had a spiritual experience at once deep and broad, a philosophical and logical mind that could make fine distinctions, and a clear, strong, nervous style by which he could say in a few words precisely what he meant. He understood the Scripture rarely well, and also the human heart; he made the former his life-long study, and the latter, as shown in his converts from all classes, was spread before him like an open book. He began early, he continued long, to cultivate the field of Christian experience. This was his specialty. He spared no pains to penetrate its secret. He had every incentive to do this, both in his own eager hunger after God and in the position of responsibility for others which he held for over sixty years. He followed hard after the things that are worthiest. He was not content to be superficial in his comprehension of God nor lax in his personal grasp of any available attainment in likeness to the divine.

He had rare qualifications as a professor of the science of saintliness, an instructor in the art of holy living. There could be made up from his writings a volume which would compare favorably with the great books of the Inner Life, the peerless manuals of devotion which have come down to us from the distant past. He has, without

question, an important message to the Methodists of to-day, which they can ill afford to spare and which he ought to be allowed to give without hindrance. They will not hunt through his voluminous works to obtain it; those works are not accessible to them, and the time required would be an insuperable obstacle to most. If drawn out for them in compact presentable shape, so that it might lie handily on their tables and be conveniently consulted, its strong statements, clear definitions, and inspiring appeals would make a profound impression and constitute a treasury of golden words. Such a volume will probably be issued before long.

While waiting for this, and as a sort of prelude to it, we have been moved to gather in this place a certain number of these choice rich sayings. They are taken mainly from the Letters and Sermons, although the Explanatory Notes upon the New Testament have yielded quite a few, and the closing section of the Plain Account (which we have not had room to touch here) is full of meat. A few general titles will include the matters on which he was most fond of expressing himself, and then a more miscellaneous selection will cover a large variety of helpful spiritual counsels.

Methodism. "A Methodist is one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible" (From Wesley's English Dictionary). "By Methodists I mean a people who profess to pursue (in whatsoever measure they have attained) holiness of heart and life, inward and outward conformity in all things to the revealed will of God; who place religion in a uniform resemblance of the great object of it in a steady imitation of him they worship, in all his imitable perfections, more particularly in justice, mercy, and truth, or universal love filling the heart and governing the life."

"Methodism is only plain scriptural religion guarded by a few prudential regulations. The essence of it is holiness of heart and life; the circumstantials all point to this. And as long as they are joined together in the people called Methodists, no weapon formed against them shall prosper. But if ever the circumstantial parts are despised, the essential will soon be lost. And if ever the essential parts should evaporate, what remains will be dung and dross."

"I do not see how it is possible in the nature of things for any revival of true religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality; and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase, so will pride, anger, and love of the world in all its branches. Is there no way to prevent this, this con-

tinual declension of pure religion? There is one way, and there is no other under heaven: If those who gain all they can, and save all they can, will likewise give all they can, then the more they gain the more they will grow in grace and the more treasure they will lay up in heaven."

"The doctrine of full sanctification is the grand depositum which God has lodged with the people called Methodists, and for the sake of propagating this chiefly, he appears to have raised us up."

"You do well in insisting upon full and present salvation, whether men will hear or forbear; and also in preaching abroad, when the weather permits, and recommending fasting, both by precept and example. But you need not wonder that all these are opposed, not only by formalists, but by half Methodists."

"Who is a Methodist? A Methodist is one who has the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength. God is the joy of his heart and the desire of his soul; which is constantly crying out, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' and, 'There is none on earth that I desire beside thee.' He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. In everything he giveth thanks; as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning him. From him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, 'Good is the will of the Lord'; and, whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. For he hath learned in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. He prays without ceasing. Not that he is always in the house of prayer, though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. But his heart is ever lifted up to God, at all times and in all places. In this he is never hindered, much less interrupted, by any person or thing. He loves his neighbor as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. His one desire is not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him. His one intention at all times and in all things is, not to please himself, but Him whom his soul loveth. He has a single eye. All the commandments of God he keeps, and that with all his might."

"These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those who are in de-

rision so called desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, 'Why, these are only the common fundamental principles of Christianity?' thou hast said; so I mean; this is the very truth; I know there are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew that I and all who follow my judgment do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men by any but the common principles of Christianity—the plain old Christianity that I teach, renouncing and detesting all other marks of distinction. And whosoever is what I preach, he is a Christian, not in name only, but in heart and in life. He is inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God as revealed in the written word. He thinks, speaks, and lives according to the method laid down in the revelation of Jesus Christ. His soul is renewed in the image of God in righteousness and in all true holiness. And having the mind that was in Christ, he so walks as Christ also walked."

Opinions. "Whatsoever the generality of people may think, it is certain that opinion is not religion; no, not right opinion; assent to one or to ten thousand truths. There is a wide difference between them: even right opinion is as distant from religion as the east is from the west. Persons may be quite right in their opinions, and yet have no religion at all; and, on the other hand, persons may be truly religious who hold many wrong opinions. Can anyone possibly doubt of this while there are Romanists in the world? For who can deny, not only that many of them formerly have been truly religious (as Thomas à Kempis, Gregory Lopez, and the Marquis de Renty), but that many of them even at this day are real inward Christians? And yet what a heap of erroneous opinions do they hold, delivered by tradition from their fathers. Nay, who can doubt of it while there are Calvinists in the world, assertors of absolute predestination? For who will dare to affirm that none of these are truly religious men? Not only many of them in the last century were burning and shining lights, but many of them are now real Christians, loving God and all mankind. And yet what are all the absurd opinions of all the Romanists in the world compared to that one, that the God of love, the wise, just, merciful Father of the spirits of all flesh, has, from all eternity, fixed an absolute, unchangeable, irresistible decree that part of mankind shall be saved, do what they will, and the rest damned, do what they can. Hence we cannot but infer that there are ten thousand mistakes which may consist with real religion; with regard to which every candid, considerate man will think and let think."

"I believe the merciful God regards the lives and tempers of men more than their ideas. I believe he respects the goodness of the heart rather than the clearness of the head; and that if the heart of a man be filed (by the grace of God and the power of his Spirit) with the humble, patient, gentle love of God and man, God will not cast him into everlasting fire because his ideas are not clear, or because his conceptions are confused. 'Without holiness,' I own, 'no man shall see the Lord'; but I dare not add, 'Or clear ideas.'"

"I dare not exclude from the church catholic all those congregations in which any unscriptural doctrines which cannot be affirmed to be 'the pure word of God' are sometimes, yea, frequently, preached; neither all those congregations in which 'the sacraments are not duly administered.' Whoever they are that have one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all, I can easily bear with their holding wrong opinions, yea, and superstitious modes of worship; nor would I on these accounts scruple to include them within the pale of the church catholic; neither would I have any objection to receive them, if they desired it, as members of the Church of England."

"How far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels."

"Religion does not consist in orthodoxy or right opinions. A man may be orthodox in every point; he may not only espouse right opinions, but zealously defend them against all opposers; yet he may have no religion at all. He may be almost as orthodox as the devil (though indeed not altogether; for every man errs in something; whereas we cannot well conceive him to hold any erroneous opinion); and may all the while be as great a stranger as he to the religion of the heart."

"Although a difference in opinions or modes of worship may prevent an entire external union; yet need it prevent our union in affection? Though we cannot think alike, yet may we not love alike? May we not be of one heart, though we are not of one opinion? Without doubt we may be. It is certain, so long as we know but in part, that all men will not see all things alike. It is an unavoidable consequence of the present weakness and shortness of human understanding that several men will be of several minds, in religion as well as in common life. Nay, further: although a man necessarily believes that every

particular opinion which he holds is true, yet can no man be assured that all his own opinions, taken together, are true. Nay, every thinking man is assured they are not, seeing he is ignorant of many things and to mistake in some is the necessary condition of humanity. This, therefore, he is sensible is his own case. He knows in general that he himself is mistaken; although in what particulars he mistakes he does not, perhaps he cannot, know. Every wise man, therefore, will allow others the same liberty of thinking which he desires they should allow him; and will no more insist on their embracing his opinions than he would have them to insist on his embracing theirs. No man can choose for or prescribe to another. But everyone must follow the dictates of his own conscience in simplicity and godly sincerity. He must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and then act according to the best light he has. Nor has any creature power to constrain another to walk by his own rule. God has given no right to any of the children of men thus to lord it over the conscience of his brethren; but every man must judge for himself, as every man must give an account of himself to God."

"What is a catholic spirit? It is not speculative latitudinarianism. It is not any kind of practical latitudinarianism. It is not indifference to all congregations. But while a man is steadily fixed in his religious principles, in what he believes to be the truth as it is in Jesus; while he firmly adheres to the worship of God which he judges to be most acceptable in his sight; and while he is united by the tenderest and closest ties to one particular congregation—his heart is enlarged toward all mankind, those he knows and those he does not; he embraces with strong and cordial affection neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. This is catholic, or universal, love. And he that has this is of a catholic spirit."

"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Abhor every approach in any kind or degree to the spirit of persecution."

"As to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that, whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist."

"I was exceedingly struck at reading the *Life of Mr. Thomas Firmin*; having long settled it in my mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety. But I cannot argue against matter of fact. I dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous."

"It is a poor excuse for opposition to a reformation to say, 'O, but the people are brought into several erroneous opinions.' It matters not a straw whether they are or no. (I speak of such opinions as do not touch the foundation.) It is scarce worth while to spend ten words about it. Whether they embrace this religious opinion or that is no more concern to me than whether they embrace this or that system of astronomy. Are they brought to holy tempers and lives?"

"I will not quarrel with you about any opinion. Only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked; and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to bear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man. Let my soul be with these Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. Whosoever thus 'doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.'"

Providence. "There is scarce any doctrine in the whole compass of revelation which is of deeper importance than this of Divine Providence. And at the same time there is scarce any that is so little regarded and perhaps so little understood. God is present at all times, in all places. He is concerned every moment for what befalls every creature upon earth: and more especially for everything that befalls any of the children of men. It is hard to comprehend this, hard to believe it, considering the complicated wickedness and the complicated misery which we see on every side. But believe it we must unless we will make God a liar: although it is sure no man can comprehend it. His power, being equal to his wisdom and goodness, continually coöperates with them. And to him all things are possible. Only he that can do all things else cannot deny himself; he cannot counteract himself or oppose his own work. Were it not for this he would destroy all sin, with its attendant pain, in a moment. But the Almighty himself cannot do this thing. He cannot destroy out of the soul of man the image of himself wherein he made him."

"Great and little are only relative terms, which have place only with respect to men. With regard to the Most High, man and all the concerns of men are nothing, less than nothing, before him. Yet nothing is small in his sight that in any degree affects the welfare of any that fear God and work righteousness. What becomes, then, of your general providence, exclusive of a particular? Let it be

forever rejected by all rational men as absurd, self-contradictory nonsense."

"I would particularly remark that God is the true author of all the motion that is in the universe. All matter, of whatever kind it be, is absolutely and totally inert. It does not, cannot in any case, move itself; and whenever any part of it seems to move, it is in reality moved by something else. Neither sun, moon, nor stars move. They are all moved every moment by the Almighty hand that made them. God is the life of everything that lives in any kind or degree. He is the fountain of the life of animals; of all the life which man possesses in common with other animals."

"I know not what things they are which are not owing to the providence of God. I except nothing but sin; and even in the sins of others I see the providence of God to me. I do not say his general providence, for this I take to be a sounding word which means just nothing. And if there be a particular providence, it must extend to all persons and things. God presides over the whole universe as over every single person and over every single person as over the whole universe. What is it except only our own sins which we are not to ascribe to the providence of God?"

"He governs even the most minute, even the most noxious, to his own glory and the good of them that love him."

"What is there either in heaven or in earth that can harm you while you are under the care of the Creator and Governor of heaven and earth? The ungodly are only a sword of his which he uses as it pleaseth him and which itself, when the gracious ends of his providence are answered, is cast into the fire. When the storm of persecution shall begin, how high it shall rise, which way it shall point its course, when and how it shall end, are all determined by his unerring wisdom."

"Parents feed the atheism of their children by ascribing the works of creation to *nature*, by talking of anything *happening* so and so, of things coming by *chance*, of good or ill *fortune*, thus leaving God quite out of the question. From the first dawn of reason continually inculcate, God is in this and every place, everything is his. He orders all things, nothing comes by chance, he governs the world and everything that is in it, all men, good and bad, little and great."

"There is no evil in any place, that is, no affliction or calamity, but the hand of the Lord is in it. Whatsoever is done in all the earth (sin only excepted) he doeth it himself, either by his own immediate

power, or by commanding or else suffering it to be done by his servants that do his pleasure. All things serve him in all places of his dominion. The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient. It makes little difference whether he executes his purpose by the powers of heaven or hell, or by the mistakes, carelessness, or malice of men."

"From the very nature of grief, which is an uneasiness in the mind on the apprehension of some present evil, it appears that its arising in us on any other occasion than that of sin is entirely owing to our want of judgment. Are any of those things in the language of men termed misfortunes, such as reproach, poverty, loss of life, or even of friends, real evils? So far from it that if we dare believe our Creator they are often positive blessings. They all work together for our good. And our Lord accordingly commands us, even when the severest loss, that of our reputation, befalls us, if it is in a good cause, to 'rejoice and be exceeding glad.'"

"We cannot impute too much to Divine Providence unless we make it interfere with our free agency. I suppose that young woman by saying she did not believe God had anything to do with it, only meant that the passion itself was not at all from God, but altogether from evil nature; she could not mean that God does not in a thousand instances draw good out of evil, yea, that he may not sometimes permit us to be overtaken in a fault to preserve us from a greater."

"You may truly say, 'Health I shall have if health is best.'"

"I am content to understand little while I am in the body. Our business now is to love and obey. Knowledge is reserved for eternity."

"Everything is a blessing, as long as you can clearly say, 'Lord, do with me and mine what thou wilt, and when thou wilt, and how thou wilt.'"

"You shall have exactly what is best both as to kind, degree, and time. O what a blessing it is to be in his hand who doeth all things well."

"The doctrine of a particular providence is what exceeding few persons understand, at least not practically, so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want, to see God acting in every thing, and disposing all to his own glory and his creature's good. See him, and love him, and glorify him, with all you are and all you have."

"If we see God in all things, and do all for him, then all things are easy."

"We know that all things are ordered by unerring wisdom, and are given us at exactly the right time and in due number, weight, and

measure. And they continue no longer than is best; for chance has no share in the government of the world. The Lord reigns and disposes all things strongly and sweetly for the good of them that love him."

"We are sure the means which our blessed Lord uses to conform us to his image are (all circumstances considered) the very best; for he cannot but do all things well; therefore whenever it pleases him to send affliction, then affliction is best. Yet we must not imagine he is tied down to this, or that he cannot give any degree of holiness without it. We have reason to believe from the earliest records that Saint Paul suffered a thousand times more than Saint John. And yet one can hardly doubt but Saint John was as holy as he, or any of the apostles. Therefore, stand ready for whatsoever our Lord shall send; but do not require him to send you affliction. Perhaps he will take another way; he will overpower your whole soul with peace and joy and love; and thereby work in you a fuller conformity to himself than you ever experienced yet.

All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live and die.

Perfection. "I have frequently observed that there are two very different ranks of Christians, both of whom may be in the favor of God—a higher and a lower rank. The latter avoid all known sin, do much good, use all the means of grace, but have little of the life of God in their souls, and are much conformed to the world. The former make the Bible their whole rule, and their sole aim is the will and image of God. This they steadily and uniformly pursue through honor and dishonor, denying themselves and taking up their cross daily; considering one point only, 'How may I attain most of the mind that was in Christ and how may I please him most?'"

"From long experience and observation I am inclined to think that whoever finds redemption in the blood of Jesus, whoever is justified, has then the choice of walking in the higher or the lower path. I believe the Holy Spirit at that time sets before him 'the more excellent way,' and incites him to walk therein, to aspire after the entire image of God. But if he does not accept this offer, he insensibly declines into the lower order of Christians. He still goes on in what may be called a good way, serving God in his degree, and finds mercy in the close of life through the blood of the covenant. I would be far from quenching the smoking flax, from discouraging those that serve God in a low degree. But I could not wish them to

stop here. I would encourage them to come up higher, without thundering hell and damnation in their ears. I do not affirm that all who do not walk in this higher path are in the road to hell. But this much I must affirm, they will not have so high a place in heaven as they would have had if they had chosen the better part. And will this be a small loss?"

"Entire sanctification does not imply any new *kind* of holiness; let no man imagine this. Love is the sum of Christian sanctification; it is the one *kind* of holiness which is found only in various *degrees* in the believers who are distinguished by Saint John into little children, young men, and fathers. The difference between one and the other properly lies in the degree of love."

"In the thirteenth of Corinthians you have the height and depth of genuine perfection; and it is observable that Saint Paul speaks all along of the love of our neighbor; flowing indeed from the love of God."

"It may be objected, 'If perfection means only that love which is consistent with all these infirmities [such as were seen in Mrs. Elizabeth Harper], then how does it differ from what is experienced by every believer?' I answer, Many are delivered from their infirmities in a far greater measure than she was. I judge her to have been a real witness of Christian perfection, but only in a low degree."

"Yet with all this dross [in some of the utterances of Madame Guyon] how much pure gold is mixed! So did God wink at involuntary ignorance! What a depth of religion did she enjoy! of the mind that was in Christ Jesus! What heights of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! How few such instances do we find of exalted love to God and our neighbor; of genuine humility; of invincible meekness and unbounded resignation. So that, upon the whole, I know not whether we may not search many centuries to find another woman who was such a pattern of true holiness."

"The whole treatise [Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*] is a complete and finished work, comprehending all that relates to Christian perfection. A serious mind will never be sated with it, though it were read a thousand times over, for those general principles it inculcates are as fruitful seeds of meditation, and the stores they contain can never be exhausted. And herein it greatly resembles the Holy Scriptures, that under the plainest words there is a divine hidden virtue continually flowing into the soul of a pious and attentive reader, and, by the blessing of God, transforming it into his image. If there be

any who desires direction and assistance in the several exercises of his Christian warfare, in the several tempers and states he must be in, here he will find what will be sufficient to direct and assist him, to strengthen and establish his heart, and, in a word, seasonably and fully to minister to the several exigencies of his condition."

"Perhaps it is not easy to fix a general rule concerning sins of surprise. We cannot say either that men are or that they are not condemned for such sins in general. But it seems, whenever a believer is by surprise overtaken in a fault, there is more or less condemnation as there is more or less concurrence of his will. In proportion as a sinful desire or word or action is more or less voluntary, so we may conceive God is more or less displeased, and there is more or less guilt upon the soul. Some sins of surprise bring much guilt and condemnation. For in some instances our being surprised is owing to some willful and culpable neglect; or to a sleepiness of soul which might have been prevented or shaken off before the temptation came."

"There are innumerable degrees both in a justified and sanctified state, more than it is possible for us exactly to define. I have always thought the lowest degree of the latter implies the having but one desire and one design."

"In religion, as well as in all things else, it is use that brings perfectness. Take up your cross. When the occasion offers break through. Speak, though it is pain and grief unto you, and it will be easier and easier."

"Entire resignation implies entire love. Give him your will and you give him your heart."

"When things are viewed at a distance one would be apt to imagine that no degree of sorrow could be found in a heart that rejoices ever more; that no right temper could be wanting, much less any degree of a wrong temper subsist, in a soul that is filled with love. And yet I am in doubt whether there be any soul clothed in flesh and blood which enjoys every right temper and in which is no degree of any wrong one; suppose of ill-judged zeal or more or less affection for some person than that person really deserves. When we say, 'This is a natural consequence of the soul's union with a corruptible body,' the assertion is by no means clear till we add, 'Because of the weakness of understanding which results from this union'; admitting this, the case is plain. There is so close a connection between right judgment and right tempers, as well as right practice, that the latter cannot easily subsist without the former. Some wrong temper, at least

in a small degree, almost necessarily follows from wrong judgment. I apprehend when many say, 'Sin must remain while the body remains,' this is what they mean."

Miscellaneous. "The knowledge of ourselves is true humility."

"The greatest of all dangers is that of being generally commended. There is a great deal more danger from honor than from dishonor. I always find there is most hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God. It is an exceedingly nice question, 'How far may we desire the approbation of good men?' I think it cannot be proved that such a desire is anywhere forbidden in Scripture. But it requires a very strong influence of the Holy Spirit to prevent it running into excess. J. K.'s mind is by no means strong enough to bear the weight of applause coming upon him at Dundee. Take him out of the furnace, or he will be consumed."

"We ought to improve our understanding as well as our temper, to the utmost of our power; which cannot otherwise be done than by reading authors of various kinds, as well as by thinking and conversation."

"'Are you going to hear Mr. Wesley?' said a friend to Mr. Blackwell. 'No,' he answered, 'I am going to hear God; I listen to him, whoever preaches; otherwise I lose all my labor.'"

"Said M. de Renty: 'I saw that a well-instructed Christian is never hindered by any person or thing. For whatever prevents his doing good works gives him a fresh opportunity of submitting his will to the will of God; which at that time is more pleasing to God, and more profitable to his soul, than anything else which he could possibly do.'"

"Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry; because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit."

"Whatever raises the mind to God is good, and in the same proportion as it does this. Whatever draws the heart from its center is evil, and more or less so as it has more or less of this effect. You have accordingly found pain, sickness, bodily weakness to be real goods, as bringing you nearer and nearer to the fountain of all happiness and holiness. And yet it is certain nature shrinks from pain, and that without any blame. Only in the same moment that we may say, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me,' the heart should add, like our great Pattern, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'"

"To be incapable of sympathizing with the distressed is not a desirable state. Nor would one wish to extirpate either sorrow or any other of our natural passions. And yet it is both possible and highly desirable to attain the same experience with the Marquis de Renty, who on occasion of his lady's illness, told those who inquired how he could bear it, 'I cannot say but my nature is deeply affected with the apprehension of so great a loss. And yet I feel such a full acquiescence in the will of God that, were it proper, I could dance and sing.'"

"When any trial comes, see that you do not look at the thing itself, but immediately look unto Jesus. Reason not upon it, but believe. See the hand of God in Shimei's tongue."

"It is a little thing to trust God as far as we can see him; so far as the way lies open before us. But to trust in him when we are hedged in on every side, and can see no way to escape, this is good and acceptable with God. This is the faith of Abraham our father."

"We are called to propagate Bible religion through the land; that is, faith working by love: holy tempers and holy lives. Let us do it with our might."

"At many times our advances in the race that is set before us are clear and perceptible; at other times they are no more perceptible (at least to ourselves) than the growth of a tree."

"Improve by everything that occurs; by good or ill success so called; by sickness or health, by ease or pain; and this we can do by Christ strengthening us. We know chance is an empty sound. The Lord sitteth on his throne, and ruleth all things well. Love him, trust him, praise him."

"It is certain that the Scripture by *prayer* almost always means *vocal* prayer. And whosoever intermits this for any time will neither pray with the voice nor the heart. It is, therefore, our wisdom to force ourselves to prayer: to pray whether we can or not. And many times while we are so doing the fire will fall from heaven and we shall know our labor was not in vain."

"Remember the wise saying of Mr. Dodd, 'It is a great loss to lose an affliction.' If you are no better for it you lose it. But you may gain thereby both humility, seriousness, and resignation."

"There is a threefold leading of the Spirit. Some he leads by giving them on every occasion apposite texts of Scripture; some by suggesting reasons for every step they take—the way by which he chiefly leads me; and some by impressions. But the last is the least

desirable way; as it is often impossible to distinguish dark impressions from divine or even diabolical."

"If you seek your happiness in God alone, you will never be disappointed: if in anything else, you surely will; for all creatures are broken cisterns. Let your eye be single. Seek one thing."

"Trust not in visions or dreams; in sudden impressions, or strong impulses of any kind. Remember it is not by these you are to know what is the will of God on any particular occasion; but by applying the plain Scripture rule with the help of experience and reason and the ordinary assistance of the Spirit of God."

"There is no employment of our time, no action or conversation, that is purely indifferent. All is good or bad, because all our time, as everything we have, is not our own. If they are employed according to his will, all is good; if they are not, all is evil."

"In all the duties of common life God has given us our reason for a guide. And it is only by acting up to the dictates of it, by using all the understanding which God hath given us, that we can have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man."

"When we dwell in Christ and Christ in us, we are one with Christ, and Christ with us, and we are completely happy. Every Christian is happy; and he who is not happy is not a Christian. Religion and happiness are in fact the same."

"Near fifty years ago a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. He said, 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness.' Let us keep to this: leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro; let us keep close to our point."

"Let us carefully distinguish between those things wherein Christ is our pattern and those which were peculiar to his office. His extraordinary office justified him in using a severity of language to which we have no call; and by which we should only bring scandal on religion and ruin on ourselves."

"Let us learn not rashly to put ourselves into the power of others. Let us study a wise and happy medium between universal suspiciousness and that easiness which would make us the property of every pretender to kindness and respect."

"Do all things as unto God, and as in his immediate presence. They who thus abide with God preserve a holy indifference with regard to outward things."

"The Father of mercies and God of all comfort.' Mercies are the fountain of comfort; comfort is the outward expression of mercy. God shows his mercy in the affliction itself. He gives comfort both in and after the affliction. Blessed be this God!"

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ' contains the whole of our salvation. It is a strong and beautiful expression for the most intimate union with him, and being clothed with all the graces which were in him."

"The God whose I am and whom I serve' is a short compendium of religion. Yet how full! Comprehending both faith and hope and love."

With peaceful mind thy course of duty run:
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as he.

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught.
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too:
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
"Believe!" "Expect!" I know it to be so.

THE ARENA

"THOU DRAVEST LOVE FROM THEE WHO DRAVEST ME"

I DESIRE to bring to the notice of the readers of your valuable REVIEW the "other" reading of the last line of "The Hound of Heaven" quoted in the January-February number. I enjoyed Bishop Quayle's article very greatly. I have long reveled in Francis Thompson's work. But this is the second time that I come across this reading of this line, which leaves me in the dark. It is perhaps just my obtuseness. If so, I shall be glad to be enlightened. The line as given in METHODIST REVIEW, January-February, 1913, p. 34, reads:

"Thou drawest love from thee. Who drawest me,"

and I query: can one draw love from oneself when he draws Christ? What can it mean? The other reading lights up the whole thought beautifully (to me).

"Thou dravest love from thee who dravest me."

Old Saybrook, Conn.

JOHN H. DE VRIES.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM TAYLOR

WILLIAM TAYLOR won a notable place among India's missionaries in the influence and far-reaching outcome of his comparatively brief work. My recollections of this colossal man, colossal in body, colossal in mind, and colossal in faith and holy ambition and purpose, that might fill a volume, must be compressed into a few pen strokes. The first time I saw "Brother" Taylor, as we called him in India, was at the General Conference at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1860. "California" Taylor, as he was then called, was there as a visitor, and was put up to preach in one of the churches. He entered with his overcoat thrown carelessly over his arm, and walked forward to the pulpit with a self-conscious, but not self-important air, and began. I next saw William Taylor twelve years later, when "let loose" in India. He began a revival in our English church in Lucknow at Conference, in the cold season, and met with good success. Here George Bailey, an East Indian, was converted, and became Taylor's efficient interpreter in his preaching to the Hindustanis of North India. Coming to Bareilly not long after Conference, they remained in my house during his Bareilly campaign. His meetings for the native Christian community were very valuable. Many entered into a new "experience." His effort at reaching non-Christians was a comparative failure. It seemed that he could not duplicate his success in Africa. "What next?" then seemed to be with him the question. He was perplexed with the new and puzzling quality of soul encountered. He preached a "powerful sermon" in our city school hall to an audience of English-speaking educated Indians, looked for conviction, and seemed surprised at the cool yet approving words they uttered at the close of the sermon, with not the slightest disposition to accept his gospel. One of the hearers said to me, "What a masterly effort!" This approving stolidity was new to the preacher. Some Europeans and Anglo-Indians were converted in meetings for them. Taylor spent the hot season in the Himalayas, at Nynsee Tal, where he had quite a revival among Europeans, which gave the mission some good workers. I think in this comparative rest, out of the heat, he decided to change his tactics and seek through work among Europeans to reach the people of the country. Later, in his work among Europeans, he said, "I have not struck a lick that did not look to the salvation of the natives." Turning definitely to efforts among English-speaking people, William Taylor wrought a work in India that cannot be estimated. He "let loose" the gospel with its Methodist methods and fire in the Indian empire, in southern Asia, now mapped out in numerous Conferences. It is useless to speculate on what course Methodism would have taken anyhow; Taylor precipitated a movement that speedily carried revival fire and Methodism into all the land. Worthy names, now bound up with the history of Methodism in India, are the outcome of his campaign: Dease, Oldham, Osborne, Gilder, and others too numerous to be mentioned in this brief record.

Of the subject of this sketch I wrote, "A colossal man," and such he was in several particulars that make a great man. To begin with, he

stood over six feet in his stockings, was broad-shouldered, rather spare frame, with legs and arms strung with thews indicating physical power. I heard him say, "I am nothing but skin and bone, yet put me on the scales to-day and I will weigh two hundred pounds." Again, "My leanness has been an inconvenience in adjusting my bones, on deck passages, while sleeping." Sometimes, in a humorous way, he spoke with muscular egotism. I heard him say, swinging his mighty arm, "Sometimes I feel as if I could put my fist through an inch deal board." Again, in a sermon, deprecating the use of the word instrument, as conveying too great passivity for a responsible rational being, he said, thrusting out his long muscular arm and bony fist in defiance, "There is an instrument: and if I were a pugilist it would be a good one, too." He always wore a heavy flowing beard, which made him look all the more formidable. On one occasion, at the railway, Dr. Thoburn said to him, "Brother Taylor, you look tired." "Tired? No," replied Taylor, and he picked up Thoburn like a kitten and walked the platform. In a large camp-meeting tent I saw him "shin up" the tall center pole to the top when some of us had tried it in vain. He was a walker to be reckoned with in a tramp. I have reason to remember a climb with him to the top of Mount Chena, nine thousand feet, one morning before breakfast. But he reached his limit in that walk to the Badrinath shrine, twenty thousand feet, on the summit of the Himalayas. He insisted on making the pilgrimage, as the Hindus do, on foot. He came back, in three or four weeks, jaded enough, weighing some thirty pounds less than when he started.

Mentally, William Taylor was a marvelous man. It was said of him, "He thought in continents." His personality was "colossal." It seemed to fill the whole house where he was; so of the town, or city, or country where he was at work. Taylor had come and was known and felt. He was a self-educated man. I have heard him say, "I got my education in my father's tanyard." He had a wonderful memory, and could repeat many hymns and long passages of Scripture. He often gave out the hymn and indicated the Bible lesson from memory. I do not think he was an extensive reader, but he had thought profoundly on most theological subjects, and on many civic, social, and scientific themes. On the subject of prayer, Providence, miracles, inspiration, the Trinity, etc., he had thought deeply, and had pronounced and rational views. His mental make-up was illuminated with great hope, cheerfulness, and quaint humor. He would say, "If I see a gloomy fellow coming down the street, I pass over to the other side." He could tell a joke, not so frequently, but with as much manifest enjoyment as Lincoln, with whom there were striking points of resemblance, mental and physical. "What a 'jib' he has," said Taylor, pointing to the forehead of a bust of Lincoln in my study in Bareilly. Taylor's, I closely observed at the time, was much the same.

He was a man of vast conquering faith. When he reached Lucknow, and was ready to begin a revival meeting, Dr. Thoburn [bishop], speaking about the outlook, used the phrase, "If we have a revival." Taylor clinched his arm with a rebuking grip and said, "Brother, there is no 'if' in the business." And there was a good revival. He was a wise

advocate of Christian perfection, which with him was perfect love for and heart loyalty to God. I heard him say, "What impossibility is there in it? A dog can show such love and loyalty; his honest heart is all his master's own." In his revivals he would call for two classes: seekers of pardon and seekers of holiness.

As a preacher Taylor was evangelistic. He made no effort at the sensational, and always himself seemed perfectly self-restrained. Yet I have seen him weep in meetings. In manner he was calm, as a rule, didactic in style, full of apt and telling illustrations. He dealt in the concrete rather than in the abstract. He would speak of the Blessor rather than the blessing, of Christ rather than Christianity, of the Holy Spirit, not of an influence of the Spirit. He sang frequently. In speaking, he sometimes rose to strains of sturdy stirring eloquence in which a bit of song might mingle. In one of his sermons I heard him repeat a part of Tennyson's "The Light Brigade": "Forward, the light brigade—charge!" rang out with thrilling effect. I also heard him in a sermon give Tennyson's, "Late, late, so late," with solemn effect. "Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?" in a pleading tenor tone. "Too late; too late; ye cannot enter now!"—in a stern, deep, sad denial. His voice had a clear, ringing range through baritone and tenor. His unstudied accent seemed perfect. He caught the Hindustani words and phrases he used, in tone and accent, very accurately.

William Taylor was an evangelist of a grand world-wide ambition. I heard him say that sometimes on the streets in London, when he heard the hand-organ men grind out some martial air, he felt like sweeping out and capturing the world for Jesus. The Americas, Europe, Australasia, Africa, India—the world was his parish in actuality as Wesley felt it his in theory and realized only in small part. The remarkably fertile activity of his mind is seen in the amount of literature he produced, ten or twelve considerable volumes, amid incessant preaching, planning, and traveling by land and sea. I met him several times on my furloughs in America after his India campaign, and then again after his work in South America and his episcopal career in Africa. I was with him at some of the Conference sessions and saw that in the pressure of business sometimes he was not accorded much of a hearing on the great message of his heart. His persistent absence from his wife and family surprised some. He said to me, "My wife and I understand one another. We could cheerfully lie down and have our heads chopped off if God wills." Some of the bishops did not seem to sympathize with his manner and plans. I asked him why. "O, sometimes in my sermons and addresses I tell some old Negro story that scandalizes them."

The last time I saw William Taylor was in the General Conference in Cleveland, O., in 1896, when as bishop he was retired. I recall now that in the committee on episcopacy the grand old world-evangelist was reluctant to face the question of retirement. He gracefully accepted it, however; with calmness and self-control, embraced his successor, Bishop Hartzell; later took up his grip for independent service in Africa, stood on the deck of his departing steamer, was photographed, and off on his own account,

But a year in Africa proved to him that his trumpet voice was gone and his natural force abated. He returned to America, lingered in weakness a few years, using an invalid's wheel-chair; then word came that this remarkable man had ascended from the world-wide field of his marvelous activity, aged eighty-two years.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

T. J. SCOTT.

THE TRADITIONS OF BALAK AND BALAAM

IN his article in the July REVIEW, Professor Terry, of Evanston, dismisses the New Testament representations of Balaam as erroneous. "These references," he affirms, "simply repeat the late Jewish tradition"; and that tradition he brands as a piece of "defamation."

In taking this ground, the learned professor (1) comes into collision with two apostolic writers (Jude 11; 2 Pet. 2. 15) and charges them with ignorance and error. Admitting all that he says as to their fallibility, it is nevertheless true that they were mouthpieces of the Holy Spirit. To them the Saviour had said, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you"; and to them it had been promised that the Spirit of Truth should guide them into all truth. In the last analysis, Dr. Terry's disagreement with the apostles resolves itself into a disagreement with the Spirit, who spoke in and through them.

But further, in taking the ground he does, the professor (2) comes into collision with our risen Lord, and charges him also with ignorance and error. The adverse judgment passed on Balaam in Rev. 2. 14 is part of a letter from the risen Christ to the church at Pergamos. If there is any mistake here, it is the glorified Redeemer who makes it. The Kenosis doctrine has been used to prove the limitation of our Lord's knowledge in the days of his flesh, but here the doctrine is so extended as to make the risen Christ limited in knowledge and capable of error. It assuredly takes courage and self-confidence to brush aside the findings of Him in whom all fullness dwells and to whom all judgment has been committed. God pity us if the Judge of all men is liable to error! If he erred in his estimate of Balaam, we may well fear that he will similarly err in his estimate of us. We had thought it the duty of a Christian to sit at the feet of Jesus; but it would appear that the exigencies of critical theory make it needful for Jesus to sit at the feet of Terry and learn of him. The learned professor shows himself as ready to correct the errors of the risen One as he is to blue-pencil the examination papers of an Evanston theologian. The spirit of such dealing impresses one as being Unitarian rather than Methodistic. Indeed, it is questionable whether devout Unitarians like Channing and Martineau would consent to lower their Christ to the level at which Dr. Terry places him. If infallibility can be found anywhere, one would suppose it would be found in the risen Redeemer. But the only infallibility discernible in Dr. Terry's article is the infallibility of the consensus. And this infallibility is strictly temporary; it may change character altogether on the appearance of some

new critical theory "made in Germany." It swore yesterday by Baur; it swears to-day by Wellhausen; and the outlook is that it will swear by somebody else to-morrow. We are surely building on shifting sand if this chameleonlike, kaleidoscopic consensus is our main reliance.

Apple River, Ill.

GEORGE A. GRISWOLD.

THE TRAGEDY IN LIFE AND ITS BREAK

(A Study of 1 Cor. 15. 42-44)

Poor are the folks who have no loved and lovely ones in heaven. There in spite of us, they are there for us. Taken without our consent, and in spite of our frantic efforts and earnest prayers, they are treasures Infinite Love must return with interest and increased worth.

We have learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

Little, though, must be our comfort if we must think of our departed as disembodied spirits. It is pain unendurable to think of them as held in the grip of an ages-long nightmare, each soul longing to speak, but having no vocal organ; each soul longing to hear, but lacking the appropriate organ for hearing; each soul hovering over the vicinity of its earthly ashes, awaiting a divine command that shall at last raise all mankind at once to self-expression and communion with one another. Happily, we are under no such doctrinal necessity. We need not part company with Jesus and Paul and journey with the Pharisees. In his talk with the Sadducees Christ himself did not distinguish resurrection from continued existence. He even says that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had experienced the resurrection; for he identifies their continued existence with the raising of the dead. And in the passage of our study Paul speaks of the resurrection as a long-drawn process rather than as a single and distinct future event. To him the resurrection is not like Ezekiel's vision of dry bones suddenly clothed with flesh and life in the valley of death. His is the vision of the lone grain of wheat dropped into the soil and later becoming the bearded and golden grain of harvest. *He glories in the mystery and miracle of growth and gradual transformation.* He either had outgrown or had cast out the Pharisees' magic and their empty doctrine of a material resurrection. He is on higher and saner ground. And it will pay us to get the view Paul got from the higher vantage of his Christian philosophy and experience as a man of God.

After the apostle speaks of the resurrection of the dead as being a long-drawn process rather than an instantaneous miracle, he gives us his tragic and startling words concerning *the* tragedy in life. To the human race death always has been the puzzle and the awful tragedy. Not so to Paul. To him, if one looks back, death is more than the end of

a career; if forward, more than the beginning. To him it in reality is neither end nor beginning. It is an *event* in a career, an *experience* in life. And, like any other experience in life, it could have only one sting. "The sting of death is sin," just as the sting of schooldays is neglected lessons, the sting of friendship is broken vows, and the sting of citizenship is sordid aims and vicious politics.

To Paul, life itself is not a tragedy. Neither is death. That in either life or death that is tragic is the footprint of evil. He even declares that so wonderful a process as the resurrection has its tragedy. And where does he place that tragedy? When the soul leaves the body? When the pulse ceases? Not at all. He places that tragedy at the very beginning of life. Not that the beginning of life is itself a tragedy; it is the spirit and the motive connected with the beginning of life, with one's birth into the world, that troubles Paul and gives him heartache. That motive writes itself into the face of the child and clings to the very fiber of his being. "So is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; . . . it is sown in dishonor; . . . it is sown in weakness; . . . it is sown a natural body," or, as the original Greek hints, is usually sown *in obedience to a brute instinct, and not in obedience to the voice of conscience, the pleadings of prayer, and a pure and high call to parenthood*. The tragedy of life is not the untimely decease of a good man or woman, though that is tragic and shocking enough to shatter one's nerves, unbalance one's mind, and almost unloose one's mental grip on the things that are divine. The tragedy of life, the most unspeakable horror of this earthly career, is the *average* birth of a babe, the *average* launching of the infantile ark with its precious burden when the river of life is infested with such Egyptians as bid for the chance to destroy its chances in the hours of early character formation. There are as great crimes as race suicide, and not the least of them is the double crime of stocking the world with children whose parents never pray and gorging the gates of the eternal world with souls to whom God's name will be a surprise and spiritual things an unopened book.

If to Paul the tragedy in life is at its very beginning, its lyric and glory may be all through its career and in its closing here.

The lyric of the life of man so tragically begun is hinted in Paul's words to the Colossians: "If ye then were raised together with Christ, seek those things that are above." When one battles against the animalism he has inherited, and likely encouraged; when he stands out against evil tendencies both within and without; when he holds himself obedient to conscience and the heavenly vision—there the resurrection is taking place. When one bows only to equal or superior worth, and binds his affections around such as the matchless Christ and all that he loves and holds dear—there the resurrection is taking place. When one forgets himself or herself for children's, parents', and others' sakes—there the resurrection from the dead is in process of accomplishment. So that we may pass from the tragedy in life to the triumphant song that may attend it, and may end it down here. We may forget and forgive the circumstance of one's birth if we see a rising soul looking out through the

earthly deeds and words of a friend or loved one. We need not quibble, as did some of the Corinthians, asking, "How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come?" They are here already in this life, and all the while they are transfiguring the present vesture of the soul, their earthly bodies. They are here, like the Lord with whom they, even in this life, are risen, to bring life and immortality to light. Well, then, did Paul preach the death of death, and say, "We *all* shall not sleep" (American Revised), or, as he evidently meant it, "Not one of us shall die." Already we are in the triumph-song of being raised from the dead. The thoughts and feelings that throb in these words as they come from the pencil's tip declare the subtle power of the endless life. The kind deeds and words we have felt and known when in weary weeks of sorrow or crisis declare the affectionate grip of souls that never again shall see death; and these all declare the near glory that awaits us when the soul shall attain to the fullness of the resurrection in that hour misnamed death, and there and then shall fully have that matchless organism, "the spiritual body," that shall perfectly express the soul's loveliness and permit one's perfect freedom of spiritual action. Jesus declared the resurrection to be totally spiritual, utterly free from the carnal. And Paul said, "So is the resurrection. . . . It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." We may get the whole problem and process in the words of W. L. Walker, in his *Christian Theism and Spiritual Monism*: "Just as the new-born child finds itself in a body which its own imparted life principle had, all unconscious to itself, formed for it, to be the organ of its conscious earthly life, so, all unconscious to the person, the formative spirit, or, 'being risen with Christ,' has been providing a spiritual body that is freed when physical dissolution takes place."

You see that moral and Christlike life is to have some immediate rewards. Not the least of these is to be an organism that, immediately upon our physical dissolution, shall perfectly fit the spirit and be able to fly with the speed of thought and accomplish as rapidly as pure and exalted love could wish. Here electricity is our swiftest known messenger. There it is a discarded stage coach. Here love's light is dimmed by such poor and elusive mediums as eyes. There the soul is radiant over all the spiritual form and pours self out unstintedly and freely in words and deeds that are the universal language. This is the resurrection of the dead as finally accomplished "in incorruption, glory, and power."

Burton, Kan.

RALPH W. WYRICK.

FUN AND PREACHERS

WHY is the average preacher so solemn? See him coming down the street. He glooms along with such a mournful air that, on the impulse, you are inclined to cross to the other side of the street, lest you interrupt the cortege. But on reflection, you remember that no procession follows him; he is only wearing his everyday expression. You are

in a blithesome mood when you meet him, but before long his melancholia affects you, and you go on your way with thoughts of the last bitter hour stealing like a blight over your spirit. Why is it? Why is his face wrapped in perennial gloom? Perhaps, finding, like Skeat, the word laughter connected with *κράζω*, he reflects that to indulge in such a practice would be to supply one more vestigial proof of his evolution, and rather than render aid to a proposition already embarrassing, refrains from croaking forever. Or he may have some of the ascetic ideas of the early monks, and believe that to show enjoyment would be to feed his carnal nature, which manages to thrive like the devil even though cast out of heaven. To hazard even a third guess, it might be because he considers himself, along with Socrates, as the Lord's divinely appointed gadfly to burst the bubble of universal deception, and thinks laughter too frivolous for one with such a mission.

In Innsbruck there is a bronze statue to Phillip the Good. One thing about it is suggestive—the face. It is furrowed, with a droop to the corners of the mouth, and a general air of depression on the whole countenance. The suggestive thing is that the sculptor who chiseled the statue, not from knowledge, but from imagination, thought that he had chosen the proper expression for the face of a good man. He was typical. There is an idea so prevalent as to be fairly general that a good man, and especially a minister, should be sad of countenance. Whence sprang such an idea? By some phenomenal coincidence have all good men happened to be so solemn that solemnity goes as a mark of goodness, and the two are inseparable, like a toper and his crimson proboscis? Or is laughter inconsistent with a devout nature?

Undoubtedly one reason for ministerial sobriety is the confusion of cheerfulness with foolishness. This confusion usually exists in the subconscious, but it is none the less potent. Laughter is considered as the prerogative of those shallow-minded souls who have no concern with affairs of real import and whose intellects are only a supposition. It is for such as them to indulge and others to shun. It is a mark of the surface mind. Undoubtedly such an attitude toward cheerfulness is unjust. No one should be a simpleton, despite the fact that practice seems to tend in that direction. But there is such a thing as jocund good humor, which is as different from foolishness as real intellectual ability is different from pedantry. The one represents the buoyant, hopeful, optimistic spirit; the other, the frivolous, the inconsequential, the shallow. The similarity is only apparent.

Another reason seems to be that cheerfulness is connected with irreverence and lack of sympathy. The minister is closely related to God. He is the medium through which Jehovah speaks to the world. This is a position of sobering proximity. It represents a nearness to the terrible Yahwe that is incompatible with irreverence. Instances of Nadab and Abihu are too suggestive to permit deception. Also, the minister is the one who "lifts the cry of the ages from humanity to heaven." In a sense, he bears the burden of a lost world. He must sympathize with men in their sorrow and understand the secret yearnings of their hearts.

In a word, he must be both reverent toward God and sympathetic with men. Can he, and at the same time be merry and happy? Undoubtedly many will say the two cannot go together. For this is the real reason for the preacher's long face.

Is man so constituted that what is best for him in both body and mind is good? Can it be safely said that if any practice contributes to the development of body and mind, it is virtuous? If not, we must reconcile to our satisfaction why God should give us a nature whose development is contrary to virtue, for he most certainly would be responsible for the maladjustment. But on the other hand, if the benefits of a habit justify its practice, then we are morally bound to observe practices that are beneficial. This question has many sides, but we are concerned with one. Laughter benefits both body and mind, and if we answer the above question in the affirmative, the long face will have to be a feature of the bloodhound rather than the preacher. Psychologists have not given as much attention to this subject as we could wish, so that information is not as extensive as it might be. But in the few instances where they have taken it up, their observations have been in singular harmony. There is unanimous agreement, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain, that man's nature is such as that he will be at his best when in a cheerful mood. Some statistics were gathered from soldiers in active service. Those of sanguine temperament possessed greater power of endurance than those of morose disposition. Edward Bradford Titchner is of the opinion that when we are pleased all bodily activity is heightened and physical ability increased; while Dr. Hecker is authority for the statement that laughter counteracts the anemia of the brain by the action of joyous stimuli upon the vasomotor nerves. It frees the brain from unnatural anemia and clarifies it for more acute perception. The statement of Harvard's late professor that by stimulating the physical characteristics of exuberance pathological conditions can be changed may be taken for what it is worth. The theory can be made to prove too much, and, like deep breathing, offer as witnesses to its efficiency numberless cured consumptives whose benefits were derived through psychotherapy. But it is an established fact that the fun-loving, sanguine disposition is the more healthy and capable.

But perhaps ministers should not be asked to do a thing for personal benefit. They may remember Plato's sarcasm, and seek not their own, but others' wealth. The literal execution of this command is left for the capitalists and men of frenzied finance; while the minister must take it figuratively. He has no lust for lucre, but seeks the soul-good of others. But he will stand a better chance of being successful in his efforts if he will allow himself the luxury of an occasional laugh.

Many of my brothers of the North-East Ohio Conference know the big, happy preacher who is the subject of this paragraph. We all love him because we can't help it. He laughs himself into our hearts by an unconscious hilarity. We like him. When he laughs, the impulse starts from somewhere far inside and works out with a jolly chuckle that shakes him all over. It is contagious, irresistible. This jovial preacher

has laughed himself into the good graces of his large congregation, and has made his church a center for spiritual power. No church quarrel can survive his persistent good humor. Complaining members cannot hold out against his perennial optimism. The result is new life, the upward look, the onward push. Do men cross the street to avoid him? They hunt him up when discouraged. So he can resuscitate them with his unfailing cheer. Is he effective with men? Recently the writer met a fine young fellow on his way to college who confessed that this big preacher had won him to the ministry with his fine optimism. Indeed, he is effective with men. He manifests the hope and joy of Christ in such a way that care-fagged business men go to him as to the fountain of youth, to see whence he derives his inspiration. Verily fun and preachers should be boon companions.

New Concord, O.

ALBERT B. CUNNINGHAM.

THE BAND THAT PLAYED IN THE RAIN

It was a rainy, dismal day. At least, it would be called a dismal day by one who does not love a storm—though I do. The clouds hung low and heavy. The air was reeking with moisture. The rain was falling with a sullen persistence, as though it would rain forever. Horses and men splashed along through the wet as though life were a burden. Everything looked barren and disconsolate. But just when the day was darkest and the rain fell the heaviest, there came from the street the strains of music, the notes of a strolling band, whose self-imposed mission it was to make people forget the rain and think only of the show which had come to town for that night. It wasn't very classical music, nor was it played with a heavenly motive; and I dare say that the men who played it were not minstrel angels. But it was music, and it was music on a rainy day! And this is what makes it worthy a place in our meditation; for that vagrant band changed the day completely. It put a new face upon everything. It shot a pulsating light through the thick gloom of the cloudy morning; you forgot it was raining; you stopped watching the clouds; you called a truce in your war upon the weather; and you found yourself listening to the music of the band. Then my thought was: how good it is, in the ordering of things, that we can have music even on a rainy day! My thought then went out a little farther, and I reflected upon all this world's rainy weather—the hearts which have been bruised, the lives which have been shadowed, the privations and adversities, the losses and disappointments—all the elements which go to make up life's rainy weather. And when I meditated upon these things, I found it in my heart to thank God that even in these lives and for their cheer the strain of music has been heard, and how, because of it, they have endured.

Have we ever stopped to think of those other rainy-day musicians

whom God has used to cheer and brighten the day? There was Charles Dickens. What a sweet strain of wholesome, homely, heart-warming music this genial soul has brought into the world! Thackeray was more finished; Charles Reade was more learned; but Dickens comes closest to the human heart. He subscribed his genius to a program long before announced, "To proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised." It was his pen which put an end to the debtors' prison, public executions, and the worst abuses of the parochial school system in England. What would Christmas be without "The Christmas Carol"? Whose heart has not shouted with old Scrooge as he throws his window wide open on that frosty Christmas morning and for the first time in his pinched life drinks in the real spirit of Christmas? How Tiny Tim's "God bless us, every one," has distilled like a universal benediction upon unnumbered hearts which have warmed toward the little cripple! The common people love Dickens and hear him gladly, because of the homely and hearty music he breathes into their lives. We have all read of that old gentleman who on his deathbed thanked God for the likelihood of living until the next number of "Pickwick Papers" came out. And yet this great lovable writer was a rainy-day musician. "He learned in suffering what he taught in song." His early life was stony and rugged. He had no gentle birth or early culture. He went to no school; he entered no university. His boyhood was cheerless and austere, and the scratching of the wolf was often heard at the door. His father did almost nothing for him. His father was a shiftless man. He served time in debtors' prison. He had "come to regard insolvency as the normal state of mankind and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally breaks out." The son caricatures the father in Micawber, "always waiting for something to turn up." But it was out of this rainy-day kind of life that the genial music of Dickens has come. Surely, he was one of God's rainy-day musicians. Then there was Robert Louis Stevenson. He ever had the stain of blood upon his handkerchief; and yet from his graceful pen and sunny spirit issued music which has heartened and inspired untold lovers of him. Here was a man who could say, though weakness and disease were his daily portion, "Sick or well, I have had a splendid life of it." And when he listens to the strident song of the crickets at the close of the day, he wonders "why these creatures are so happy, and what was wrong with man, that he did not wind up his day with an hour or two of shouting." What a gracious, mellow spirit is in our library when Charles Lamb steps out of his nook, and in the facile mood of an Addison discourses so quaintly on "The Chimney Sweep" and so lusciously on "Roast Pig"! One would think that winds of fortune had always been tempered in his favor. But Charles Lamb was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and the menacing specter of "a mind diseased" stared him constantly in the face. Ah! there have been many of these gifted folk—men like Dickens and Stevenson and Lamb, women like Jane Austen and Charlotte and Emily Brontë, who have blessed and lightened their fellows, but who have been themselves like musicians playing in the rain. Like John's singing host of

the redeemed who were close to the throne, "these were they that came out of great tribulation."

And so there are certain names which dispense rich, rare music, which were born in some of life's storm days. If we know their history, we can still hear in their mention the blended rush and sob of the storm. The term Methodist is such a name. It is a name dear to millions, and it is a name which the church of God holds in honor. To those who know its traditions, to those who understand what is its high spiritual quality, it is a name full of music. But it is also a rainy-day musician, for it first began to sing its mission in a day of storm. It was in the beginning a term of derision, an epithet of mockery. The disciples of Christ "were first called Christians at Antioch," and on the lips of its inventors it implied a scornful fling at the deluded, fanatic followers of the discredited and crucified Nazarene. But the music of the name is in all lands to-day, and the souls of men still rise in involuntary rhapsody when Handel's "Messiah" sets it to measure. And then "the Name high over all," the name Jesus! What music in that name! How it has strengthened us in the fight, steadied us on the march, cheered us in sorrow, and soothed us in pain! From childhood to old age it has been life's richest undertone.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low murmurs of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

But especially do we love to call him by those names which bring him so close to our common human lot, "the Son of man," "the friend of sinners." What music of divine love, and divine compassion, and divine condescension, is in them! But they first began to breathe their music in the rainy, stormy day when he was pelted by human abuse and compassed about with clouds of human hate; for at first these were nicknames, opprobrious epithets, thrown at him by his enemies while he dwelt among men. And out of that life of his, a life thick with stormy weather, though calm and serene within, has come the gospel which has filled the world with its music and cheered the pilgrim trudging his way along the inclement road. And so I think we can see how true it is that many of God's cheer-bringers and joy-bearers have been rainy-day musicians, that many of the influences which have gone forth to bless and cheer the hearts of men have come from the midst of storm and stress.

And surely there is a mission for the singing heart to-day. Life's storms are not all over; its rainy days are not all past. Still there is a place and a welcome for one who has faith and courage to play for us on our rainy days. Whatever lightens life's load, makes living a little easier for us, does this. "Just the art of being kind" will do it. It was a kind word in the nick of time which saved John B. Gough from suicide and raised up a strong brother for weak and tempted men. The sense of humor, which is often the genial reflex of a brave and dauntless spirit, will do it. The gift of humor, the power to smile one's way through the

storm and the contrary wind, is a gift to be coveted, a grace to be cultivated and earnestly besought. "Humor," it has been said, "is essential to sanity. There is no sane and entirely lucid vision of life without it. It is a species of grace by which men are saved, and the thing from which it saves them is the pit of pessimism." A rollicking story-teller by the camp-fire mess has braced many a homesick young recruit and made him into a brave soldier. I have never ceased to be strengthened by this species of bravery in a friend of mine with whom I held sweet converse in the years gone by. He was brainy; he was chivalrous; he was the soul of sociability. But he had an infirmity, a painful physical infirmity, which was a hard thing for him to bear, for silly and shallow people would sometimes laugh at him, and other people, who did not understand him, would underestimate him and mark him far below his real worth. We roamed the mountains together; we went on long rides in company; we played chess often. He was a frequent guest in my home. I was often his guest at his rude lodgings up in the mountains where he taught school. I thus held a vantage point whence I could mark well how life's stern battle went with him. But I never heard him complain; I never heard him find fault with his Maker; I never knew him to acknowledge defeat. He never "lowered the flag of his high ideal before the demonstrations of a gross reality." He was a brave man, and God had gifted him with that fine elastic sense of humor which played over all the rough places in his life like the morning sun upon a scarred cliff. And I came to know that that exquisite sense of humor was a way his valiant soul had of keeping its banners aloft; and I have ever since had a clearer conception of high spiritual valor in the face of heavy odds, of what it really means to "play the man," because of his heroism. Rainy-day musicians! What a strange and mingled company they are! Upon what varied instruments do they set the infinite truth of God to vibrating! But of such is the music of the world! And how strange and yet how true it is that out of just such rainy-day lives as these the richest and rarest music has come! They are like the birds we are told about which are taught to sing by having their cages darkened. Then the little things long for the light and in some intuitive way realize that they must make a sound that their master may hear; and so they make a faint peep or two. This brings them the reward of a brief glimpse of the sun. And by-and-by the little bird comes to know that if it would live in light it must sing. And so, in the training of the dark time, it learns those clear, triumphant songs which have all the open sunshine at last for their theater. So let us ask of God to give us grace to let our spirits sing in the dark and rainy day, even pitting

Our faith against the whole world's unbelief,
Our soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Thus shall we comfort God's people, and thus shall we fit our souls for the new song of that better day which shall be as "the clear shining of sun after rain."

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Chatham, N. Y.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**ADAM AND CHRIST: THE HEADS OF HUMANITY**

(Rom. 5. 12-21)

THE passage now under consideration presents one of the profoundest conceptions in Pauline thought, and its precise meaning has called forth almost endless discussion. It has been the battleground of exegetes for centuries. The precise connection of this passage with what goes before is difficult to determine. It probably refers in general to the whole previous discussion of the epistle, but is more directly connected with the eleventh verse, in which the apostle has spoken of the great reconciliation wrought for man through Jesus Christ: "And not only so, but we also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation." And now, Paul having brought the believer into that condition of peace with God, described in Rom. 5. 1-11, he proceeds to unfold the course of human history under the divine administration: the twofold leadership of humanity through Adam and Christ, Adam representing the source of his downward movement, Christ his restoration and final glorification. It is sometimes called the Adam-Christ section of the Pauline Epistles. Adam and Christ appear also in 1 Cor. 45 to 49 under the appellations first and second Adam. .

A comparison of these two passages shows important harmonies and contrasts between Adam and Christ. The personality of Adam and the historicity of the account in Genesis are accepted by Paul and constitute the starting point of the comparison. Adam, the primal head of the human race, is represented in Genesis as separated in his creation from that of the natural world by the distinct act of God: "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. 1. 27). This is followed by his assignment to dominion over the physical creation. The high place thus given to Adam in Genesis as the historic ancestor of the race is not disproved by scientific investigation, and it is here the starting point of the comparison with Christ which is so fully elaborated in this remarkable passage. The explanations offered have been too numerous to be considered in a brief discussion; nor is it proposed at this time to enter into the minute doctrinal implications which an exhaustive interpretation involves. For our present purpose the passage will be best viewed as a whole. We may consider the sweep of the apostle's thought rather than the philological examination of its separate words and phrases; the former may be clear, while the latter is exceedingly difficult, waiting a deeper knowledge of the precise meaning which is intended to be conveyed by his language.

We note first the direct relation that exists between sin and death. "Therefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death through sin, so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned." There can be no

question that in the apostle's view sin was the source or the instrument by which death was distributed over the human race. It is distinctly said that all die because all sin. We are not now concerned with the how, but with the fact. The apostle has already declared this fact in Rom. 3. 23: "For all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God." This consciousness of sin is universal, and is as true now as when Paul uttered these startling words. Frederick Brooke Westcott, in his book *Paul and Justification*, says of the latter passage: "It merely states a truth we are none of us prepared to deny, that at one time or another we have done that which we blush to recall; what we feel to be incompatible with any acceptance by God. This sin is always past, even if perpetrated just this moment; the consciousness it entails is inevitably present. Because we did wrong to-day, last week, last year, whenever it may be, we feel in our hearts uncomfortable at the contemplation of God and his supreme holiness. And there is more in it than that: not only do we feel unfit, but we actually are unfit." But in what way sin brings and did bring death is the deep problem which exegetical students have been trying to solve.

We note, second, that sin and death are related as cause and effect to Adam, the historic progenitor of our race. "Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin." The one man, as also sin and death, are here personified; it is not merely a human being: it is a distinctly defined personality, as shown by the history in Genesis, to which Paul is undoubtedly referring. Paul stamps with his approval that history with which his readers were familiar. The Jewish element in the Roman Church would understand it, as also the Gentile element who had received instruction in the Old Testament. Adam is the representative man as having broken a definite command to which was affixed a distinct penalty: "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. 2. 17). The sin of Adam was willful and voluntary transgression of a command which had been given to him by God himself. Paul does not say that the sin of Adam was the sin of all mankind, but he does say that all men shared in the effect of his sin, which was death. Here we are in the sphere of the great mystical conceptions of the apostle. When sin entered into the world it diffused itself by hereditary transmission—for we find the tendency to sin universal. This view of Paul's meaning, that the race is regarded as an "organic unity," satisfies scientific accuracy as well as scriptural exegesis.

We note, third, the correspondence between Adam and Christ as the leaders of the race. This destructive work of sin has its counterpart in the second Adam, Jesus Christ, who more than restored for man that which Adam lost. In the twelfth verse there is an implied comparison which is brought out more fully later in the passage. The omitted member of the comparison would be, "So by one man righteousness entered into the world and through righteousness life." Death and life here stand opposed to each other in their nature and sources.

In his second letter to Timothy (1. 10) he affirms Christ's victory

over death: "But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality through the gospel." The life indicated is not mere existence, but the divine life in the soul here, with the assurance of the eternal life hereafter; so the comparison is in the nature of an antithesis—sin, which brings with it sorrow, pain, and death; and righteousness, which brings with it joy, freedom from sin's power, and future glory. The former was introduced by the first Adam, the latter by the second Adam, even Jesus Christ.

But the results are not absolutely equal, for the apostle declares that the blessedness brought by Christ far outweighs the disaster wrought through Adam. The whole discussion of this chapter presents the glory of Christ's achievement by his death. The apostle shows that the loss through Adam was more than compensated by the gain through Christ. In the fifteenth verse we read: "But not as the trespass, so also is the free gift. For if by the trespass of the one the many die, much more did the grace of God, and the gift by the grace of the one man, Jesus Christ, abound unto the many."

Again we read, verse 17: "For if, by the trespass of the one, death reigned through the one; much more shall they that receive the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness reign in the life through the one, even Jesus Christ." Notice the "much more" in both passages as expressing the emphasis which the apostle is placing upon the superior work of Jesus Christ. In the divine administration it would be expected that the gain through Christ should surpass the loss through Adam which the apostle so clearly declares. How the glory of the latter dispensation, of which Christ is the head, surpasses that of the former under the leadership of Adam! Here we see the progress of the Christian dispensation, which had its completion in the atonement and resurrection. The one sin of the first Adam brought death and its sad consequences to the race, and one act of righteousness by the second Adam brought life and immortality.

We may note also that in this connection the word rendered "sin" in the twelfth verse is changed to another word rendered "trespass." The word thus translated sin is the missing of the aim, the failure to reach the idea required by the Divine Holiness; the word rendered trespass, "a defection from uprightness," but in their meaning here not specifically different. We have here to think particularly of the respective influence of the act of sin on the one hand and the act of righteousness on the other as counterbalancing each other, and that the good more than balances the evil. Saint Chrysostom, in his homily on Rom. 5. 19, seems to regard death itself and its condemnation as having a benevolent aspect. He says that "we are so far from taking any harm from death and condemnation, if we be sober-minded, that we are the gainers even by having become mortal: first, because it is not an immortal body in which we sin; secondly, because we get numberless grounds for being religious. For to be moderate and to be temperate and to be subdued, and to keep ourselves clear of all wickedness, is what death, by its pres-

ence and being expected, persuades us to. But following with these, or rather even before these, it hath introduced other greater blessings besides. For it is from hence that the crowns of martyrs come and the rewards of the apostles; . . . and, besides, there is this also to be said, that immortality awaits us, and after having been chastened for a little while we shall enjoy the blessings to come without fear, being as if in a sort of school in the present life under instruction, by means of disease, tribulation, temptations, and poverty, and the other apparent evils, with a view to our becoming fit for the reception of the blessings of the world to come."

It seems to the writer that the view here expressed is hardly in harmony with the teaching of the present passage concerning the deleterious effects of Adam's fall.

There is another contrast in this passage—that between works on the one hand and grace and faith on the other. Paul cannot lose sight of his great doctrine, salvation by faith. This doctrine carries with it in his thought the great principle that the salvation which Christ won for the race comes to mankind not as a reward for obedience to specific commands, but as the free gift of God. Man by his fall has become incapable of restoring himself to Divine favor or to holiness of life. The tendency of the race to sin, thus incurred, has spread into involuntary transgressions, so that man's will, as well as his actions, has become hostile to God. The law, however, still remains in all its grandeur as the expression of what God's holiness demands. "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Death, according to the apostle, is wages earned; eternal life is a gift bestowed. Death stands as contrasted with life, grace as contrasted with works. Works say "do," grace says "believe." Adam was unwilling to keep within the limit which God prescribed. Christ himself performed all that the law required, suffered all, that the great plan of salvation for a sinful world might be complete, and won for man all the rich blessings which God has prepared for him for this and for the life to come. These blessings include holiness and happiness and heaven. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

As was said at the beginning, we have only touched the most general outline of the thought which would be unfolded by a more minute examination of the text.

The assumptions on which this paragraph proceeds may well receive our consideration.

Paul assumes without argument the historicity of the account of the fall of man as given in Genesis. He assumes a connection between the sin of Adam and mankind which involves the deterioration of the race and consequent need of Divine help to restore man from the sinful condition into which the fall had brought him. He assumes that Christ, the second, and final, head of the race, has met all the conditions of our fallen humanity and given to man the power, through faith in his atoning sacrifice, to be restored to God's favor and to be recreated after

the pattern of God's holiness which was exemplified in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He declares that the blessing has been greater than the curse, the gain greater than the loss, and shows that the whole history of redemption is worthy of the wisdom and benevolence of him in whom we live and move and have our being.

The apostle closes this paragraph of his great epistle with the striking contrast between sin and grace which is much like a doxology. At the name of Jesus Paul is accustomed to break out in thanksgiving. In Christ is his perpetual motto, both for his life and for his preaching. Christ to him is all and in all. Paul's gospel is everywhere irradiated with the glory of Christ. Christ shines through every page of his great letters, radiates his rich experience, meets all the aspirations of his great loving heart. In this exultant faith and thanksgiving he closes this wonderful paragraph of his greatest epistle.

THE REOPENING OF AN OLD QUESTION—THE AGE LIMIT FOR JUDGES

SINCE Dr. Osler made his celebrated declaration concerning the age limit at which men ceased to be effective, the question has been frequently discussed. Dr. Osler has expressed himself as misrepresented and that he referred chiefly not to the date at which men should cease effective work, but he assigned that period as the one at which they cease to be productive or to originate new movements or new inventions. It is generally considered that he has placed the period too low, for it has been shown that many of the greatest achievements are accomplished by persons who have long passed the age of forty years, and who are efficient for service even down to old age. The London Times of May 3, 1913, has a report entitled, "A Retiring Age for Judges," and has given a résumé of the views of distinguished judges as to the date when they cease to be effective. The report contains "The Views of the Lord Chief Justice." We quote the report almost in full: "A blue book containing the minutes of evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Delay in the King's Bench Division was issued last night. The first witness examined was the Lord Chief Justice, who was asked, among other things, his opinion as to the retirement of judges. Lord Alverstone replied: 'I should certainly not retire a judge as long as he can do his work. I am quite satisfied that the best years of the judge's life in my lifetime have been the last ten years of their work. You want to learn to be a judge. It is astonishingly difficult; a man may be a great lawyer and yet not a great judge, and a man may be a poor lawyer and yet an excellent judge. Judges are appointed much younger now than they used to be, but the great men I have known have done their best work between the ages of sixty-five and eighty or certainly between sixty-five and seventy-five.'

"The Chairman (Lord Aldwyn): 'What I am now going to say has, as far as I know, no present application, but have you not known in the

course of your professional life judges whose infirmities have certainly delayed business?" Lord Alverstone: 'Physical infirmities, yes, and I induced one most distinguished judge to retire on that sole ground. His mind was as clear as a bell and his judgment excellent, but he was decrepit, and when I pointed it out to him, he saw that the public could not disconnect apparent decrepity and inability. You will see what I mean. He retired and lived for ten years afterward, and up to the time of his death I would have taken his opinion on any point of law against the opinion of any man. . . . There have been two cases in my time—I may say three cases—of physical defect being of such a character that I felt the public had a right to decide, 'he is not up to it,' if I may put it in that way. In two cases they retired at my suggestion; the other case was before my time as a judge.' The Chairman: 'Do you think it would be at all practical to name a time, say the age of seventy-five or something of that sort, which should be a time at which, say, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Master of the Rolls, or some such body, should be able to say to a judge, "This is the time at which you may be required to retire, but you may be continued if we think it right in the public interest that you should be continued," just on the same principle that a civil servant in a high position may be required to retire or may be continued if it is well for the public service?' Lord Alverstone: 'I do not see any objection to it. I see no objection to retirement at any age you like, if it is really understood that a judge will be continued if he is fit to do the work, but it would be lamentable to take off the bench some of the judges who are over a certain age. Look at the last Lord Chancellor but one, the best president in the House of Lords I have ever practiced before. Just think of the loss to the public it would have been if he could not have exercised judicial functions after the age of seventy, twenty years of admirable public work. . . .'

"Mr. Justice Phillimore, another witness, was asked if he thought a judge should retire at the age of sixty-five unless he was requested by the public to continue. 'No,' he replied, 'I do not. I am more than sixty-five myself.' The witness attributed the compulsory retirement of eminent men in the civil service at a certain age to the fact that a very foolish rule was made some years ago. He thought, too, that the judicial faculty lasted longer than the executive faculty. He considered that from fifty to fifty-five was about the right age to appoint a judge. If a limit of from forty to fifty was set up, they would lose the best judges. He was opposed to the principle of fifteen years' service as a judge from fifty to sixty-five. If any retiring age-limit were fixed, it should be beyond seventy; people's vitality had so enormously increased since his childhood. Judges very often did very good work after the age of seventy, and in many ways they mature after seventy. One man was old at sixty-five; another was not old at seventy-five."

We have made this quotation from this remarkable report as showing the opinion of the most eminent men on the bench in England, including the Lord Chief Justice. Their opinions would be very much

like the judgment of the Supreme Court of our own country. Lord Alverstone said that "one must learn to be a judge." From the general tenor of this report we would suppose that their opinions had been called out by the proposition to make the time limit of judges' official position from fifty to sixty-five years of age. This was unanimously disapproved, according to the report, and their opinion seems to be that no time limit should be fixed, but that the term of service should be determined from the merits of each individual case.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the merits of the case, for the writer has no knowledge of the duties of judges which would enable him to give an opinion. We infer, however, that the discussion had in view judges only, and that physical inability is a proper ground for ceasing effective work even when the intellectual powers are unimpaired. It is further implied that modern conditions of living and the health of people at the present time render possible a longer period of service than was formerly the case. Age is not, we may infer, a matter of years, but of physical and mental conditions, and that some grow old earlier and others mature later, so that no fixed rule is possible. It is also stated by one that a man may have strength for judicial functions when he has no longer strength for his executive duties. If one were looking for illustration of the general question, however, no better illustration is within reach than that of the late William E. Gladstone, who maintained executive powers, extraordinary scholarship, and judicial temperament beyond fourscore years.

We may close this discussion by citing the opinion of Sir Charles Tupper, former Prime Minister of Canada, now ninety-two years of age, who, it is said, retains his strong intellectual face "and keen and penetrating eyes that have not lost their luster." When asked during his visit in London whether he "agreed with Lord Alverstone that old men make the best judges," he said: "I do not think that after a man has reached the age of seventy he grows wiser or more capable, or that his capacity for work is increased." Stretching his thin white hand to the fire, he added: "The twilight of life is the time for rest. Labor and its achievements belong to the young and vigorous." The wisdom of this great old man, and likewise the wisdom of the eminent judges still in active life, is worthy of attention as a contribution to the literature of a subject of much importance and on which there is more room for consideration in other fields than that of judges.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE W. MANUSCRIPT OF THE FOUR GOSPELS

W. is the symbol for a very important uncial manuscript of the four Gospels, now in the Freer collection, Detroit, Mich., which is to be deposited eventually in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The

appellation Washington was given the codex by Professor Caspar René Gregory, of Leipzig, in his *Griechische Heiligen Schriften des Neuen Testaments*, Leipzig, 1908. The discovery of this document is regarded as of prime interest, perhaps the most important, in the field of Greek biblical manuscripts in recent years. It is the only uncial Gospel in America, and "ranks with a group of seven manuscripts scattered from the first to the tenth century." There are only two codices, the Sinaiticus and the Vaticanus, older than the Washington.

W., together with three other manuscripts, was purchased in Egypt by Mr. Charles L. Freer, December 19, 1906. The other three are: 1. Deuteronomy and Joshua; 2. The Psalter entire, with one additional psalm (or 151 in all), and a portion of the Song of Songs; 3. Fragments of Paul's Epistles.

W. consists of 187 leaves, or 374 pages, all except two written in elegant characters. The two blank pages are at the end of John's Gospel.

All, the Arab dealer who sold these manuscripts to Mr. Freer, pretended when the sale was made that they had been discovered at Akhmim, the ancient Panopolis of Upper Egypt, but he later confessed that he had deliberately lied—presumably for commercial gain. Though the exact spot where these documents were found is known to those most deeply concerned, it is deemed wise to keep it a secret from the public for the present.

It is needless to say that the acquisition of these manuscripts is a thing of which Americans have reason to be proud. In the future a complete study of biblical manuscripts of the New Testament will be all but impossible without a visit to the Freer collection at Washington.

It is also a matter of congratulation that Professor H. A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, has made an exhaustive study of the new codex and has published at the expense of Mr. Freer, and by the authority of the regents of his university, not only a facsimile [phototype] of the manuscript, but also an explanatory volume of 247 pages, which gives a complete history of the codex, its paleography, contents, problem of the text, date, etc.

It is gratifying to know that in this age of commercialism a scholar has been found in the United States, and that at a State university, capable of such work as that done by Professor Sanders. It is a fine specimen of the patient toil of a real student. It cannot but serve to increase the respect of European critics for American scholarship.

The Washington manuscript is written on parchment of excellent quality—mostly of sheepskin, but has, however, some leaves of goatskin. The latter is easily distinguishable by its texture and grain. Though the tooth of time and exposure to the elements have left their marks, it is still in an excellent state of preservation. This is due to a great extent to the fact that the leaves were protected by two wooden covers, nearly half an inch thick, on which were painted the portraits of the four evangelists.

The average thickness of the leaves is 13 mm. They vary in size from $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ 11-16 inches. The great majority of them have thirty lines; a dozen or more have thirty-one. Every page is ruled with care and

regularity. There are about five lines to the inch. There are also perpendicular lines, beyond which the writing seldom passes. The length of the lines averages four inches, with twenty-seven to thirty letters to the line. The last portion of Saint Luke's Gospel, written in a finer hand, has as high as thirty-five letters to the line.

The handwriting is that of expert copyists, evidently professional scribes, for every page is executed in "a graceful, sloping uncial of small size."

Abbreviations are much in evidence. The fact that these are not uniform shows that no general system prevailed. The same word is contracted in half a dozen ways. The abbreviations predominate in the more common words, such as God, Lord, Jesus, man, father, son, etc. No great attention was paid to the division of the sentence. We seldom find more than four punctuation marks to the page. The more common mark was one dot; sometimes two, like our colon, occur. There is a difference, too, in this regard in the several Gospels. Another method for punctuation was spacing, especially at the end of the sentence, or even phrase. We have more than nine thousand instances in the four Gospels, which correspond very closely with the number of *στίχοι* or *ῥήματα* in other codices. The sentences are, on the whole, quite uniform in length, averaging one and a half lines each. As a rule these coincide with the meaning or sense. In this regard there is less confusion than that occasioned by the accents in the Hebrew Bibles. For some reason the first quire of Saint John's Gospel has a system of its own in the matter of punctuation. This and other peculiarities must be attributed to a difference in age.

The method of paragraphing, though peculiar, seems to follow a more or less defined plan. The more usual is to set out into the margin the first letter of the paragraph. This letter is also, as a rule, larger than the rest. Where there is a divergence it is best explained by supposing that the copyists had several manuscripts before them and that they followed the one which suited their taste best. There seem to be clear traces of at least eight such manuscripts. And yet we can never decide with certainty which one was followed. Certain it is that there is no exact counterpart in any of the known codices. There are several good reasons for assuming that W. and D. had a common origin.

Diacritical marks, though employed, are not numerous. There has been an utter disregard of the accents, and even the rough breathing is of rare occurrence. Where the latter does appear it is on monosyllables, and for the purpose of avoiding confusion; for the breathing often determines the correct meaning. We sometimes find curved strokes over initial vowels, and very rarely over consonants. The apostrophe is employed not only to indicate the elision of a final vowel, but often at the end of the first syllable in proper names. Quotations are designated by special marks, but here, too, there is no uniformity. There are seven of these in Matthew, one in Luke, but not a single instance in Mark or John.

Great carelessness is seen everywhere in the matter of orthography or spelling. This is especially true in regard to vowels and diphthongs,

and quite common with double consonants—a decided preference is shown for single consonants. Occasionally, too, all rules are disregarded and an additional consonant is inserted. The interchange of letters is of frequent occurrence; for example, l for n, r, and s, m for b, and b for l.

Errors in grammar abound. This is very noticeable in the formation and employment of the tenses. There are changes in voice as well as a disregard for the correct use of the cases. The nominative and vocative are often used indiscriminately. There are many peculiar forms not met in other manuscripts. The Atticist has left his impress. So, too, there are frequent traces of Coptic and Latin influence. The divergences in orthography and construction must not be attributed to the ignorance of the scribe, but these "mark rather the character of the text tradition, its locality and age." The early papyri of Egypt furnish numerous parallels to many of these peculiarities, and so, too, the oldest Egyptian uncials. These facts when taken together argue not only for an Egyptian origin, but also for an early date, not later than the fourth century. Indeed, it may have been a product of the third century.

It is difficult to explain the repetition of five lines in John 6. 56, for as a rule the copyists have shown the greatest care in really important matters.

Now, if we consider the nature or contents of our manuscript, we see that the four Gospels must have been included entire, and like Codex Bezae, Ulfilas, and other minor ones in the approved Western order: Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark. Two long sections have been lost: John 14. 25 to 16. 7 and Mark 15. 13-38. Then we miss twelve shorter passages: three in Matthew, about ten lines; three in Mark, nearly three lines; four in Luke, four and a half lines; and two in John, about two lines. The longer lacunas are easily explained, for several leaves of the manuscript are missing, but it is impossible to account for the twelve shorter ones.

The Washington manuscript, though itself copied from earlier ones, has been corrected and amended by later scribes. "There seem to be four well-defined groups of corrections to the manuscript." Seventy-eight of these are by the hand of the original copyist. Where it was desirable to delete a word or a letter, dots were placed over the same. Some of the corrections are such as could happen in any document, "errors of eye or memory," while others are the results of variants; the influence of the Hesychian and Antioch recensions being clearly visible.

There are seventy-one corrections by a second hand. These are made by drawing a line through letters or words which were to be rejected. The work of this second reviser is easily distinguished; for there is a difference in the size and form of his letters, as well as in the color or shade of the ink. Of these seventy-one corrections ten are variants, the remainder being ordinary corrections; for example, the second copyist or reviser supplies certain words omitted by the first copyist in Matt. 15. 8.

Eleven corrections are by a third hand. As Professor Sanders observes, these are not by a professional copyist, but rather by some intelli-

gent reader evidently not used to writing, since his chirography is clumsy and awkward.

Then there are four more corrections made with jet-black ink, and in very awkward letters. It has been inferred from the color of the ink, which is precisely the same as that used in the Deuteronomy and Joshua manuscript, that these last corrections were made in the sixth century.

But what deserves special attention is the remarkable passage after Mark 16. 14. This is found in no other version or manuscript, though referred to by Jerome. Those familiar with the English and American Revised Versions need not be reminded of the space after verse eight and the marginal note to it, which states that the two oldest versions omit everything after verse 8 in this chapter. The abrupt ending, however, at this point is a sure proof that some verses have been omitted; perhaps the last leaf became lost in some way at an early date. Be that as it may, the usual ending of the Gospel (verses 9-20) is found in many of the best manuscripts. There is also another ending much shorter attributed to some Ariston, or Aristion, said to have been a contemporary of the apostles.

But to return to the passage peculiar to W. which is difficult to render owing to the corrupt state of the text. The following translation has been suggested:

"And they [the apostles] made excuse, saying, This age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, which on account of unclean spirits does not permit [us] to comprehend the truth of God and his power. For this cause they said to Christ, Reveal forthwith thy righteousness. But Christ replied to them: The full time of the power of Satan is not full, but other terrible things are at hand (?) I was delivered to death for those who sinned so that they may come back again to the truth and cease to sin, and thus inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven."

The style and language of the above is so different from the rest of the Gospel as to warrant the conclusion that the passage is an interpolation, pure and simple. There are two words in it not found in any other manuscript of the New Testament. An editorial in the Independent says: "It was added, we may presume, when the early church had begun to give up the expectation of the speedy return of Christ to the earth, as an explanation of his delay, and is valuable simply as a record of a change of view in a very early period."

As already stated, Jerome refers to the passage in his *Contra Pelagius* 2. 15, where we read: "In some copies, and especially in Greek codices, according to Mark, at the end of the Gospel it is written, Afterward when the eleven had reclined, Jesus appeared to them, and rebuked their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they did not believe those who had seen him risen. And they apologized, saying, This age of unbelief is substance [or, according to another MS., under Satan, *substantia*] which does not permit the true worth of God to be apprehended through unclean spirits."

The question of ownership cannot be determined with certainty,

though the following in the subscription to the Gospel of Mark throws some light upon the subject. Here we read: "Holy Christ, be thou with thy servant Timothy and all his." We know from another source that there was a church of Timothy in the monastery of the Vinedresser, not far from the third pyramid.

Let us hope that the rest of these manuscripts, which may be awaiting the pick of some fortunate digger, if not already in the hand of some Arab dealer, may soon be brought to light.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Modern Call of Missions. Studies in Some of the Larger Aspects of a Great Enterprise. By JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D. 8vo, pp. 341. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

Missions in the Plan of the Ages. Bible Studies in Missions. By WILLIAM OWEN CARVER, M.A., Th.D., Professor of Comparative Religion and Missions in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. 12mo, pp. 289. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

The Living Christ and Dying Heathenism. Experiences of a Missionary in Animistic Heathendom. By JOH. WARNECK, Lic. Theol., Superintendent of Missions. Authorised Translation from the Third German Edition. By REV. NEIL BUCHANAN. Royal 8vo, pp. 312. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.75, net.

THE number of books that deal with the subject of foreign missions is legion; but so phenomenal is the advance of the kingdom of God in regions beyond that this prolific output of the press is fully justifiable. Indeed, so fast do the facts accumulate that unless the writers have the gift of prophetic discernment their books soon become out of date. A study of missions will furnish the preacher with the best apologetic of Christianity. He cannot afford to neglect the *International Review of Missions*, which is at once a scientific, historical, and religious record of missionary propaganda. Dr. Warneck's book, entitled *The Living Forces of the Gospel* in the English edition, is of striking importance. He deals at first hand with some of the lowest types of society among the Battaks who inhabit the East Indian Archipelago. They dwell in a strange world haunted by demons, hunted by fear, hurt to the crippling and paralyzing of moral and spiritual perceptions. Spiritism is the center of their intensely religious life. While the idea of God is dimly preserved, his worship is almost entirely lost. Spirit possession is a strange phenomenon which defies psychological analysis. Animistic heathenism, as presented in these pages, is the negation of love. Over against a pitifully dark picture of degraded humanity Dr. Warneck sets forth results that have been achieved by the quickening powers of the gospel. He warns us against expecting at the outset a high grade of experience and life from

the converts; and yet they show many of the moral excellences that have been always associated with Christianity, like gratitude, liberality, the sense of Christian kinship and brotherly love, and the earnest courage of glad confessors, many of whom have been ready to suffer and, if need be, to die for their testimony. This book is a ringing declaration of the power of a present Christ, who alone can deliver the soul out of the nether depths of sin. It has been well said that the very idea of missions implies far-reaching plans in the mind of God. We therefore turn to the Bible for light, to learn, in the words of Dr. Carver, that "the foundation principles of the Christian task of world conquest are to be found in the Bible, not so much in the authority of an imposed duty as in the impulse of the spirit of our Religion, the genius and the very life of our Faith." After setting forth the missionary idea of the Bible in a few general outlines, Dr. Carver discusses in succeeding chapters "The Meaning of Missions—to God their Author; to Jesus their Founder; to the Individual Christian their Agent; to the Church their Conservator; to the World their Beneficiary." This is a positive and constructive presentation of missionary fundamentals and will richly repay study. Many years ago the late Professor Max Müller, of Oxford University, pointed out that the missionary is an invaluable reporter of ethnic facts. But he is doing much more. By reason of his position, he has frequently occupied an international role in diplomatic relationships. The worth of his services is readily being acknowledged as exercising an influence that makes for the comity of nations, as well as for the spread of commerce and civilization, which, however, are among the by-products of his activity. Dr. Dennis has long occupied the worthy position of an eminent missionary historian. His enthusiastic devotion to the world-wide spread of the gospel has resulted in the publication of many notable books. His *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, in three volumes, is a veritable encyclopædia and is indispensable to the student of Christian expansion. His latest book deals with modern achievements and needs, both of which constitute an urgent challenge to the church at home. This author shows a wonderful grasp of the situation at home and abroad. He interprets with unerring insight the missionary implications in the history of the world. The essay on the missionary factor in colonial history proves by a wealth of argument and illustration that missions have been one of the original sponsors of the national birthright of the American. The essay on "Missions in China" will be read with interest at this time of transition among the people of that extensive land. One third of the book is devoted to work in the Moslem world. It excellently supplements Dr. Julius Richter's notable volume on *A History of Protestant Missions in the Near East*, covering in its survey the work of over a century in the Balkan Peninsula, the Levant with Armenia and Persia, and Northeastern Africa. The earnest appeal of Mohammedan lands to the Christian public of America is thus summarized by Dr. Dennis: "Let us study this question in the light of history, and with a living sympathy in the welfare of two hundred million of our race. Consider the desperate nature of the undertaking, and how the honor

of Christ is involved throughout the Eastern world. Watch the developments of the Eastern question as one which holds in focus the most burning problems of European diplomacy. Note the rapid movements of European governments in taking possession of the territory of Africa, more than one half of which is now in their control. Watch the tightening grip of Christian civilization upon the African slave trade, which has been almost entirely the work of Arab Mohammedans. Note the marvelous political transformations in the centers of Moslem power—in Turkey, Persia, and Egypt. Study the far-reaching significance of the recent Balkan war. Take a broad outlook over the field where are gathered the momentous interests involved in this Mohammedan problem, and let us have the prayers of Christendom in the interests of Christ's kingdom and its blessed reign." The preacher who will become familiar with these books will fit himself to give a meaning and an application to the message of redemption, which shall be altogether worthy of the gospel of grace with its offer of salvation to all men.

Methodismus und Weltmission: Vortrag gehalten am 6 April, 1913, in Zirkus Busch zu Berlin von Dr. theol. J. L. Nuelen, Generalsuperintendent der Bischöflichen Methodistenkirche, Bremen: Buchhandlung und Verlag des Traktathauses, G. m. b. H. 1913, 21 pp.

WHEN we consider the bitter opposition Methodism has had to endure in Germany, and the handicaps under which she has had to do her work especially in Saxony, we may well be surprised at the royal reception accorded this speech when about four thousand people were present, including many pastors of the Lutheran or Evangelical State Church and other men of high standing. We may say with Wesley, "What hath God wrought!" In fact, it speaks volumes for the inwardness and religiousness of the German mind that an audience so vast came out in that cosmopolitan city intent on its pleasures and business. Would New York do as well? Even the secular press greeted the lecture with friendly words. We quote from the *Tägliche Rundschau*: "Starting from the fact that the modern time takes an interest not only in certain territories, but in the whole world, the lecturer showed how the Methodist movement had become the pathbreaker and preparer of the world-mission. As Methodism from the beginning had laid the chief stress on the morally renewing power of religion, and was distinguished by her Christian communion and sympathy with the masses, she had shown in all parts of the world, among civilized peoples as among the uncivilized, her property as a mission power. Not without hearty words of acknowledgment concerning other evangelical churches, especially the Lutheran, the bishop spoke of the aims, propelling forces, and successes of the Methodist Church." Even to see a reference to Methodism in a German paper without the use of the word "sect" is something to be thankful for. And the lecture was certainly worthy of the occasion. We have read it with intense interest. Other religions have now a world vision. "Buddhism to-day is no longer a philosophic religious tendency in India; it has become an aggressive world power; Mohammedanism calls its leaders together and plans a world campaign. Not with the sword, as centuries

ago, but by energetic deliberate mission activity. And Christianity? From the beginning it bore the stamp of universalism. There was neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female," etc. And this world-mission is not simply an "innocent private pleasure of a few pious over zealous souls. While the winning of individual souls stands and always will stand at the center of its efforts, its periphery takes in the whole civilized life. Even if yet superficial tourists or mercenary commercial men express unfavorable judgments on the work of missionaries, these utterances—generally springing out of unworthy motives—are richly outweighed by the objective judgments of leading statesmen, colonial officers, and investigators." Modern missions are a mighty world-encompassing movement. In this Methodism has a chief part. Yes, this Methodism, which is still styled a sect on the Continent, classed with factions and fanatics, boycotted with the epithet "Made in England," despised as an intruder, is the church to which God has given an epoch-making significance in the present historical position of Christianity. The learned lecturer claims that Methodism has been the chief stimulus of the modern mission movement, and quotes Hackmann in the new *Encyclopædia, Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart* to the effect that to Methodism is to be attributed the driving impulse which bought out the great missionary movement and began the present missionary age. Thankful as we are for the influence of the Moravian Brethren and Pietism, yet the judgment of the master of German mission science, Warneck, holds when he says: "It is an unhistorical exaggeration to assert that the present great missionary movement received its chief impulse from the Moravian Brethren. The mighty religious revival which set in about the middle of the eighteenth century is the bosom of the post-Zinzendorfian mission life. In that religious awakening lay the seed corn of missions which sprang up in the following generation and almost at the same time in more than one circle of the awakened." Zinzendorf indeed said: "The whole earth is the Lord's and all souls are his, and I am a debtor to all," but the little states of that time were no ground for this seed; it needed the world colonial empire of England. Luther and the Reformers had no idea of a world-mission. In fact, Luther said: "After the apostles no one has received the universal command, but every bishop or minister has his own district parish or charge"; and although, as Warneck says, the Brethren's Church placed before the eyes of Protestantism of the eighteenth century a magnificent and as yet unknown mission activity, for half a century they exercised no mission influence on that Protestantism. But, says our bishop, "upon the wings of English imperialism Wesley's bold word, 'The world is my parish,' has been carried out into all the world and has become a fact," a deed. It would be unfair in a review to quote more of this stimulating and splendid address. In the original or in a translation (for, though intended for the German public, it could well be read by English-speaking people) the reader can get the full message. It ought to have wide and most beneficial effect in the most influential land of the Continent. It ought to stop the petty persecutions and various legal annoyances in

Saxony. O! that a similar audience could hear that lecture in Lutheran Leipzig, with her mediæval restrictions! It ought to pave the way for complete liberty of conscience and of worship in Germany and Austria.

The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy. By GIOVANNI LUZZI, D.D., Professor in the Waldensian Theological Seminary, Florence. 8vo, pp. 338. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

THE substance of this book was delivered as lectures at several theological seminaries and universities in the United States. The author is well known as the pastor of the Waldensian Church in Florence, a professor in the theological seminary of his denomination, and chairman of the Italian Student Movement. In this book he introduces the reader to a notable chapter in the history of the Christian church. It is very desirable that we should have in English a series of volumes dealing with the Christianity of different lands, on the scale of this book, written by natives who are thoroughly familiar at first hand with the traditions, literature, and inner life of their countries. The quotations from Italian writings alone make this book of great value to the student of Christianity. How little is known of the faithful men who struggled and triumphed for the kingdom of God! Names unheard of before appear in these pages with a spiritual aureole of radiant consecration to Christ. Dr. Luzzi reviews the course of Christianity in Italy from its obscure and modest beginnings in Rome in the first century. He traces the movement in its rise and fall, and deals with the corruption and reformation, the persecution and protest during the centuries up to the present day. When the church acquired earthly power at the sacrifice of spiritual efficiency, it was to be expected that voices of revolt should be heard making demand for the bread that perisheth not. Among the pilgrims of the higher way who were found in these times of darkness and discontent, honorable mention must be made of the Waldenses, who found refuge in the Cottian Alps. They are the oldest Protestant church, dating back to the twelfth century. These obscure saints bore their testimony under incredibly adverse circumstances. They suffered excommunication and confiscation, they were butchered and tormented, but throughout their travails they maintained the spirit of fidelity that had been so well exemplified by Peter Waldo, their apostolic founder. The account of the emancipation of the Waldenses in the kingdom of Piedmont in 1848 is written with deep feeling. The noble serenity of these earnest and simple folk may be illustrated by an incident connected with the arrest of Count Guicciardini and six others for the crime of sitting round a table and reading the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel. When they arrived at the prison, the Count, taking a small Testament from an inner pocket, which the police had not been able to find when they searched him, said in the most natural way, addressing his companions: "And now, brethren, let us resume our meditation." One chapter deals with the "Dramatic History" of the Bible in Italy. The subtle opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to the spread of God's Word and the pitiful exhibition of ecclesiastical chicanery were

shown in the fate of the Society of Saint Jerome, which was established for the spread of the gospel. This organization was extinguished by the Curia, which feared a reawakening of the people's conscience. Another chapter is entitled, "In the Land of Exile," and it deals with the valiant services of Gabriele Rossetti, Mazzini, Ferretti, Gavazzi, and other loyal souls who suffered exile for the sake of liberty. The Reformation touched a responsive chord in Italy, but it did not produce permanent results. A study of this failure will enable us to understand some of the difficulties of modern Protestantism in Italy. We turn from this book to the annual report of the Board of Foreign Missions of our own church for 1912, and gladly note that our representatives make encouraging reports of advance in Italy (see pages 421-427). The concluding chapter of Dr. Luzzi's book on Modernism is a careful analysis of existing conditions within the Roman Church. Modernism is an unfortunate term, but it nevertheless stands for a radical movement which purposes to obtain mental freedom and spiritual liberty. The spirit of modernism has found expression in various ways from early times, but the present revolution has been precipitated by the corruptions of Romanism and the growing influences of Protestantism. The demands made on Papal Rome are suggestive of urgent needs. Among the pressing requests are: the abolition of compulsory celibacy for the clergy, the education of the clergy to be conducted on broad lines calculated to bring together the priesthood and the laity, the Holy Scriptures to be spread all over the country, and to become, as Chrysostom wanted them to be, the manual of all believers, the abolition of the ordinance directing the same liturgy—in a language not understood by the people—to be used in all churches, the sacrament of the Holy Communion to be administered with the bread and the cup to the people. The letters received by Dr. Luzzi from Roman Catholics in Italy, which are printed in this book, are a startling revelation, all the more as they were from leading priests and laymen. The program of Modernism does not go far enough, but it is a step in the right direction. This book is a militant appeal to Protestantism, and it deserves a wide circulation.

. PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Socialism and Character. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. Crown 8vo, pp. 431. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

MISS SCUDDER'S book begins thus: "Socialism is now making itself felt in every Anglo-Saxon country, not merely as an academic theory, but as a political force. Associations enlisting the joint support of high finance and high ideals are formed against it; local victories, in the United States, increase with each election. Shall this socialism remain purely political? Or shall its rich moral possibilities be fostered and utilized? Shall it be allowed to develop mainly as a negative movement of revolt from an intolerable situation, or should men rather stress

in it the constructive elements related less to the attainment of material decencies than to the upbuilding of character?" Noting that the conservative Christian socialist and the revolutionary socialist not only speak a different language, but think in different categories, she affirms that our only chance of escape from an ominous future is by achieving the reconciliation of these categories. Seeing such reconciliation to be the only hope of democracy, she has labored conscientiously over the difficult problem and now presents in this book the processes and the result of her studies. We incline to agree with the claim of the publishers that "Miss Scudder treads debatable ground both reasonably and persuasively, and thinkers of every school may find her book stimulating and suggestive." Frankly, the first part of the book failed to interest us; it seemed remote, academic, diffuse, vague. Farther on we became increasingly interested, and when we reached "Part IV, The Future of Religion," we really "got on board" with pleasure in the voyage, though not able to be as sanguine as the author about the blessings hoped for from socialism. Our sampling of the book is from that last part. Asking what types of religious life are likely to obtain on such a stage as the future will offer for the spiritual drama, the author replies thus, in part: "To English readers, at least, the question presents itself under three aspects: the future of religion at large; the probable future of Christianity; and the possible faith of the forms of Christianity, in particular of the two great divisions, Protestantism and Catholicism. The larger religious future is inevitably bound up with certain primary questions. Will religion be a matter of dogma, or of intuition and unformulated sentiment? Will it hold to its belief in a personal God? What will be its attitude toward death and immortality? The present reaction against dogma is a very complex affair. Our widespread distaste is determined somewhat by our pleasures in escape from bigotry, somewhat by a genuine broadening of sympathies and a quickened perception of the relative nature of religious formulæ. But with these healthy and right instincts blend others which might inspire us with less complacency. A certain haziness and laziness in thinking has been the natural concomitant of that deep and subtle materializing of our inner life consequent on our commercial civilization. The blight that has rested on the general religious consciousness during the modern epoch may be, at least in part, responsible for the reluctance of people to adhere with any ardor to old creeds or to evolve new ones. For, after all, religious dogma only represents man thinking, and thinking on those high themes concerning which indifference is unnatural. His thoughts have not been tedious or puerile or empty; they have been noble, lofty, and profound. If it is unfortunate to cling to one's thought on Unseen Mysteries and our relation to them as final, it is more unfortunate to refuse to think at all. Victorian agnosticism only too often masked its indolence or discouragement as reverence and expressed simply an intellectual cowardice where it thought to achieve a philosophic depth. The dogmatizing ages were great and glorious ages in the history of the mind. We may

hope to have escaped permanently the evil by-products of their ardors—religious persecutions and spiritual arrogance; but in times of greater intellectual leisure and freedom it is quite probable, as we have already suggested, that, while retaining the precious heritage of broad sympathies which the closing age bequeaths, we may also revive that passion for high spiritual adventure, that audacious yet worshipful endeavor to translate the elusive experiences of the spirit into terms that shall fix them as social possessions, which marked the great ages of faith and of the creeds. Will these creeds be the old creeds, rediscovered, reasserted? Will they be new ones, inconceivable to us at present? Such questions no one can answer. We notice on the one hand in most modern religious movements, Catholic and Protestant, the striking emphasis on the instinct of continuity. Iconoclasm is no longer valued for its own sake; the escape from old shackles intoxicates no more. It is safe to predict that reverence for tradition will continue to increase, and that the creeds of the future will bear an organic relation to those of the past. Yet while the religious consciousness is, in one sense, permanent, it is, in another, constantly progressive. To press on bravely, reverently, seeking to reconcile loyalty with courage, in the new reaches of life that await us, is a duty arduous enough to preserve the future race from complacency and to stimulate that ceaseless labor of the mind which is at once agony and life. One guiding principle is plain. Thought is constrained to-day, whether it will or no, to place new emphasis on the human side of religious evolution and to perceive the large measure of control exercised by social and economic conditions over religious formulae. Disinterested scholarship has no more vital task before it than to analyze and follow this control. To call faith the mirror of life would be inaccurate; but at least that far glory on which the eyes of faith are ever fixed is seen by men through the life they share and of which they are the product. The time has come for even the most orthodox to accept this point of view boldly and to recognize that, whatever happens to formulae, concepts change from age to age, such change being largely, though obscurely, determined by the characteristics of the social structure. Now humanity has never yet realized itself as a social democracy, and we may be sure that whatever may be the fate of religion in the socialist state, new experiences are awaiting it. In thus acknowledging the power of social institutions to control, if not to generate, religious ideas, we must not be thought to imply a purely human origin for religion. Religion itself is not born from below, but from above. Of this that ultimate criterion of knowledge, the experience of the race, assures us even more clearly than metaphysical inquiries. All positive definitions and intuitions of spiritual truth have pointed to a great Reality. This confidence protects and reassures us in days when thoughts of process too often overpower those of ultimate origin. Formulae alter, theologies change, determined largely by the phases of social growth; yet they are, all alike, attempts, not to give a body to illusion, but to portray experienced fact. Once assured of this, the soul can rest secure, however winds may strain and waves may rage. Religion has

from the first been no mere translation of desire into metaphor; it has been the progressive effort, less crude as the generations pass, to describe experience. This experience deepens and widens through the ages, and formulæ slowly follow it, but the 'God, Creation's secret Force,' is for ever 'Himself Unmoved, all motion's Source,' and through all groping and temporary obscuration we move ever nearer to the Uncreated Light." The author goes on: "While the conception of a God 'sustaining the world by the immanence of his will' is certain to grow clearer, it would be rash to assert that the other conception of one who 'transcends the world in the glory of his being' will necessarily fade away. For we cannot question that in modern society the sense of personality is constantly growing more acute. Democracy from its birth had a marvelous perception of the glory and significance of the individual; this perception is starting-point and foundation of that collective ideal which is coming to dominate our thought. We remember how at the outset of the democratic period the piercing accents of Blake, summing up all that the most daring anthropomorphism could express, left us breathless. From Emerson to Browning the lesson has been reëchoed in exaltation. And as democracy develops, this feeling for the miracle of personality is likely to deepen. If socialism, by enhancing the common consciousness and emphasizing collective action, withdraws, as it well may do, some props round which the separatist ideal of life has twined, it may, none the less, if only from the fact that it will mark the highest stage yet of social evolution, teach us to value and experience the mystery of our own personal being as never before. The larger freedom for individual development toward which we look when our brutalizing conditions shall have yielded to a more generous fostering of human aptitudes will inevitably bring with it a growing delight in that ultimate marvel of character which is, so far as we know, the last triumph, as it is the last mystery, of the universe. However much farther the analysis of multiple personality may be carried, the man must always remain one, and finally the only, actor in his own inner world. Self-consciousness, which has become infinitely deeper and more intricate since the days of Homer, will become continually more intense and subtle: known by each man in himself, inferred by him in others, it may remain while he lives, if not when he thinks, the surest fact on his horizon. Now, no matter what wide reaches of unsounded being alien or akin to his own man may dimly discern in the Infinite, he can never exclude from that Infinite the highest and surest mode of existence that he knows. Still spirit will seek to meet with Spirit; and, after all, to protect the possibility of that meeting was all which the theologians ever meant with their insistence on the much-battered, largely misunderstood, highly unsatisfactory, and wholly indispensable term, a personal God. That the very conception of personality, whether human or divine, is, however, to be immensely enlarged and enriched, partly through the advance of psychology, partly through a widening social experience, partly through new insight into the spiritual life of nature, we cannot doubt. Not without meaning is symbol the synonym for creed. The symbol

for Infinite Reality cherished by the coöperative commonwealth must contain a wider majesty than is known to-day. We are not likely to apprehend God more intensely than the psalmist or Saint Augustine; in dwelling on the evolutionary aspects of religion we must not forget that it is in one sense the most static of phenomena, enabling us more than aught else in history to measure our own littleness and the slowness of our advance. But though we may not feel more intensely, that which we feel will be more in accordance with the depths of the riches of the unsearchable Being of God. Forms of religious thought are the final test of every civilization; in the new society, the Voice of the Beloved, speaking to the disciple as it has spoken from the beginning, may rise from regions of consciousness before unsounded and echo from a range of experience coextensive with a universe ever more holy because ever more alive. Those social conceptions which are already so intimately affecting the springs of thought must, when perfected, lead to religious conceptions in which ideas of transcendence and immanence may be at least partially fused, and which will be as far removed from the empty monotheism of the eighteenth century or the lower ranges of Unitarianism as from crass tritheism. Orient and Occident will contribute to the idea. The God of the East is perceived from the vast silences of nature; the God of the future democracy must rather be the God of them that dwell in cities. Yet if we are really to build 'in England's green and pleasant land' a nearer image than heretofore of the 'Civitas Dei,' it may well be that the heavens and He that dwelleth therein shall be as well discerned from its streets thronged with comrades as from the lonely sweep of the desert or the peaks of farthest Himalaya. Of one thing we may be sure: no ideal that, bearing the test of time and social change, has proved permanently life-giving will ever be discarded from religious concepts. And among such ideals we must give first rank to faith in a God who forever assures his creatures that before they call he will answer, and while they are yet speaking he will hear." Miss Seudder deals with vicarious atonement, redemption through anguish, and the consciousness of sin. On this last she says: "Sin! The modern world evades the word. Doctor Elliot has no place for it in his new religion. A clergyman, writing in the *Hibbert Journal*, avows that it is to him repellent and meaningless. Yet conviction of sin is the first condition of growth. The thought of sacrifice implies not only a giving, but a receiving, and the race that produces saviors must also need to be saved. The holiest men have always experienced the most bitter penitence; nor can we imagine it otherwise with the nobler community of our dreams. A humanity that, through the joint pressure of economic and moral forces, has at last achieved social forms which express the alphabet of Christian ethics, must be increasingly sensitive to its moral failures if its success is to mean progress. One shrinks from imagining a society devoid of the life-giving sting of remorse. There will always be some to feel this sting. We cannot here sound, but we may at least recognize, the power of Christianity to meet their need. We saw it competent to correct the moral superficiality that may be all too prevalent,

by holding up its inexorable ideal of absolute holiness; we see it now competent to heal the wound of these souls of deeper insight; for in that very ideal which is the Judge, it holds, by miracle of grace, the Redeemer. The Supreme Sacrifice to which its eyes are turned has, as it claims, not risen from the natural order, but been manifest from above. So it is that the religion of the cross has proved competent throughout history to quicken at once that sense of failure and that confident hope of renewal, from the union of which comes power to go on.

O Love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread hour your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love!

It seems unlikely that in any living civilization these lines should lose their force. That vision of perfection which Christian teachers hold aloft will always be needed. But the shadow of the cross must always fall along a path where the vision of perfection sheds its light. So thorny is this path of life that the only strength which has enabled man to tread in it is the belief that God has trodden it first. If the doctrine of the Trinity means that love was at the beginning, so Calvary means to the Christian heart that love is at the end also. A Deity who did not stoop to the last agony would be a God surpassed by man 'in the one way of love'—man, so eager to die for his beloved—and so, no God at all. The cross is necessary to the full conception of Godhead. So awfully compelling is the vision of the Way of Sorrows with one despised and rejected moving along it to Calvary, that the most rebellious eyes must see it wherever they turn. In Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*, Julian the Apostate fights a lifelong, losing battle against the Galilean, in the name of the fair glories of the Pagan world. On the night before his last conflict, he recounts a dream: 'Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out on earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space till my feet rested on another world. But behold—there came a procession by me, on the strange earth where I stood. And in the midst of the slow-moving array was the Galilean, alive and bearing a cross on his back. Then I called to him and said: "Whither away, Galilean?" But he turned his head toward me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said: "To the Place of the Skull." Where is he now? What if that at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in passing, in a leisure hour? What if he goes on and on, and suffers, and dies, and conquers, again and again, from world to world? From world to world, also from age to age, the great doctrine of the atonement, like all the other Christian doctrines, is viewed more and more '*sub specie æternitatis*.' Under the growing perception of the divine fulfilled in the human we come to know that redemption is achieved, not by a God working apart from his creation and performing isolated miracles, but by the union in sacrificial passion of all who would spend themselves for

the world's need and rescue it from its sins by the very anguish of their penitence, following the Captain of their salvation. That such sacrifice is eternally necessary to progress has always been clear to the Christian vision." As we close this book, in which shines much of "the hallowed glory of the Christian faith," Emerson's saying, "Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open," is recalled in these verses by F. Converse:

I have a golden ball,
A big, bright, shining one,
Pure gold—and it is all
Mine. It is the sun.

I have a silver ball,
A white and glistening stone
That other people call
The moon—my very own!

And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours—
The shimmer and the shine!—
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!

William Ernest Henley. By L. COPE COMFORD. 12mo, pp. 109. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, 75 cents, net.

THIS is less a biography than a study of literary labor and product, though a striking character is the producing agent. Here he is: "The door opened and a big man was suddenly framed in the opening. He supported himself with one hand pressed against the woodwork, the other bearing upon an ivory-handled stick. His great head was poised a little backward upon broad shoulders; his upstanding hair and fine-spun beard were of a tawny hue; the eyes of a clear blue, their gaze direct and yet as though dwelling upon far things; the mouth was full-lipped, the face large and square of jaw." That is W. E. Henley, then editor of the *National Observer*, whom his biographer calls "one of the greatest forces in English letters of the later Victorian age"; a man who had more than his share of hard knocks and suffering, but lived bravely and toiled hard, not without result. Of the chief literary figures in the mid-nineteenth century when Henley began, these estimates are given: "In France, Victor Hugo was the master-spirit of his age. Henley wrote of him, 'from first to last, from the time of Chateaubriand to the time of Zola, he was a leader of men; and with his departure from the scene the undivided sovereignty of literature became a thing of the past, like Alexander's Empire.' . . . Carlyle was to nineteenth-century England what the Hebrew prophets were to the children of Israel; he received, perhaps, much the same kind of attention. Arnold, the elegant scholar (and if the truth must be told, the prig), preached the doctrine of culture in his bland, witty, superior way. The master-gift of Ruskin was eloquence; his theories concerning the practice of art were never

of the least service to artists; and it would seem that of all his magnificent volume of lyric exhortation, the one admonitory system which was rejected with contumely by his contemporaries, his political economy, is to be of enduring value; while his splendid prose remains to be treasured for its own sake. Pater was a hedonist; Symonds a refined and scholarly critic of history and literature. Apart from these, Thomas Henry Huxley wielded the broad ax as the pioneer of scientific thought amid the jungle of prejudice; on the other side, John Henry Newman and the men of the Oxford movement fought for quite another ideal." We are told that the age into which Henley was born was not the age he would have chosen. In the common phrase, he was born too soon—say, twenty years too soon. "The later nineteenth century was distinguished by a worship of Mammon only less savage than the inhuman orgie of the preceding fifty years, because wealth had accumulated. The great middle class was swallowed up in the contemplation of its own vast riches and its impeccable and complacent respectability. A consuming lust for money had left neither leisure for art nor the faculty for appreciating it. Religion there was; religion tied hand and foot by dogmatic respectability; sentiment there was, severely limited in scope by the adamant restrictions surrounding the Young Person; art there was; and it stands embodied in the Albert Memorial for succeeding generations to revere. England, in fact (to quote Henley), went about in the Shadow of the Albert Hat. Everything outside that charmed circle was—not respectable." Against respectability and decency there have always been insurgents. Some of the rebels of Henley's day are mentioned here as leaders of revolt: Byron, who was dead, but whose stench lingered; James Thomson, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*, and intimate friend of Charles Bradlaugh; Swinburne, whom respectability banned as improper; George Meredith, whom few understand; and there was the rebel Walt Whitman, who, we are here told, was for stripping the Young Person naked, and for stripping life naked before the Young Person, and who, we are forced to add, seems to be having his way to-day when he and his impudent kind have succeeded in producing that hideous creature, that shameless minx, the bold modern girl whose brazen immodesty makes all modest and womanly women seem more precious than rubies, dearer and lovelier day by day. Mrs. Humphry Ward says truly that the manners, the plays, and the talk of our day attack the innocence of the Young Person at every turn. Whitman, named in this book as one of the "rebels," was the animal who told the worshiping assemblies of the world that the smell of his arm-pits was finer than all their prayers (read it in his works), a speech possible only for an essential orang-outang, however disguised as a human being. Such rank beastliness seems not, however, very strange in the loud, swaggering champion of things illicit and the irresponsible miscellaneous father of illegitimates; contemplating which, one finds positive relief in being able to catch at the suggestion of paranoia offered by Whitman's enormously grotesque egotism, a megalomania shared with poor crazy Nietzsche, whose idea of himself was, "I am the most independent and

the strongest spirit in our world of to-day." What a pitiable and sickening and ghastly lot they all are! But we must get back to Henley. In his twelfth year he was attacked by that tuberculosis disease which tortured him at intervals throughout his life. At that time the proper treatment was not known. Had Henley been born fifty years later, in all probability he could have been speedily cured. As it was, he was crippled; and being crippled, he was driven in upon books and dreams and study. At the age of eighteen, Henley passed the Oxford local examination as senior candidate. He continued to live at home; his disease compelled the amputation of one foot; and the doctors informed him that in order to save his life it would be necessary to lose the other foot. They also seem to have spoken with some disrespect of Professor Joseph (afterward Lord) Lister, who had begun his new antiseptic treatment at Edinburgh. Henley characteristically determined to save his foot if it was possible; and, also characteristically, decided that, if it was possible, Lister was the man to save it. Accordingly, in the year 1873, he went to Edinburgh—he is silent with regard to the suffering so painful a journey must have inflicted upon a lad racked with disease and bitterly poor. At any rate, when he arrived he was desperate; and when Lister asked him why he had come to him, Lister, Henley replied in plain terms that it was because the rest of the medical profession had declared that he, Professor Lister, was (in effect) totally incompetent. Lister said nothing; but he saved the foot." Henley spent twenty months as a patient in the old Edinburgh Infirmary. There Leslie Stephen, then editor of the Cornhill Magazine, went to see him, and wrote: "... I had an interesting visit to my poor contributor. He is a miserable cripple in the infirmary, who has lost one foot and is likely to lose another—or rather hopes just to save it—and has a crippled hand besides. He has been eighteen months laid up here, and in that time has taught himself Spanish, Italian, and German. He writes poems of the Swinburne kind, and reads such books as he can get hold of. I have taken one of his poems for The Cornhill. I went to see Stevenson this morning, Colvin's friend, and told him all about this poor creature, and am going to take him there this afternoon. He will be able to lend him books, and perhaps to read his MSS. and be otherwise useful. So I hope that my coming to Edinburgh will have done good to one living creature. . . ." Henley came out of the infirmary in 1875, aged twenty-six. His father had died, leaving nothing, or less than nothing; and it fell to Henley to help his family. Whereof no more need be said than that Henley, at one time or another, stoically drank the cup of poverty to the dregs. There was, for instance, one occasion when he and his brother Anthony were absolutely penniless. Henley, exhausted with hunger, lay on his bed; toward evening, Anthony, in desperation, went out. In the light of the street-lamp he beheld a shilling glittering on the pavement, and the famishing brothers had supper. Now comes the most astounding thing. Three years after he got out of the hospital this "lame man with his family on his back," and with very little money, married, becoming thus a propagator of poverty, disease, and misery.

The only child of the marriage died at the age of five. Such a marriage is a sin against the world. Henley was a brilliant critic of literature. His power of divination is seen in this comment on the Homer of Messrs. Henry Butcher and Andrew Lang: "To read this *Odyssey* of theirs is to have a breath of the clear, serene airs that blew through the antique Hellas; to catch a glimpse of the large, new morning light that bathes the seas and highlands of the young heroic world. In a space of shining and fragrant clarity you have a vision of marble columns and stately cities, of men august in simple-heartedness and strength, and women comely and simple and superb as goddesses; and with a music of leaves and winds and waters, of plunging ships and clanging armors, of girls at song and kindly gods discoursing, the sunny-eyed heroic age is revealed in all its nobleness, in all its majesty, its candor, and its charm. The air is yet plangent with echoes of the leaguer of Troy." Also in this on the seventeenth century poet-parson: "In Herrick the air is fragrant with new-mown hay; there is a morning light upon all things; long shadows streak the grass, and on the eglantine swinging in the hedge the dew lies white and brilliant. . . . The flowers are maids to him, and the maids are flowers. . . . His pages breathe their clean and innocent perfumes and are beautiful with the chaste beauty of their color, just as they carry with them something of the sweetness and simplicity of maidenhood itself. . . ." If Henley was alive and in his prime to-day he would not be the new Poet Laureate, nor an approver of the recent selection. He would sympathize with the *London World's* lines:

If Kipling had not been so hot
Against our ruling "coolie" lot—
If hapless Watson had not sung
Of Some One with a serpent's tongue—
If Hardy's muse had learned in youth
To be less ruggedly uncouth—
If Masfield did not serve his verse
Peppered with "damns," and even worse—
Then one of these might fairly ask
The bays—and the commuted cask;
But as for reasons here supplied
These four appear disqualified,
We, as a Laureate used to write,
"Come down from yonder mountain height,"
And leave the torrents of its ridges
For the still stream of classic Bridges.

In 1890, when every other editor of standing in London was afraid to publish Kipling's scathing verses on the Parnell Commission entitled "Cleared," Henley printed that red-hot righteous indictment in the *National Observer*, of which he was then editor. The man who does not hesitate to lash his country for her good as with a whip of fire; who wrote of some of the British government's doings in Egypt, "That is England's awful way of doing business; she would treat her God or

Gordon just the same"—he will never be made Poet Laureate. It would not do to have a prophet in the laureateship: he might call down fire from heaven. One of the explanations of Kipling is that a double strain of prophesying blood flows into him from two Methodist-preacher grandfathers. He is capable of moral majesty and of the prophetic rage. A voice to be feared is his; and he has the public ear, for obvious good reasons. One is that he is never dirty, never salacious. Rough he may be, powerfully rough at times; he repeats the rude speech of rough men; but he is never lewd. He is too manly and decent for that; which is more than can be said for Hardy or Masefield. Another reason is that he has the omnific gift of power; and as Clive's friend in Browning's poem says, "Power is power, my boy, and still marks the man." No other has his muscle and sinew, his curt, swift, cleaving stroke, his straight aim and smiting, ringing force. As Edward Dowden once said: "Rudyard Kipling ought to be satisfied with the acoustics of the globe. His voice fills [and, we add, shakes] the building." A South American Bishop who knew Kipling in India, writing from La Serena, Chile, says: "By the advice of Dr. Rogers, I am trying to wean myself temporarily from Kipling and Browning, and to be satisfied with the pabulum procurable from Wordsworth; but I confess I do not thrive on the diet. The milk seems watered. I am trying the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, reading them piously and persistently, on shipboard and in port; but I fear my palate has been so long accustomed to stronger flavors that I shall never relish the mild products which make up the bulk of Wordsworth's poetry. Some of it is pretty, even beautiful, but little of it seems to me to have any particular message of importance." All true and just enough, good Bishop; yet the London World is right—the governing clique in England will never confer the laureateship on Kipling. It prefers the pale, placid, polished, academic old gentleman whose appointment is as innocuous as it is unimpressive. Henley's best-known poem is this:

Out of the night which covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever god may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance.
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

This is a magical verse on London bells:

Saint Margaret's bells,
Quiring their innocent old-world canticles,
Sing in the storied air,
All rosy-and-golden as with memories
Of woods at evensong, and sands and seas
Disconsolate for that the night is nigh.

Here are two pensive and wistful toward-evening verses:

My songs were once of the sunrise:
They shouted it over the bar;
First-footing the dawns, they flourished,
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset:
Their brows are touched with light,
But their feet are lost in the shadows
And wet with the dews of night.

This stanza may fitly follow:

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song have been.

When Henley passed into the great silence, his aspiration, which he had made into verse twenty-seven years before his time came, was fulfilled:

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., enlarged from original MSS., with notes from unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by Experts. Standard Edition, vol. iii. New York: Eaton & Mains (London: Charles H. Kelly), n. d., but 1912, x, 540. \$3 when sold in connection with other volumes of the set (6 vols in all).

As this reviewer has read every line of this book, he may be pardoned for saying that in his judgment it is (taken in connection with the other vols., see this REVIEW, January, 1912, 166-169) one of the most important books in church history published within a decade. It not only gives for the first time the exact and full text of the Journals, but its own notes are invaluable. If one wants to know at first hand not only the external history, but the very complexion and spirit of the most important movement since the Reformation, as well as to read the heart

of Wesley like an open book, he must give his days and nights to the study of Curnock's edition of the Journals. Even those parts of the book less interesting to a modern reader, like the long extracts from letters and other documents which Wesley occasionally inserted, are the very parts which to a careful historical student are the most valuable. Those relating to the Moravians Wesley might well have omitted, as the latter's services to him were inestimable, and one clear criticism was sufficient. On the other hand, the teachings of some of the Moravians in England were pernicious, and Wesley felt most deeply both their falsity and their danger. In fact, this whole Journal reveals Wesley's intense interest in doctrinal correctness. If anyone thinks from his insistence on the catholicity of his societies, their freedom from doctrinal tests, that he was himself a "liberal" in theology in anything like the present-day sense, he is deeply mistaken. Wesley was not only orthodox through and through on all the essentials, but he was greatly concerned in keeping his societies orthodox. Notice his scorching entry on the Rev. Dr. John Taylor's views on original sin (Taylor was for twenty-five years, till 1755, pastor of a kind of Unitarian Presbyterian Church in Norwich): "We came to Shackerley, six miles farther, before five in the evening. Abundance of people were gathered before six, many of whom were disciples of Dr. Taylor, laughing at original sin, and consequently at the whole frame of scriptural Christianity. O! what a providence is it which has brought us here also, among these silver-tongued antichrists! Surely a few at least will recover out of the snare, and know Jesus Christ as their wisdom and righteousness" (August 28, 1748, p. 374). Unlike the two former volumes, this has no entries from the recently discovered short-hand diaries. But that does not mean that it does not have much new material. (1) There are the restorations of passages in the first edition, but written by Wesley himself in the later. See pages 389, 395, etc. (2) Swindell's copy of Wesley's Journal, see pages 396, 397. (3) Meriton's version of Wesley's larger Journal, of which the regular or printed Journal is only an extract. See pages 341-345. Wherever the diligent eyes of Curnock and his assistants have discovered any additions they have inserted them at the proper place. Besides these additions in the text, there are in the notes most valuable quotations from published and unpublished material in elucidation of the text. For instance: It is well known that Wesley loved the widow Murray, a noble, pious, and able woman, in every way worthy of him, with whom he was engaged and whom he would have married in the fall of 1749 if it had not been for a combination of circumstances into which it is not necessary to go here, but of which the impetuous, persistent, and disastrous, though well-meant interference of his brother Charles was the chief part. There is in the British Museum a MS. of Wesley giving an account of the life of Grace Murray (born Norman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne) and especially of the circumstances of her marriage, etc. It was printed in full by Leger, in *John Wesley's Last Love*, 1910. Appropriate sections are given by Curnock, with copious elucidations of his own, pages 416-422, 431, 435-440. Having read this tragic history, we have to say that Wesley comes out of it like

the Christian hero that he was. Engulfed in the waves of his heart-breaking renunciation, he abated not one jot of his work. Place side by side his regular Journal entry of October 1, 1749, and that of his private Grace Murray MS. in the British Museum:

JOURNAL

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I preached at the Gins about eight to the usual congregation; and surely God was in the midst of them, breaking the hearts of stone. I was greatly comforted at church [he always attended the regular service of the Church of England when possible, and insisted—not always successfully—upon his people doing the same], not only from the lessons, both morning and afternoon, and in the Lord's Supper, but even in the psalms which were sung both at morning and evening services. At two I explained to an earnest congregation at Hensingham the redemption that is in Christ Jesus and at five exhorted a large multitude at Whitehaven, with strong and pressing words, to examine whether they had sufficient grounds for calling either themselves or their neighbors Christians (pages 435-6).

BRITISH MUSEUM MS.

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I was in great heaviness, my heart was sinking in me like a stone. Only so long as I was preaching I felt ease. When I had done the weight returned. I went to church sorrowful and very heavy, though I knew not any particular cause. [At this time Charles had not succeeded in breaking up the match, to which he was deadly opposed, and which he believed would utterly ruin the Methodist movement, though he was in the process of breaking it up.] And God found me there. Not only the lessons both morning and afternoon, containing the account of the three children in the fiery furnace, of Daniel in the lions' den, and of our Lord's walking on the water and calming the storm, seemed all designed for me; but even the psalms which were sung all the day. I found, likewise, much refreshment in the sacrament. When I came home I took up a Common Prayer Book, and opened upon these words: "Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries; for there are false witnesses risen up against me, and such as speak wrong. [This was literally true in this case, though unintentionally so.] I should utterly have fainted; but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart; and put thy trust in the Lord" (Psa. 27. 14). In the evening my heaviness returned, but with much of the spirit of prayer. It seemed to me that I ought not to linger here, and yet I knew not whither to go; till Mr. P.[erronet] asked, "Will you go to Leeds on Tuesday?" Immediately my mind was easy. I had sent notice of being there on Wednesday evening, but it was gone out of my thoughts. I determined to go; only I was concerned to leave Whitehaven without a preacher. We then poured out our hearts before God; and I was led, I know not how, to ask that, if he saw good, he would show me the end of these things, in dreams or visions of the night. I dreamed I saw a man bring out G.[race] M.[urray], who told her she was condemned to die, that all things were now in readiness, etc., etc.

It would be unjust to the riches of this volume to quote more of this soul-revealing history, this marvelous parallel of the public Journal with the private account of these sorrowful days. One feels almost like apologizing to Wesley and to the Almighty for reading these secret journals of a bleeding spirit, for it is like assisting at the Day of Judgment before one's time. This book also tells about the marriage of Wesley to the wealthy widow Vazelle, with much new light in the voluminous notes of the indefatigable editor, with whom we agree thoroughly when he says: "As in the Grace Murray episode, so now, it was Charles Wesley's want of tact and prudence, of calm wisdom, of strong self-control, in a word, his temperamental weakness, that aggravated a difficult situation, if it did not entirely account for the trouble [between Wesley and his wife] that followed" (page 514). Curnock quotes from the shorthand Journal of Charles Wesley (page 515). When shall we have that also published? It remains only to notice a dip or two in the notes. John Endicott did *not* persecute the Indians (page 126, note 2), and his so-called "persecution" of the Quakers was child's play compared to their sufferings in England. Wesley is unfair in using the word "murdered." The paltry few who suffered fatally in new as compared with old England were put to death by strict processes of law. And though the Methodists suffered from many mobs in the eighteenth century in England, the Quakers suffered from none in the seventeenth in America. See Palfrey, *History of New England*, i, 184, ii, 10-17 Boston, 1873, new ed. 1883; Channing, *History of the United States*, i, 531-534 (New York, 1909), ii, 68, 69 (1910). On page 140, note 3 ("Castle Bolton, where Mary Queen of Scots was interred"), is "interred," a printer's error for interned. Mary was imprisoned in Bolton in the first year of her captivity in England, for six months in 1568. She was executed in Fotheringay, February 8, 1587, her body was buried there, without honor, and after six months was disinterred and laid with funeral pomp in Peterborough Cathedral. On that empty grave (for her undutiful son James VI of Scotland and I of England removed the body in 1612 to a sumptuous tomb in Westminster Abbey) this reviewer looked down with melancholy feelings on a beautiful July day, as he thought of that short, checkered, bitterly disappointed, perhaps sinful, but, in any case, much-sinned-against life, and the sublimely heroic and martyrlike death which drew forth in these Journals the high admiration of Wesley.

The Early Persecutions of the Christians. By LEON HARDY CANFIELD, Ph.D., Tutor in History in the College of the City of New York. New York: Columbia University. Longmans, Green & Co., Agents, 1913. Pp. 215. Paper, \$1.50. (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Vol. 55, No. 2.)

We have now in English two scientific treatments of the ancient persecutions, this book and *Persecutions in the Early Church*, by a Wesleyan Methodist scholar in London, Principal Herbert B. Workman (London: Kelly; New York: Methodist Book Concern, 1906). What is the difference between them? Canfield is more detailed in treating the individual persecutions up to and including Hadrian, but stops there, while Work-

man considers the whole subject under more general aspects until Constantine. Canfield is concerned with facts only as an indifferent spectator, and writes, as befits a Ph.D. thesis, with detachment as a demonstrator in anatomy; while Workman, while equally scientific in his methods and scholarly in his investigations and use of sources, writes as a religious interpreter and with inner sympathy. The American gives full discussion of disputed questions among scholars; the Englishman is interested in the larger relations and matters of permanent historic appeal. Canfield devotes the second half of his large pamphlet to an exhaustive quotation of his sources both in original and in translation, while Workman weaves his translations into the text and adds appendixes of critical notes. The two books, therefore, do not at all overlap, but both are equally valuable and equally necessary. Canfield also adds a useful list of books and articles, mostly, of course, in German and French, and it is so exhaustive that we have noticed only one omission, Professor Seeberg's *Warum verfolgte der römische Staat die Christen?* in his *Aus Religion und Geschichte*, Leipzig, 1906, pp. 145-161, outside of the able and, on the whole, very satisfactory address by the senior (at that time) on the law faculty of the University of Vienna, Dr. Friedrich Maassen, *Über die Gründe des Kampfes zwischen dem heidnisch-römischen Staat und dem Christentum*, Wien, 1882, 36 pages, mentioned in note 1 on page 30, but not in the bibliography. Let us give now some of the conclusions of Canfield on the disputed questions in this field. Up to the time of Trajan, A. D. 112, there was no legal utterance against the Christians as such. "Whatever martyrdoms occurred before the rescript of Trajan took place as a result of police suppression in virtue of the power of *coercitio*" (that is, the right of coercing or punishing; in 'his case for the sake of public order). The reputed immorality of the Christians, that they were the cause of popular disturbances, would be justification for police interference. In the first two centuries they were not persecuted for *majesta*, or treason (against Mommsen), but purely for their religion as something incompatible with public order. As to Nero's persecution, Canfield holds that it had nothing to do with the burning of Rome; that it fell upon the Christians, not upon the Jews; that Nero issued no edict; that they were persecuted purely as a police measure; that this persecution was confined to Rome, except that in Asia Minor there may have been similar cases; that the persecution in any vigorous way was only for a short time; and that not more than a score or two were put to death, including Paul and Peter about A. D. 67. There was no general persecution under Domitian, but some cases of oppression in Rome, and probably a few elsewhere. As to Pliny and Trajan, the former proceeded entirely on the general police functions of a magistrate—to put down any sect which was so obnoxious to the public mind that disorder might be feared. He himself believed that Christianity was a fearfully foolish and contemptible superstition, but otherwise innocent, and he so worded his letter to Trajan as to invite from him a mild and tolerant judgment. This in fact he received, though with the new implication that Christianity was itself obnoxious to Roman custom and law, and

as such its adherents could be suppressed, that is, if necessary, put to death, for the Name alone. This new interpretation of the law was normative ever after. The edict of Hadrian to Fundanus is genuine, and except a few local cases the Christians did not suffer in his reign (A. D. 117-138). As to the Acts of the Martyrs up to 138, where his book closes, Canfield thinks that not one of them is genuine. The proof reading leaves something to be desired. The name of the French scholar Aubé is sometimes with the accent and sometimes without it. For errors in proof reading, see pages 38, line 7 from bottom; 67, line 12 of notes; 85, note 4; 115, line 17 and note 7; 140, line 2; 151, line 18 (for *is* read *it*), 178, line 3; 194, note 1. One or two exaggerated statements may be pointed out. "The Christian writers, on the other hand, with a point of view just as distorted [as that of the non-Christian writers], saw only the injustice and tyranny of their oppression," page 121. Their point of view was not as distorted, but was, on the whole, just. The Roman Empire was really in no danger from the Christians, as can be seen from the two facts that many of the emperors did not persecute them at all and others very little, and that toleration was finally granted them without at first any special change in the laws or spirit of the empire. When Pliny's letter was written, says our author, the "suppression of the Christians was a police matter, though the confession that one was a Christian was quite sufficient to warrant his condemnation—not because it was a crime to be a Christian, but because the acknowledgment that one was a Christian was sufficient proof that he was guilty of all crimes" (page 123-124, italics ours). Hardly. Pliny did not think that the accusation of being a Christian necessarily meant immorality or crime; otherwise he would have proceeded at once to the sternest measures of suppression, and would not have written to the emperor at all, and, secondly, he would not have examined by torture the two deaconesses to see what he could find out. In fact, nearly every intelligent Roman knew that the charges of crime rested on popular rumor, hearsay, or slander. If not, Christianity would have been completely uprooted with a summary and determined vengeance. On this question of the cause of the persecutions compare also Faulkner, Cyprian (1906), chapter vi; and the learned article "The Rationale of the Early Persecutions" in *The Church Quarterly Review* (London, October, 1895, pages 26-46), which may serve to check some points in this scholarly thesis.

The Authoritative Life of General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army. By G. S. RAILTON, First Commissioner to General Booth, with a preface by General Bramwell Booth. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

BETWEEN the years 1827 and 1912 a life of most extraordinary fruitfulness was spent, and it exercised a world-wide influence for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. William Booth was, without doubt, one of the beacon lights of the Christian church. The work that he instituted and organized will continue to bring blessing to thousands of lives for innumerable years. It has been well said that General Booth had the missionary fervor of Wesley and the organizing power of Kitchener. He was

one of those Christ-filled men who, in the words of Thomas Carlyle, made fortunes out of the waste material of human life. He began his consecrated career as a local preacher in the Methodist New Connexion and at once gave proof of his gifts as a revivalist. But when he found that the organized church did not furnish him with sufficiently large scope for the exercise of his ministry, he cut loose from it and established the Christian Mission in 1865, with headquarters in Whitechapel Road, East London. This organization was reconstituted on a military basis in 1878 and the name was changed to "The Salvation Army." The heroic labors of General Booth and his talented wife in extending the work of the Army are related in this book with great vividness and vivacity by the author, who has been associated with the movement from its inception. The novel and informal methods of the Army were not to the liking of many people, and its promoters were treated as the offscouring of all things. They were greeted with garbage, they were persecuted by the police, they were evil entreated and imprisoned, and suffered other deprivations in the spirit of the noble martyrs to the faith. None of these things, however, moved the members of this body, who at all times showed characteristic courage and genuine consecration to what they truly believed was the cause of Christ. It speaks volumes that ordinary men and women, taken from the lowest walks of life, should have manifested such sterling qualities in bearing glowing testimony to the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost and with a full salvation. Twice Born Men, by Begbie, is a witness from outside to the work of the Army. Here was "Christianity in earnest," engaged in carrying out a program of such large proportions and achieving such phenomenal results as to give proof that God has been with the movement in power. The marvelous thing is that such an amazing amount of work could have been done with so small a financial expenditure. The spirit of self-denial exhibited by these servants of Jesus Christ is a wholesome appeal to the entire church. Listen to this record of work in Great Britain during a single year, and then read Rider Haggard's *Regeneration*, which tells about some of these activities: Nearly seven million cheap meals were furnished; 2,445,000 cheap lodgings were provided; more than 20,000 people found employment through its bureaus; 109,750 families were visited by slum sisters; 21,912 sick persons were nursed; 3,346 women and girls were received into rescue homes and later provided with places; over 3,000,000 religious meetings were held, chiefly by volunteer workers who gladly took hours from their rest time for this blessed purpose. When we realize that work on similar lines has also been done in the United States, Canada, Australia, the countries of Europe and Asia, and throughout the world, we can surely thank God for the release of such merciful impulses that have brought social and spiritual redemption to so much of humanity. What if the world has sneered at its "corybantic Christianity"?—the Salvation Army has been "the char-woman of the church" and has done unique work which has made glad the City of our God. Year after year new enterprises have been launched. Our space is limited, else much might be said of its colonization work in Canada and South Africa, its antisuicide bureau, its rescue work, not only

in Christendom, but also in Japan, India, and elsewhere. It is no exaggeration to say that the social conscience which is burdening the modern Christian Church was roused and quickened by the fervid activities of the Salvation Army. When General Booth suffered from the complete loss of sight on May 23, 1912, a message of love was addressed to him by Lorna, of the British Weekly. A few lines of this poem are worth quoting:

In a world of greed and blindness
You have been to us instead of eyes;
Pointing England to the true horizon,
Where her glory lies.

Never quenched shall be your eagle vision;
Brighter grows your honor in the land.

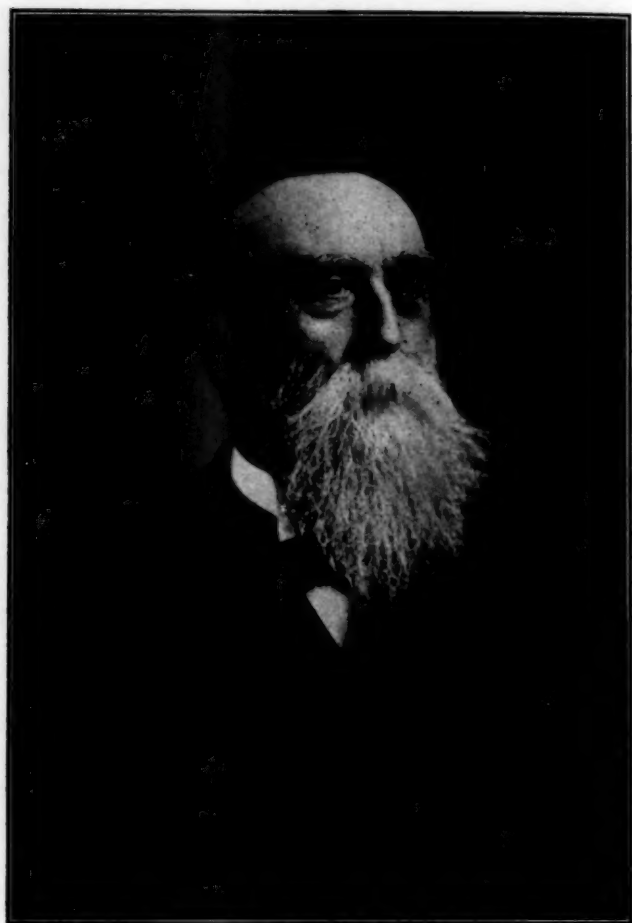
The eagerness to serve the present age, fearless of danger, regardless of sacrifice, and dauntless in hope of the redeemability of every life under the sun, has reacted on the workers themselves. The founder recognized the importance of training the officers of the Army more thoroughly. His purpose will be carried out under the memorial scheme, which contemplates, among other forward movements, the erection and equipment in London and other capitals of enlarged premises for training men and women. Under the practiced leadership of the present executive, Bramwell Booth, the eldest son of the translated General, we predict an era of increased usefulness for the Army in every department of Christian benevolence.

St. Paul. A Study in Social and Religious History. By ADOLF DEISSMANN, D.Theol. (Marburg), Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. Royal 8vo, pp. xix, 316. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$3.50 net.

THOSE who have read this author's *Light from the Ancient East*, which was noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for July, 1911, will be prepared to appreciate this refreshing interpretation of the life and work of Paul. The writer, who is a Christian archaeologist and scholar of eminence, shows himself to be in hearty sympathy with the religious experiences of the apostle. The purpose of the book is to present Paul not as a theologian, but preëminently as a prophet of religion, with a forward outlook into the future of universal history. There is no suggestion that Paul was not a keen thinker; but this book is a healthy protest against the doctrinaire study of the apostle which has emphasized his theological speculations at the expense of his spiritual contributions to Christianity, even to the extent of obscuring them. On the very first page Deissmann challenges the curious theory that Christianity owed more to Paul than to Jesus. He writes: "Jesus and Saint Paul—the two figures do not stand side by side as first and second. From the broadest historical point of view, Jesus appears as the One, and Saint Paul as first after the One, or, in more Pauline phraseology, as first in the One." The conversion of the apostle was the fact of central importance in his life. He then came into vital union with the living Christ, and his piety was thenceforward inseparably connected with the person of Jesus

Christ. He did not invent a Christology as an intellectual concept, but he drew out of the depths of his own mystical experience of Christ a vivid and passionate message of the living Saviour, once crucified, but now alive for evermore. It was indeed the fact of the resurrection which changed the gospel of Jesus into the cult of Jesus Christ. For instance, Phil. 2. 6-11 may be regarded as a confession of the primitive apostolic cult made by Paul the prisoner in order that he might "rally his fellow worshippers of Jesus Christ round the object of their cult, round a form at once divine, human, and again divine. The confession can be understood only by the pious simplicity of silent devotion." His Christ-centered Christianity found luminous expression in the formulæ "In Christ" and "In the Lord," which occur one hundred and sixty-four times in the writings of Paul and may be regarded as the most fundamental phrases in all his vocabulary. The Pauline interpretation of faith is much more than an intellectual exercise. It is the profound realization of a vital relationship with the spiritual Christ. Paul's testimonies about salvation are therefore "psychically synonymous." Justification as of an accused person, reconciliation of enmity, remission of debt—that is, forgiveness, redemption from slavery—are picturesque metaphors, which were suggested from contemporary life; and they all make confession in harmony, like the notes of a single full chord, of the unique experience of new life "in Christ." This blessed reality of mystic fellowship has been more fully developed in the writings of John, who was a true interpreter of Paul, and who brought his bold conclusions to a glorious climax. This subject is ably discussed by Deissmann in three chapters on "Saint Paul the Christian"; they are the most important parts of his book, which contains other valuable chapters on "Saint Paul the Apostle" and "Saint Paul in the World's Religious History." We feel that the mildly humanitarian cry of "Back to Jesus," so suggestive of querulous yearning, must be replaced by the aggressively exultant cry of the apostolic age, "Forward to Christ," so optimistic because of its assurance of redemption in the one and only Saviour. It is good to be reminded that contemplation was practiced by both Paul and John, who were such constructive Christian thinkers. "By contemplation," says Deissmann, "I understand a submersion or steeping of oneself in the great certainties of faith, and wrestling with practical problems which are not interesting from the point of view of scientific theology, but torturing problems of religion." Contemplation is an active exercise, while meditation, which is a form of introspective musing, is passive. Both are, however, indispensable to the religious life; and they must be given an important place, even in this present age of quick movement and much organization, lest there be a woeful arrest of our spiritual progress. The world of Paul was an intensely missionary age. There was a great migration of pagan deities which transplanted Eastern cults to the West and North and Græco-Roman cults to the East. This fact explains in part why the apostle selected cosmopolitan cities as his special spheres of work, and why he labored abundantly "where the sea breeze blows."

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W. F. Mallan